THAT REMINDS ME —

SIR EDWARD RUSSELL

22999

MANHATTANVILLE

THAT REMINDS ME——

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

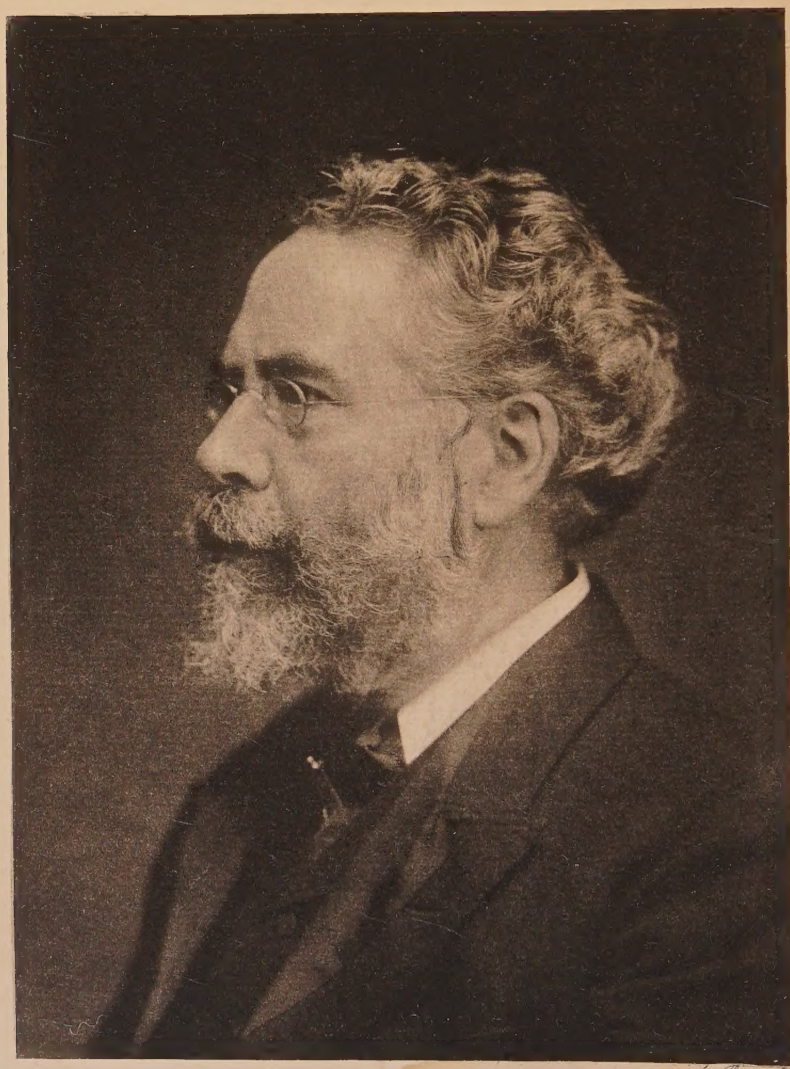
"All who take it up will find it thoroughly readable from cover to cover."—*Westminster Gazette.*

"Whether this be regarded as a book to be read through, or as a volume to be dipped into in odd moments of leisure, the reader will find the book fresh in matter and full of interest."—*Daily News.*

"A delightful series of anecdotes and recollections."—*Newcastle Daily Leader.*

"An exceedingly readable and interesting volume."—*Daily Telegraph.*

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN



Art Repro. Co.

THAT REMINDS ME—

BY

SIR EDWARD RUSSELL

Editor of the "Liverpool Daily Post"

SECOND IMPRESSION

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN
PATERNOSTER SQUARE. 1899

[*All rights reserved.*]

CONTENTS

PAGE

PRELIMINARY xi

CHAPTER I.

A great man on a great man—A mistake of Harold Frederic—Harold Frederic's little daughter—A prancing pro-consul . 1

CHAPTER II.

The Queen as a crofter—The Liberal leadership in 1880—Lord Beaconsfield—Disraeli and Peel—Disraeli's perseverance—A quip of Lord Bowen—Ideas about the closure—Catching the Speaker's eye—The Egyptian army—Official toil—A touching official confession—Harrow—Physical courage in politics—The second Lord Lytton—Changes at the Foreign Office—The spirit of the age—The Earl of Clarendon—Mr. Childers 11

CHAPTER III.

Sothern the actor and Liverpool—Lord Dundreary's stammer—Peculiarities of stuttering—Other imitations of Sothern—Sothern's continual creation—Sothern at a mess dinner—Sothern's practical jokes—Sothern's bogus riddle—Sothern's Broadway race—Sothern's spiritualism—A special spiritualistic feat—Sothern in his business—Sothern as a boxer—Sothern's memory, and Henry Fawcett's—Sothern's opinion of Ward Beecher 31

CHAPTER IV.

PAGE

The late Lord Selborne's bonâ-fides—The pro-Irish Cabinet Ministers in 1884—The birth of Gladstonian Home Rule—Richard Chamberlain—"Finding salvation"—Diplomatic secrecy—The cordite vote 51

CHAPTER V.

Lady Shelley and the Shelley monument—William Black's deepest story—"D.T."—Browning and Carlyle—Henry Dunckley—The Duke of Northumberland's religion and his father-in-law—Sir George Grey—Sir James Graham 63

CHAPTER VI.

The successive aspects of John Bright—The effect of his speeches—Surprising the Tories—The last phase of John Bright: anti-Home Rule—John Bright in private—Mr. Bright pensive—How John Bright prepared—John Bright extempore—Bright and Gladstone as elocutionists—Mr. Bright and champagne—A title for John Bright—Mr. Bright as leader-writer—Mr. Bright and racing news 75

CHAPTER VII.

A kind action of Mr. Cobden—Mr. Cobden at a public meeting . 86

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Gladstone's inner mind about taxation—Divisions of Liberal Cabinet opinion in 1885—A glimpse of Cabinet life in 1885—A "might have been" in 1885—Mr. Gladstone on his legs—Mr. Gladstone in his seat in the House—Mr. Gladstone and the closure—Mr. Gladstone at a London dinner table, July, 1887—Mr. Gladstone at Windsor—The life at Hawarden—Mr. Gladstone's spoken diction—Two days at Hawarden in Mr. Gladstone's 79th year 92

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell—Mr. Gladstone and Cromwell—Another Hawarden visit—Mr. Gladstone's last visit but one to Liverpool—Mr. Gladstone's early views on the Irish Church

Contents

PAGE

—Political difference as no ground of enmity—Long life—Compulsory vaccination—Mr. Gladstone and Browning—The greatest day—Lord Grimthorpe—The laureateship—A well-remembered facial expression—Mr. Gladstone's last speech in the Commons 115

CHAPTER X.

The Bishop of London incognito—A Dean and a stop-watch—A too free-spoken Prebendary—Hugh M'Neile—"A. K. H. B."—Bernard Vaughan—Archbishop Sumner—Bishop Vowler Short—Liberal preaching in the Church—Bishop Sheepshanks 128

CHAPTER XI.

Charles Beard's lighter side—The beginnings of William Carey—Old Nonconformists in politics and in the pulpit—Y.M.C.A. Exeter Hall lectures—Lord John Russell—John Wesley and preaching—John Wesley on tour—Dr. Parker—Stowell Brown—Discrimination by emphasis—Mr. Richard Congreve and his religious services—Spirituality among Unitarians—Goodness for its own sake 147

CHAPTER XII.

The Lord Chief Justice's kick-off—The great Edwin James—Lord Chancellor Westbury—Two black sheep—A judge's feelings—Justice Hawkins on the stage—A joke of Sir Frederic Thesiger—Justice Cresswell's little joke—A joke from the Bench—A certain lapse of a certain judge—Verbal recollection . . . 164

CHAPTER XIII.

Newmarket 175

CHAPTER XIV.

An American litterateur and poet—Companions on an American voyage—An awkward interview with Lord John Russell—Mr. Delane—Types of character—New York landing-places—Princely pugilism 182

CHAPTER XV.

PAGE

Croker the boss—New York business men—A "sanitary district"—An American court—Boston—Certain cottages and cottagers 195

CHAPTER XVI.

A little estate in North Carolina—An American penitentiary farm—Phrases in daily American use—Words that disappear across the Atlantic—The philosophy of Americans in politics—The extreme toleration of the American mind—A Bureau of Justice—American Drinking habits—Estimates of ministers of religion 207

CHAPTER XVII.

Bradlaugh and Churchill—Cynicism in debate—Lord Randolph Churchill's breakdown—Lord Randolph Churchill and the Irish members—Little signs of great events—Lord Randolph Churchill and Shakspeare 230

CHAPTER XVIII.

A career in shop-keeping—Resisting temptation—The greatest fire I have seen—William Simpson of the landing stage . 236

CHAPTER XIX.

The passing of Household Suffrage 248

CHAPTER XX.

An instructive dinner-party—The Number 13—Sayings of Dion Boucicault—Elocution in oratory—Lionel Brough as Tony Lumpkin—Sims Reeves's voice—Thackeray and Dickens—Actors' peculiarities—General Grant "owning up"—A reason for studying mathematics—"Porcupine" under cross-examination 262

CHAPTER XXI.

The late Lord Derby 278

Contents

CHAPTER XXII.

PAGE

Non-physical evolution—Thomas Drummond—Sir Andrew Clark—Books from a library—An unwelcome visitor—The Whigs and the Duke of Wellington—Scotchmen and *à priori* reasoning—A boys' mutual improvement society—One of the ways of eccentric dogs 291

CHAPTER XXIII.

An evening with Dean Oakley 303

CHAPTER XXIV.

A mayor and the press—A feat of reporting—Another feat of reporting 311

CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. Gladstone and the Parnell scandal—Mr. Parnell and his tutor—Mr. Parnell in the House—Mr. Parnell and the Prison Laws—Mr. Parnell's bearing and demeanour—Mr. Parnell's quiet manner 318

POSTSCRIPT 325

The Conception of Gladstonian Home Rule.

PRELIMINARY

THESE notes have little in them that is autobiographical; and nothing that is intentionally autobiographical. They are what the title under which I publish them expresses. A working newspaper editor of a good many years' experience, I find that numerous occurrences or statements which come before me in my daily work remind me of incidents and conversations which live in my memory. Some portion of what I remember I now publish, with little attempt at consecutive connection. Two tests have been applied to the contents of this book in the way of self-criticism: so far as I can judge, the paragraphs have some interest; so far as I know, they have not appeared before except under my own authorship. If on either of these points I am in any case mistaken I ask the kind indulgence of my readers.

THAT REMINDS ME——

CHAPTER I

OF A GREAT MAN ON A GREAT MAN.

DID you ever have a compunctious or disquieting feeling that in some strong opinion that you have long held you have not been quite just? It is an unpleasant, but perhaps salutary, sensation. It does not always eventuate definitely. You do not always give up or do internal penance for your past dogmatism. Nor can you rely, on the other hand, upon retaining unweakened your old earnest conviction. You have a worrying and mortifying time, and then you go away and—perhaps you forget what manner of man you are. But that doesn't matter much. A great thing in this world is to know how much may be said on the other side.

A little while ago I had a long talk with a great English writer on the subject of Cecil Rhodes. This was not what I meant to talk to him about. My seeing him was owing to a matter of business, which we soon disposed of. Then I meant to talk to this great writer about his writings. I praised one of

them—a short but celebrated piece—with a devout heart and a glowing tongue and a kindling face. I remembered how it seized me when it appeared ; how it startled all the world ; how it was just what was wanted — just the cogent, lyrical, rhythmical appeal to conscience called for by a certain almost debauch of national sentiment quite excusable, but become very flatulent ; also how this great writer had seemed to me about the last man to be "among the prophets." So he seemed now—a practical, spruce, athletic, well-groomed little figure—making a splendid living — not an Amos or an Isaiah. But he was reasonably pleased to have his great serious success recalled in terms of honour. "Yes," said he, "it was just at the right time. And that's all the battle. It's not what you write, but when." I confess that this matter-of-fact tone puzzled me. I could hardly understand the man who could write such a composition speaking of it in this way.

By and by another incident occurred to illustrate the great man's two-sidedness. I was demurring to his wholesale expressions in favour of young fellows going abroad into half-savage regions. I said, "Surely it's something that they'll part altogether from literature. They won't read." "Well," said he, "that wouldn't matter much ; but they won't altogether give up reading." "They'll read your books," I said ; "but the very things of yours that I and people of good feeling at home like best they will like worst." "Oh," said he, "I daresay they'll like the brassiest."

This was frank and easy, but it did not pull the two

characters together, though they were so comfortably housed all the time in this merry and unaffected personality.

Seriously, I asked him, Why should our young men take exclusively to life in such savage regions? Was not India more in accordance with the likings and aptitudes of educated men? "Less rough, certainly," said my interlocutor. I had got in my own mind on to a favourite subject of old pro-John-Stuart-Mill enthusiasm. Was not India a fine example of a grand civilising empire with a great literary organisation behind it at Leadenhall Street all the time? "Oh, that didn't amount to much," was the reply. "There was nothing literary about Clive, was there? And if you are enamoured of literary government look at China."

With all this I was yet talking to one of the finest appreciators as well as one of the finest producers of fine literature. Knowing what a good judge he is, I was glad to hear him say with confidence that real poets were growing up in Canada and other colonies —Canada first, because Canada was a country and had a history, but the Australias afterwards, and so on. Patriotic poets, it seemed likely, they would be, but this excellent authority would have it that they would be real poets all the same. The pride and patriotic gratulation of the little great author had nothing in it of politics in our home sense of the word, but it was quite inclined to beat the big drum about all politics that have empire-making as object. I happened to mention with some puzzlement Mr. Rhodes's gift of £10,000 to Irish Home Rule.

"Surely you know all about that. You don't think that Cecil Rhodes cared a bit about Ireland." "What then?" "He wanted to get the principle adopted in the hope of its general adoption and a free hand for all colonists, who know how to make empires." Home Governments were, in his opinion, ridiculously powerless. Individual statesmen could do great things, and Mr. Gladstone had done infinite harm, but Governments as Governments could scarcely ever do anything.

His beau-ideal, or at all events his present-day idol, was Mr. Rhodes. What did he think of him? The greatest of living men. Wasn't it rather a sordid sort of greatness, all having to do with the making of money? Sordid? A man worth millions who didn't spend more than £600 a year on himself! There he lived in a poor, never-finished place, keeping free-and-easy open house. Anybody could stay with him and enjoy his simple hospitality—had but to walk in. Mr. Rhodes never presided at table —never spent long at table. The guest who had been there longest sat at the top; that was all. Was Mr. Rhodes accessible? To everybody, and without introduction. Walking about in his verandah you would see a poor, seedy woman come up to him with frowsy papers and a tale of woe. A few sharp questions sufficed. Then a brief, hastily written memorandum. "Take that to So-and-so; that will put you all right." And this sort of one-man extempore government went on in that homely tumble-down verandah all day.

Of course Rhodes values his millions. He knows

the power of money. He knows—or knows not—what his millions may some day have to do in the making of his empire. But as to caring for money—he's the last man in the world.

Is it true that any inhumanity can justly be charged against Mr. Rhodes? Well, judge for yourself. Men—natives—formerly in his employment in the diamond mines, and who have been dispersed, come long and trying and laborious journeys to be employed by him again, and when taken on they are virtually imprisoned, and do not get out more than once in three months. Yet they are happy and contented. This does not look as if they were ill-used.

My next question: Has Mr. Rhodes, in a public sense, any morals? "Tut!" says the other great man, "he's making an empire." What did I mean by morals? Here the conversation became a little confused, and on the great man's side a little contemptuous. "Morals, forsooth." Well, high ideals. "The best ideal is to spread civilisation and make an empire in doing it." One liked, I said, to observe that the rules of religion in private life were to a certain extent followed in public affairs. My great writer had the courage of his opinion, which is that "religion has no influence on conduct." What is of consequence is that the Boers are in favour of everything benighted, and Mr. Rhodes is in favour of everything progressive.

Well, but now there was Mr. Schreiner, a good English university man, of high culture, eminent at the Bar and in the Cape Parliament. He and his sister, author of the "Story of a South African Farm,"

were opposed to Mr. Rhodes. Were they benighted and uncivilised? "No, but they were purely literary" —at which word my great writer sniffed as if he had been a Hannibal, a Barnato, or a Kitchener. "The Schreiners regarded Boers only as interesting creatures to write about." Doubtless a poor way of looking at people, especially if you don't want to write about them. And who would want to write about Boers? You only want to be "shut of them."

Are the Boers, then, so very horrid? "Utterly detestable." But what about their religious emotions and expressions? "Oh, that only meant that when Kruger wanted things to go his way he howled texts at his people." The Boers, my great man says, behave cruelly to the natives. They live in dwellings so indecently crowded as almost to suggest inevitable indecencies and family immorality. You are not to mix up Boers and Dutch. The Dutch are slow enough, but they are civilised. The Boers are neither civilised nor picturesque in their uncivilisation, nor righteous in their conduct towards others. To allow them to have any influence on politics in a place that we have anything to do with is, in the opinion of my great man, and doubtless in that of the great man of whom he was talking, preposterous.

And on this head he advanced strong arguments. How came those who had created and who ran Johannesburg to be entirely deprived of all ordinary powers of citizenship? Because the franchise was altered each time it was necessary to alter it with this in view. Three times had it been raised in very few years. Let us alone" was the demand of the

Boers, and to that they monotonously and obstinately stuck. The success of "the Bond" would mean no vaccination, no legislation against scab, no compulsory education, no promotion of railways, no anything that made for progress.

"What nonsense to compare the grand programme of Rhodes, which included every element of advance that you could ask questions about, with the stick-in-the-mud policy of these brutal Boers!"

Slavery?

"There was none and would be none, but there might be compulsory labour, and in communities at a primitive degree of progress this would be a good thing too. There could be no grander practical aspiration than Rhodes's for the thorough civilisation of Africa, and such matters as forced labour were trifles —especially as in themselves salutary—in comparison with such grand designs. Moreover, see Lobengula's place and realise the horrors that used to be perpetrated in it. You will have no patience with people who talk of atrocities committed by British authority."

Looking to the things of the moment, what would the Progressives do if the Bond members threatened to be the more numerous? "Oh," sneered the great writer, "I suppose they'll buy a few Dutchmen."

For, look you, of the ultimate issue there can be no sort of doubt, according to my illustrious friend. Mr. Rhodes will get rid of the Boers and make his empire.

But if he is so great a man, and makes such good plans, and carries them out so perfectly, how came he

to make such an awful mess of things in allowing and not rendering successful the Jameson raid? "Ah," said the great man—and it was his last word before mounting his bicycle and riding away to his seclusion in a little outlying township whence he is seldom drawn, and where (working each day till one and seldom after) he does his work, for which the reading world is always more than ready—"Ah," said he, "you have now asked a question which will probably not be answered till the Day of Judgment."

OF A MISTAKE OF HAROLD FREDERIC.

Is there any objection—surely not—to a little story being told of poor Harold Frederic, though he is dead after a hard-working and chequered life? On one occasion a Liverpool man was dining at the same house with him in London. The table was a hospitable, conversational round one, and a principal guest was Cecil Rhodes. It was just after Rhodes became famous. Harold Frederic sat next to him. Besides being a novelist, Harold Frederic was the daily London Letter writer of the *New York Times*, and often telegraphed a column or two of the latest and best obtainable political material very brightly wrought up. Rhodes was very silent and just in the most commonplace way kept his ruddy face turned down towards his plate. He seldom comes out unless you put things to him in which he is interested. When the men went up into the drawing-room Harold Frederic came to the Liverpool man and said, "Who was that hopeless fool"—"hopeless" was not really the word—"Who was that hopeless fool that I

sat next to at dinner?" "That hopeless fool happened to be Cecil Rhodes." Tableau: Mortification of the *New York Times* London correspondent.

OF HAROLD FREDERIC'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

A much prettier Frederic story is the following: The late novelist was an intimate friend of Mr. Tim Healy. Mr. Healy, in spite of his public form truculence, is the most tender-hearted of men. Many people may have surmised this when they have seen him break down in the House overwhelmed with tears. He is besides one of the most delightful lovers of young children. Harold Frederic had a very pretty and precocious and charming little girl of ten. One day a friend was telling her stories, as he often had—fairy tales and so on. He said, "But you don't seem interested." She replied rather mechanically, "Oh yes, I am. Don't say I'm not interested when I am." Presently he said, "Well, but you don't care for my story. I don't think you like me as you used to do." "Well," said she, "to tell you the truth, Mr. Healy has spoilt me for all other men."

OF A "PRANCING PROCONSUL."

Sir Bartle Frere, whose widow died recently, was at one time the pivot of African anxieties and of incipient expansionism, which has now grown to such dimensions. In 1880 there was a great feeling among Liberals about his not having been recalled, and the probable real reason is worth recalling. I got the opinion — based on impressions which in the previous year Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright had

privately evinced—that Frere was sustained because these two good men found him "goody." This was confirmed by very well-informed members of the inner circle, who said that the root reason of Sir Bartle's not being recalled was that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Selborne—who were particularly susceptible to the glamour of a "good" man—would not have it. At the same time, there was an assignable official reason—a decision having had to be taken by telegraph at a moment when only seven of the new Cabinet had been appointed as to the tenor of a Queen's Speech to be delivered in the colony. Lord Kimberley said they did not want to begin their colonial administration with a quarrel with the Cape Parliament.

CHAPTER II

OF THE QUEEN AS A CROFTER.

THOSE who have had to do with her Majesty in the highest State business describe her as a shrewd business woman of great industry, some positiveness, but much fairness to both sides, and even still showing some signs of her original Whig education. Moreover, her Majesty is saved all through by a tremendous sense of humour. Nothing pleases her more than fun, and she laughs most heartily at anything that amuses her.

One of her little traits is a habit of emphasising particular words. The words italicised in the following anecdote are exactly those which were imitatively emphasised by the person who told me the story.

On one occasion her Majesty was speaking to a gentleman of high situation, when she said, "I don't like the ——'s" (referring to a landed family). "Why, ma'am?" "Oh, because they are *very bad* to their tenants; and many of their cottages are in a *horrid state;* and if anything is done by any tenants at their own expense to improve their condition, the first thing the ——'s do is to raise the rent upon them." It may well be supposed that at this the gentleman who was honoured with this conversation rather smiled.

He said, "Well, I am only glad, ma'am, that you sympathise with the afflictions of tenants." Whereupon the Queen said, "Oh, I am a tenant *myself*. I hold ——" (naming a place of her Majesty's) "from Mr. ——, of ——, and I have made *many* improvements, and *every time* I have made an improvement my rent has been raised."

Then the gentleman her Majesty was talking to laughed outright, and the Queen's own eyes began to twinkle as he said, "Well, ma'am, let me say that this that you have now complained of underlies and is the basis and secret of the whole Irish question and the whole crofter question. It is rather amusing to find your Majesty suffering from a grievance as a crofter."

Then her Majesty laughed very much. "I can only say," he added—with something better than courtliness—"I can only say how good it is to find you sharing in the afflictions of the poorest of your subjects."

OF THE LIBERAL LEADERSHIP IN 1880.

It is a rather peculiar experience at the present time to recall the position of things in the spring of 1880, when the Liberals came into power after six years of Opposition.

Lord Hartington had led the party from Mr. Gladstone's retirement in 1874, and had shown unexpected punctuality and assiduity in the performance of his onerous duties. In the ordinary course of things he would have remained at the head of the

party on its return to power in 1880, and no effort was spared by him and his friends to retain that position. But for some time before the victorious election things had been occurring which made it very doubtful whether "the ordinary course of affairs" could possibly be pursued. The Bulgarian atrocities had produced a great Eastern Question agitation. The attempts of Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Cross, and others to hold this agitation at bay were on a scale and in a manner of quite unprecedented magnificence and magniloquence. To all appearance these attempts were likely to succeed. Neither Lord Beaconsfield nor any of his electioneering supporters had any idea that the country would turn as it did. Mr. Gladstone was the victim of constant open contumely. So much so that his windows were broken, and he rarely appeared in the streets or anywhere without being more or less insulted. I remember when first the tide began to turn just a little members of his family remarked in a gratulatory manner on some trivial instance of his having been seen and not affronted by the ordinary passing mob. Yet, though the Liberal victory, which had really been ensured by Mr. Gladstone's eloquence and the splendour of his cause, was entirely unexpected by the Tories, it was not a surprise all round. Perhaps many Liberals were just as much surprised as the Tories, but at all events there were two or three who foresaw what happened. One was Mr. Adam, who did a great deal to secure it in detail, another was Sir William Harcourt, and a third was a keen and experienced Liverpool master of election-science, now a member of Parliament, who

had managed Mr. Gladstone's contest for Lancashire and several other stout fights. These men and a few others knew that the Liberals were going to win just in an ebullition of vague response to Mr. Gladstone's Eastern Christian humanitarianism. They knew well that Mr. Gladstone was the initiator and mainspring of it all. But they weighed upon good information and equally sound conjecture the prospects in each constituency. In Sir William Harcourt's library there were spread out each day, and corrected from day to day, tables of the probable results. Some who spoke to him fancied that he was merely buoying himself up with sanguine guesses. But though he was so confident, it was not in mere cocksureness. When the election occurred Sir William was not more than two or three seats out—I doubt whether he was out at all —in his calculations of the result. It was a really remarkable feat.

But there was another feat to perform. Sure of their victory, what would the Liberal front-bench men do with it? Now, on this head Sir William Harcourt was quite clear. It has become historically known that an effort was made to secure the Premiership for Lord Hartington, and, when that failed, an effort was made to compose a Ministry with Lord Granville at its head. But there are those who can testify that some weeks before the election Sir William Harcourt declared in the most unreserved manner that, come what might, Mr. Gladstone would have to be brought back. Few of the leaders wanted Mr. Gladstone. Some thought him flighty. Some thought he had behaved unhandsomely in putting Lord Har-

tington into the lead during arduous opposition and then making himself indispensable just as office might be in sight—though they scarcely thought it was. Mr. Chamberlain had more than once been very rude and derogatory about Lord Hartington, however, and it was known that, in spite of Mr. Bright's faithful patronage, Lord Hartington was regarded by the most earnest Liberals as only a stop-gap if Mr. Gladstone could be got back. Sir William Harcourt, not of liking, but from conviction, was of opinion that back Mr. Gladstone must come. And he held this opinion more strongly than others because more surely than others he discounted the coming victory. He had been held to be a sort of bear-leader or brains-carrier for Lord Hartington, but in private he made no bones about its being Gladstone or Nobody if the party returned to power. Anything else he regarded as preposterously impracticable; and his main reason was the predominance, the necessary predominance, of Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary personality. Sir William is known to have said, "What could we do with Mr. Gladstone at the corner of the third bench behind us, ready any afternoon to come down and blow us out of the water, and sure some afternoon to do it?" This was a poser. As one thinks of it one cannot help wondering where Sir William Harcourt himself would now sit if the party came into power—and if *he* would blow the new Liberal Ministry out of the water—and whether before that he will deal gently with his successor between now and the next Liberal victory. Which, however, no one yet confidently foretells.

OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

Some one remarking satirically on an M.P. dropping his h's, a colleague of Mr. Disraeli said, "Hush! the Chief does it sometimes." The same colleague said he believed that in a celebrated passage in which Mr. Disraeli spoke of "The hurried Hudson," what he really said was "the 'urried 'Udson." It is certain that he carried his final r's on to vowels, but so did Lord John Russell. Speaking in more serious criticism, Walter Bagehot said of Disraeli: "Oh yes, his chaff 's very good, but his wheat is abominable."

OF DISRAELI AND PEEL.

The reason or reasons why Sir Robert Peel declined the political services of Mr. Disraeli may probably never be known. One of the most competent of the reviewers of the new Peel Papers has come towards what used to be regarded as the truth of the matter in remarking that Peel's rejection of Disraeli, after he had seemed likely to be taken into office, led to the prevalence of some curious stories. One of these, which was generally accepted in the forties and fifties, is not capable of public recital, but the effect of it was to impute to Disraeli a very egregious manifestation of sexual cynicism in conversation at Sir Robert's dinner-table. Peel, who was the most decorous of talkers, and naturally a pure-minded man with no capacity for enjoying dubious *jeux d'esprit*, was so disgusted that he never asked Disraeli to his house again, and vowed that he would never have anything to do with him in any way. It was not in the least thought by any one

who told or heard the story that Disraeli was telling the truth in what he attributed to himself, or that he had any purpose whatever except to shock Peel and to display the sort of fantastic social talent, only more grossly, that he had depicted in Vivian Grey. But he went too far, and, if the story is true, it had a great effect on the ultimate course of his route to greatness.

Some would say that it was unlikely that Disraeli should run such a risk when he was seeking office. But this is a mistake. Until he had "arrived" he considered his strong points to be eccentricity, mystery—anything to get notoriety. The very week that he passed into office his manner changed. He was a great actor. He remained solemn and mysterious, but when he became a Minister all the *bizarrerie*, all the whim, disappeared. Gait, aspect, everything became grave, and the child of adventurous caprice was visibly the heavily weighted man of affairs.

OF DISRAELI'S PERSEVERANCE.

Ingenuity and admiration are all very well, but no one knows the "inwardness" of Disraeli who supposes that he ever had any indisposition for office. The moral quality for which he deserved most credit and which he possessed to an heroic degree was perseverance. From 1848 to 1852 he was leader of the Protectionists. In 1852 he obtained office and the lead of the House, and gave up Protection. Then he had another six years of Opposition. A few months of office, and then seven years of vigilant, unfaltering, unwearying labour, amid circumstances of the utmost discouragement. People forget what labour this was, and how fraught with

difficulty—aristocratic Tories girding against him and intriguing against him all the time so that he could scarcely hold his position at all, let alone make anything of it. In those days his most intimate and confidential friend was a man who never held office, Mr. Fitzwilliam Dick. In 1866, when Mr. Disraeli had worked hopelessly for seven years at a stretch, he said one day to Mr. Dick, "In eighteen months I shall be below the gangway." But within a year he had passed the Household Suffrage Reform Bill, and in a year or two he was often seen at the railing of the House of Lords before the throne with four or five dukes coming to him for his instructions.

OF A QUIP OF LORD BOWEN.

Lord Justice Bowen told a friend in 1883 that he had heard it mentioned as an incident of the free-thinking style of Radicals of that time that they had got so far as to interpret "A.D." and "B.C." as "After Dilke" and "Before Chamberlain."

OF IDEAS ABOUT THE CLOSURE.

How curiously and quickly ideas change! Recently when Speaker and Chairman of Committees were both ill, and the closure could not be used, all parties missed it, and all agreed that to be deprived of it by this technicality was both absurd and inconvenient. In 1881 it was suspected by almost every Liberal as menacing free speech, and only one or two had faith in its working out all right. Mr. Chamberlain, being asked how the proposed curtailment of liberties of

debate, whatever its merit, could be considered, as Mr. Ashton Dilke had spoken of it on the previous day, as a Radical measure, said he was glad to have been able, after a good deal of trouble, to convince Sir Charles Dilke that it was so. He was persuaded that obstacles to swift legislation were against the interests of Radicalism, because they made it more difficult to pass measures. Even if, when the Tories had a majority they were to use their powers in an objectionable manner by means of the closure, the only result would be that the country would the sooner be disgusted with them.

OF CATCHING THE SPEAKER'S EYE.

A member of Parliament who was Chairman of Committees, and the best I remember (going back to old Mr. Bernal, Bernal Osborne's father), was asked how speakers caught his eye. He replied that there were about eight things that came into consideration—(1) Had the man spoken before on the question in any way? (2) Would he be acceptable to the House? (3) Did he speak for any class out of the House? (4) Would he enliven the debate? (5) Had he any special claim by experience, personal distinction, or otherwise? (6) Had any consideration been left out of the discussion which he was likely to bring into it? (7) Was it the turn of the side he was on? (8) Had there been a preponderance or deficiency of speakers on that side? No one of these points would determine him, perhaps, but they all flashed upon his mind as a number of members rose to be chosen from. This simultaneity of considerations is a remarkable pheno-

menon in the working of the mind, and is most experienced when a man is performing any public function.

OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

The praises now given to the Egyptian troops and the confidence which their noble leader, the Sirdar, has enabled himself to have in them! A few years ago every one was in despair at them. At Dongola a commander observed, half in dismay and half in contempt, that the Dervishes were running away wildly in one direction, supposing that they were pursued, and that the "Gippies" were running in the other direction, imagining that the Dervishes were pursuing them. He managed to shout out to the "Gippies" that the enemy was retreating, and so the day was won. In 1884 a present leader of the Liberal party, then in office, told a gentleman, now a Liberal member of Parliament, that sending out Gordon was the most foolish thing ever done, though he had concurred in it. Also that the whole business with the Egyptian troops was dreadful; that they always ran away at the sight of the Arabs, and would be routed but for the men behind forcing them forward.

OF OFFICIAL TOIL.

One often hears of the labours of office. The extent and severity of these labours can only be surmised by persons out of the circle. A little while after the last Lord Derby had gone to the Foreign Office, he was asked how many hours a day a

Secretary of State had to work. He replied that when he was at the Colonial Office his actual work took him three hours a day, and that at the Foreign Office it took him five hours a day. Lord Ripon, who has held several of the highest offices, has said that the labour of office is very much exaggerated. Everything is brought before the Chief of a Department so beautifully—so clearly and in such good form—by the permanent officials that there really is very little hard work to be done. Important vital principles have to be considered, but the routine labours are rendered very light by the efficiency of our permanent officials, which Lord Ripon pronounces to be quite phenomenal.

OF A TOUCHING OFFICIAL CONFESSION.

A certain Under-Secretary once said in a gush of apparently sincere Treasury feeling, "I lie awake o' nights, thinking of the unprotected state of the British taxpayer." This is told as a rich joke, but is quite worth seriously remembering as an embodiment of the spirit of the Department which on behalf of the taxpayer fights every spending Department all the year round, in accordance with the unwritten law of its traditions. How old are those traditions which in Mr. Gladstone and such men as Sir Algernon West, Sir Reginald (now Lord) Welby, and Sir Edward Hamilton were so strong? Do they date from Peel, or earlier? To the names of those deeply impregnated with stern Treasury principles may be added those of Inglis and Fremantle, Lord Cottesloe. The first I have heard spoken of (as seen in the House of

Commons Gallery) as "a formidable listener, who looked it, with his shaggy white hair and bushy eyebrows." Lord Cottesloe (Peel's Secretary of the Treasury Fremantle) was a little quiet, well-groomed, smooth-white-haired gentleman. He was looked for as regularly as the Budget in the Peers' Gallery on the night of the annual Financial Statement, and it is said that he had heard about sixty Budgets in all. Conceive the inner severity with which this silent critic would drop on a departure from that than which nothing was ever more virtuous, a Peeline financial principle. Such departures did not begin till after Mr. Gladstone's last tenure of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

OF HARROW.

Many people were struck with the uncommonly Liberal tone of the new Bishop of Calcutta in his last speech, delivered just before starting for India. It was not at all in the vein now usually called Imperialist. Dr. Welldon seemed to speak as only a Liberal could speak. And then one who had known him remembered that while still master of his old school he was asked what he considered was the speciality of Harrow. He replied, "Oh, there cannot be any doubt about that. Harrow is and always was the Liberal public school."

OF PHYSICAL COURAGE IN POLITICS.

One must recognise that even now physical courage is of importance in political proceedings, though the old trying times of meetings and public nominations

have passed away. There are few elections in which a candidate has not to get through crowds of a turbulent character. Often meetings are liable to be broken up. Many rough things happen. I have seen rough-and-tumble fights proceeding and men being floored as a candidate has passed along on election day. It never does to exhibit or even to have the least physical fear.

A great Liverpool name is identified with illustrations of the physical courage—the apparent insensibility to danger—which is so handy in times of excitement. The present Mr. Rathbone's father went on the Flags and into the Room with Daniel O'Connell when he came to Liverpool and spoke from the balcony of the Adelphi Hotel. Sir James Picton told me what a fine sight it was to see Mr. Rathbone confronting and awing down the animosity of the crowd on 'Change at a time when the afterwards greatly admired Liberator was as odious as Mr. Parnell afterwards was. And there are many who remember the plucky bearing of the present Mr. Rathbone in 1880, when Lord Ramsay, in the great Whitley-Ramsay election, walked across the Flags. Mr. Rathbone is not an athletic man, but he showed himself then, as he has shown himself always, quite free from that feeling of physical trepidation which, to some people, is worse than a month of moral and intellectual combat. Any one who cares to look at the second volume of the Life of William Wilberforce will see how he, quite a frail man, went with the greatest courage through a scene of immense turmoil at York.

OF THE SECOND LORD LYTTON.

Before Lord Lytton was appointed to the French Embassy in 1887, it was believed that he had a cancer, and it was supposed that he would decline the post even if it were offered him. Strange things were said about his sentimentality and philandering. When Lord Lytton left Knebworth to go to India as Viceroy, he is said to have kissed all the maid-servants. Among other odd incidents told of him while in India one was that, being at a Residency where the Resident was a Mr. Birch, Lord Lytton, in proposing a health, referred to Mrs. Birch, and said that under certain circumstances it would be very pleasant to kiss the rod. Mr. Birch did not appear to enjoy this.

OF CHANGES AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

I once had an opportunity of getting a very high opinion as to the effect of changes in the Foreign Secretaryship, whether from man to man or from a member of one party to a member of another. I believe the impression of the permanent officials is that these changes never produce any considerable result on the tone and action of the Foreign Office—with one curious exception : the Turks. As to the Turks, the traditional idea of the Foreign Office is that they ought to be a good deal considered, because they could hurt us at many points, and it is, therefore, as well to keep in with them, especially as they are also very good fighters. But our relations with them must depend upon Eastern Question considerations

which have in the past continually been the subject of acute differences between the English parties.

OF THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

One of the highest of our permanent officials once remarked, with apparent sympathy, that the Chinese had a good proverb: "That which we call the spirit of the age our fathers called the end of the world."

OF THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

There is no pleasanter remembrance in politics than the fourth Earl of Clarendon, father of the present Earl, and of Lady Derby and of the late Lady Lathom. The first thing that comes to mind is that, though one of the most accomplished diplomats of his time, he was to all appearance one of the most undiplomatic and blurting of men. Of course he knew what he was about in talking, and may not have been as unreserved as he seemed. But the note of his conversation was out-and-out reckless-seeming outspokenness. A deputation went up once to Whitehall, on which was one eminent Liverpool man, and the subject of it led to an interview with the late Lord Carlingford, then Mr. Chichester Fortescue, and Chief Secretary for Ireland, and one with Lord Clarendon, they being then colleagues. What was the surprise of the deputation when, on Mr. Chichester Fortescue being mentioned, Lord Clarendon burst out, scarcely even *sotto voce*, "Oh, ho, ho, Chichester Fortescue, Chichester Fortescue: a charming block to fit a nice suit of clothes on." One feels as if roofs would be in

danger if in ordinary life things of this sort were said freely and aloud of persons engaged with one in affairs.

But it was always so with Lord Clarendon. He knew all Europe, and every man of European reputation, and his talk teemed with rapid, jerky, usually more than half-contemptuous, though perfectly good-natured, *aperçus* of men known by name to all the world, but apparently known by him to their very marrow. His way of talking—and he seemed to have time to talk for an hour at any time (I personally was very lucky, because it was in 1867, when the entrance of Mr. Bright on official life was considered by the Whigs a tremendous topsy-turvy revolution, which they were most anxious to make succeed, and there were reasons at that time which made kindnesses to humble me to be regarded as attentions to the great newly officed, though never really officialised "Tribune of the People," and oh, how delightful it was to a young journalist to have poured into his ears each morning a wealth of political, and especially F.O. knowledge!) well, Lord Clarendon's way of talking was to rattle on without stopping, and to assume that one was acquainted with all the notables he mentioned. Only, fortunately for me, he always immediately sketched the person, doubtless to the life, with good points of caricature, so that it was safe to sit silent, and just wait to be filled with the knowledge that was assumed in you. "You know Ali Pasha," the great Foreign Secretary would say, "well, he's this sort of man," &c. And Ali Pasha would be only one of a gallery of about twenty all hit off in one interview.

Nations similarly. "Spain—Spain—Spain" (said very quickly), "well, Spanish dynasties go and come; Spanish Kings and Queens go and come; and Spanish Ministries go and come; but there's one thing in Spain that is always the same: they never answer letters." As to Spain, indeed, Lord Clarendon was a special authority from experience at Isabella's Court, even without accepting the legend that Lord Palmerston, saying, "There's only George Villiers will do," sent him to Madrid at a certain time because he was the likeliest man to excel in personal attractions a certain Royal favourite. He was not the only Villiers who had a reputation for manly amenities and fascinations and kind reception by the fair, though in his later years there was not so much sign as even in the nonagenarian Charles Pelham Villiers of the Corn Law question of his having been extremely handsome. One felt in knowing him what a Liberal statesman of the old school was—such a man as Trollope put in his novels, such a man as Greville chatted with, and remuneratively sucked the brains of and pithily diarised. The traits are perhaps these: eagerness of interest; absence of enterprise, except in recognised grooves; thorough enjoyment of *coups* in the old grooves; few prejudices; thorough justice; a firm persuasion that though so many things were incurable it was seldom worth while getting into a moral fume; a constant vivid impulse to do one's official best; and a placid contempt for Tories as a set of persons without good political traditions, who were as it were dullard adventurers in politics, and who never did anything except to provoke the country into resentment

unless they stole a leader of thorough Whig mind such as Pitt (till war came) or as Peel, all through his career; or a cosmopolitan enthusiast such as Canning. As for Disraeli, the cultivated and competent old Whig merely wondered how "Stanley," as he generally called the Rupert Lord Derby, could let such a mountebank Asian antic have the run of things as he did.

OF MR. CHILDERS.

Mr. Childers once told me that Mr. Goschen took longer to make up his mind than any man he had ever known. Caution was his distinctive character. He was especially positive about the Irish Question. Mr. Childers said it was a great blow twice, on resuming office, not to go back to the department in which he had done good work, especially as in each case he had to see the place taken by a weaker man. First, the Admiralty, where he was succeeded by Mr. Goschen, who never screwed himself up to continue Childers's reforms. Secondly, at the War Department. There he was succeeded by Lord Hartington, who did absolutely nothing. This was Lord Hartington's way. He made up for it by shrewd perceptions and quick assimilation. Mr. Childers attributed Lord Hartington's success less to his being the son of the Duke of Devonshire than to his intense and absolute truthfulness. With most men you had on this point to make some allowance for human nature; with Lord Hartington none, which Mr. Childers thought would have made him a great diplomatist. Apropos, I asked him about this trait in Lord Clarendon.

Mr. Childers said Clarendon, too, was very truthful. I said, "Almost indiscreet in some of the things he said." Childers agreed, and said it came strongly out in the last Greville Memoirs. Mr. Childers was preparing something about the Fitzwilliam (Ireland) episode. He thought the most underrated man of our memory, and chiefly because he kept no journals or memoirs, Lord Russell; and his great time 1835 to 1841. Mr. Childers said that no one could conceive, without having been in it, the enormous difficulty caused to a reforming Minister by the inertia and official resistance within a department. This difficulty was increased by the officials possessing all the information. All the Minister wanted he must "buy," and use against them. Mr. Childers had a good opinion of Sir Arthur Forwood as an Admiralty man, and attributed it to him that Lord George Hamilton proposed to carry out the other half of Mr. Childers's reforms. Mr. Childers said that one of the great things in the Irish Church controversy, about 1839, was an anonymous pamphlet by Greville. A very interesting thing that he said, and to which I remember no parallel, was that Mr. Gladstone began to be converted from the political side of his early Church views by Macaulay's essay on his book. Mr. Childers said that George III. defied Pitt and Eldon on the Roman Catholic Question by going to Lord Loughborough, and getting an opinion from him. He testified that the House of Commons in 1833, 1834, and 1836 was very noisy—cock-crowing first appeared then. There were five hundred Liberals in the House. Cock-crowing was never heard again till

the night when Dilke and Auberon Herbert attacked the Civil List, and made the House spend a whole night on it. There came a tremendous cock-crow from behind the Speaker's Chair. Mr. Childers considers Bimetallism—on which he said Mr. Goschen has wobbled greatly—an absurd delusion. There is this initial difficulty to England: We should, he reckons, lose a hundred millions sterling because of being by far the largest holders of gold.

CHAPTER III

OF SOTHERN THE ACTOR AND LIVERPOOL.

EDWARD ASKEW SOTHERN was a thorough son of Liverpool, and was one of the earliest instances of that passing from a good social sphere to the stage which is now an ordinary occurrence, and may soon come to be the rule. His father was the manager of the Bridgewater Canal. Edward Sothern went to school to Mr. Redhead, of Rock Ferry.

He took to acting at a then well-known amateur place in Newington, and people who remembered him have said that he did not exhibit there the slightest talent. Perhaps they did not know. Perhaps he really had no great talent, except in eccentric parts or special *tours de force* of his own invention. Dundreary, his great triumph, was never created or written by an author. It was to have been a mere ordinary "swell." Brother Sam, next in success, was a highly original, mellifluous, lisping brother of Dundreary, with a family likeness, but entirely distinct. In other parts he showed no great originality. His Claude Melnotte was terrible. His part in "My Aunt's Advice," of which he was proud, and his Favourite of Fortune were conventional. His David

Garrick was heavy, and painfully so in the solemn love-scene at the end, in which Charles Wyndham greatly excelled him. But in this play he exemplified that power in *tours de force* which I have just hinted at. There were two such hits. There never was such phenomenal passive yet powerful inaction as Garrick's first scene. This Sothern aimed at just as a feat, and entirely succeeded. It was a really wonderful achievement even in the eyes of those who were familiar with the polished stillness of Alfred Wigan and the cool imperturbability of Charles Mathews in "Cool as a Cucumber." The other special and undoubted success in Sothern's distinctive vein of out-of-the-way stage feats was his uproarious practical joke by way of exhibiting his assumed odiousness as a drunkard when Garrick dragged the whole of the dinner things off the table by the tablecloth and retreated robed in the curtain which he had violently dragged from over the door.

Amid all these triumphs of his very peculiar art Dundreary was infinitely the best, but the others told. So great was his Dundreary success that it was about two years before he could get away from the Haymarket to remake the acquaintance of the well-remembered town of his birth. After he had come, and we had become intimate, a friend of his called in a trap to see me, Sothern with him. Sothern stayed in the trap holding the reins. I saw how he stared, and went out to him. I said, "Well, Sothern, you look as if you'd like to buy the house." "It would be interesting," he said. "At all events, I

shouldn't want a plan of it beforehand. I can tell you not only every room, but every cupboard." It was the house in which his father had lived.

OF LORD DUNDREARY'S STAMMER.

In the days of Sothern I knew a playgoer who was proud, and as far as it went justly proud, of having exactly apprehended Lord Dundreary's stutter. This sounds nothing to do. Yet scarcely anybody but this said playgoer did it; and every other mimic of Sothern vexed the said playgoer exceedingly. Dundreary's stammering peculiarity was that there were only two percussions, so to speak, of each consonant. Sothern did not say "That's b-b-b-bad," but "That's b-bad." And he never departed from this practice. "I h-hate to s-sit d-down b-before I kn-know I s-sit down." And so on. Never more than one iteration of the consonant. So little was this observed that when Belford, a most popular and able actor, appeared at the Strand Theatre in a part imitating Dundreary, and was immensely—though I thought wrongly—praised for the exactitude of the *vraisemblance*, there was at least this discrepancy—that Belford's stutter repeated the unmanageable convulsive consonant, whatever it might be, an indefinite number of times.

OF PECULIARITIES OF STUTTERING.

There are several ways of stuttering. One day I met some foxhunters in a train between York and Malton. One of them had a curious idiosyncrasy, a sort of way of becoming feebler and less audible in his

speech towards the end of what he had to say. Also a strange stammer which I had not before heard, and have not heard since, namely, a nervous repetition of not consonants but words, as for instance, "He was on a thorough-thorough-thorough-thoroughbred mare." The word repeated seemed to be entirely of chance selection, having nothing to do with emphasis, and not depending either upon any difficulty of pronunciation; very often being only some little conjunction or preposition, as, for instance, "Are you going to-to-to-to Birchall?" By the by, although the stammer was what struck me, I remember that these gentlemen talked of absolutely nothing but foxhunting, and used a number of sufficiently interesting technicalities of the sport. A great subject with them was the differences of character among masters of hounds and among huntsmen; but these differences appeared to be broad and coarse. Among the points of the conversation were these: That there is always a failing scent with a beaten fox; and that hounds hadn't the noses they used to have, and were bred not for scent, but for pace. This was in 1883. How is it now?

OF OTHER IMITATIONS OF SOTHERN.

Just as actors failed to mimic and playgoers failed to notice the speciality of the Dundreary stammer, so literary men utterly failed to notice the subtle peculiarity of his droll and intense blundering. Being deeply interested in it at the time, I took the trouble to read and look at every joke, every cartoon I could get hold of in which Dundreary blunders—his special

type of mental confusion—were supposed to be parodied or paralleled. For a couple of years these efforts were innumerable. But I give you my honour—and I say this very deliberately and seriously—there was only one case in which Dundreary blundering was really achieved at all. That was in *Punch*. Lord and Lady Dundreary were in conversation. His lordship had just received a worrying letter from his brother Sam. The letter was in his hand. He turned to Lady Dundreary and said, "Ge-Georgina, if I had kn-known wh-what a br-brother-in-law you had, I n-never would have m-married you." This was real wit applied on Sothern's Dundreary principle as none of the other would-be wit was.

OF SOTHERN'S CONTINUAL CREATION.

It must be remembered that in the United States Sothern had toured and toured for several successful years with this piece, which originally had been meant only for Jefferson in the other part, played at the Haymarket by Buckstone; and that he continued to tour successfully with it in this country. The piece was often, he thought, the better for freshening. He perpetually pondered over and worked out new Dundrearyisms. Unfortunately, he also devised new practical pantomime business, which nearly always tended to degrade the creation. On one visit to a town Dundreary would be half-drowned in a shower-bath. On another visit he would be run off the stage on a revolving cheese. And so on; with no sort of advantage—not, I verily believe, even for the groundlings; whereas the real charm for everybody was the

curious working of this strange mind. "Can you wag your left ear? If you had a brother, could he wag his left ear?" So *ad infinitum;* arrant lunacy, but lunacy with a method, and a method that proved hard to imitate. These Dundrearyisms were multiplied, though apparently they could only be multiplied by Sothern, their original author. Often it was months before they were tried. Some he never tried. His doubt as to each was, would it be taken quickly enough? He used to ask his friends. I remember one case of a Dundrearyism that never was tried, though for years Sothern wondered whether it would do. This was it: The Dundreary party were to be talking, Dundreary being occupied away from them on one side. Some one was to say that in Japan if you were sentenced to death you could always get some one for money to be executed in your stead. Natural incredulity being expressed, Dundreary was to turn round and say, "Oh, y-yes, th-that's so. There are some f-fellows in J-Japan that g-get their l-living by it."

OF SOTHERN AT A MESS DINNER.

Of this actor's practical joking endless stories may be told. But there was one of his practical jokes that every one must enjoy—which, to tell a sad truth not quite to the credit of this gay-hearted worldling's humanity, could not always be said. He was dining at Portsmouth, or somewhere, at a regimental mess to which the officers had asked him with every show of the highest admiration and with no appearance of social superiority. After dinner, as the party sat at

wine, one of the officers asked Sothern to give them a recitation. Now, Sothern abominated that kind of thing. He wouldn't tolerate being treated as an entertainer when he was by way of being treated as a gentleman. He coldly declined. They pressed him. He hotly declined. Still they pressed him. He expressed his feelings. Perhaps the officers were a little affected by wine. At all events they persisted. They would take no denial. At last he said, in a manner which showed that he was nettled, but yet yielding, "Well, if you won't let me off, I must. I'll give you the dinner scene from 'David Garrick.'" He did. He had never acted it better. They were delighted until, springing to his feet, he made his wild, tipsy exit, just as he did on the stage, and dragged the cloth off the table, and with it all the regiment's prized dessert china and decanters and glasses, &c., &c. Great was the smash. The actor did not wait to be applauded or to improve the occasion. The lesson was, indeed, a rough one, and probably only a man with some roughness in his daring humour would have given it; but it was quite deserved.

OF SOTHERN'S PRACTICAL JOKES.

In little things as in great, Sothern was always perpetrating practical jokes, and was not very particular as to their quality. One day at a large dinner party of important people at the Cedars, Kensington—Shirley Brooks was there, and Alexander Russel, of the *Scotsman*, and Lord Charlemont, and the celebrated armless and legless Mr. Kavanagh, M.P.—

Sothern bowed his head just on sitting down at the head of the table to dinner. All his guests bowed theirs and remained in the reverent attitude. But no grace came, and the host calmly went on ladling the soup until one by one they looked up—sold. At the same dinner he talked of his horses and of his coachman, who was quite a character, and he concerted a joke to play upon the coachman, which came off with perfect success. Selecting a guest who, he thought, could remember and could act, he put down on paper the secret fault of each horse, for, of course, every horse has one fault at least, with the marks by which the horses might be known. Then the guest was sent aside to learn his part. When he knew it the whole company adjourned to the stable. Sothern showed the horses generally, easily, and cheerfully. His guests generally admired and praised. So did the specially prepared guest—at first. But in each case he began by degrees to gaze very particularly at the horse, and to feel him, and to look dubious ; and then out came the fatal criticism : " Isn't his near hock a bit so-and-so ? " or whatever it might be. There were seven horses. The first time the coachman looked surprised, and evidently thought the gentleman a remarkable judge—he scarcely knew a screw from a first favourite. Next time the coachman was still more amazed—and the next—until he became almost savage at the weak places of his stud being exposed. At last, at the seventh, there was a roar of triumphant laughter from everybody, and the mortified coachman was consoled by a general donation of half-crowns.

OF SOTHERN'S BOGUS RIDDLE.

Recurring to the propensity of Sothern for practical jokes, he had a standing one which I never saw him play, but which he often did play, and which he told me he had scarcely ever known to fail. Suppose he had a dinner party of ten guests. Some one must arrive last. When all had arrived except one he would say briskly to the nine: "Now, boys, So-and-So hasn't come. He'll be here in a minute. I want to have some fun with him if you'll enter into the spirit of the thing and help me. Listen. After dinner I'll give you a riddle: Why is a saddle of mutton like King David? You will all give it up. There's no real answer to it. But the answer I shall give will be, 'A saddle of mutton is like King David because it's a sad-dle of mutton.' That's simple nonsense, but by degrees you will all pretend to see it; but only one at a time. Let's settle the order. Let it be alphabetical. You, Brown, pretend to see it first, and roar at it. You, Campbell, next. You, Jones, next, and so on. The fun will be in seeing whether my tenth guest, who hasn't come yet, and won't be in the secret, will hold out to the last, or whether, and, if so, after how long he will give in for fear of seeming stupid, and pretend that he sees the answer to the riddle and knows (what nobody can possibly know, for it's all a sell) that a saddle of mutton is like King David because it is a sad-dle of mutton." Sothern assured me that he had played this joke many times; that scarcely ever had the guest who was out of the secret persevered in saying that

he did not see the answer. In most cases the gentleman who was subjected to the sell gave in after three or four of those who were in the secret had pretended to see the point. And, then, of course, or whenever he gave in, he had about as lively a quarter of an hour as anybody would wish to escape.

OF SOTHERN'S BROADWAY RACE.

When Sothern lived in New York a member of his circle was an extremely fat man. Sothern conceived the idea of a joke at his expense. The poor man was so fat that to walk at any speed was a terrible exertion for him and made him puff and blow. Sothern made the most of this in constant chaff, and exaggerated the corpulent man's disability in the most extravagant manner. The latter stood it a long time, but at last said that the joke was carried too far, and that he was by no means so incapable of walking as Sothern pretended. Well, said Sothern, it could easily be tested. Let a match be made between the fat man and another man—fat, but not so fat—whom Sothern would back to win in a race along Broadway, giving half a mile start. It was agreed. The parties were well known in a certain set, and at each of the two places fixed upon in Broadway there was quite a gathering when the time came. The fat man's starting-place was, of course, quite out of sight of the other. A moment was agreed upon. A trustworthy starter was appointed. The fat man was surrounded by his special friends. All were highly amused except the fat man, to whom the effort

would be too great for him to consider it a joke. A rendezvous was appointed for lunch. Similarly there was a gathering at the other starting-point, half a mile behind the fat man's and so much nearer the centre of the city. Here Sothern himself presided. The racer was placed. Sothern had his watch in his hand to start the racer. Suddenly he said, as if it were quite a new thought, "Look here, boys, it would be far better fun for our friend not to race at all, to let fat Jack beyond there do all the racing, and for all of us to go off and await the others at the luncheon-place." The little crowd caught the idea, which had been in Sothern's mind from the first, and away they went to the restaurant. Meanwhile Mr. Falstaff was puffing and blowing and larding the lean earth, trying his best as he neared the winning-point to look back over his shoulder for his competitor and chuckling more and more as his competitor never came in sight. But after he had won and stood mopping his brow for an unconscionable time, puzzlement and then suspicion came over him. He proceeded, escorted by his friends, who began to see the joke before he did, to the luncheon-place. Imagine his entrance. Conceive his mingled feelings at finding that to the delight of his New York acquaintances he had been the victim of "another of Sothern's." The colloquy between them must have been like one between fat Sir John and Prince Hal, and these characters never had a better audience. The poor fat friend's refrain would be, "A plague of all jokers, say I."

OF SOTHERN'S SPIRITUALISM.

A great many of Sothern's practical jokes were of a very serious and elaborate character and arose from his pursuit of spiritualism; that is, his simulation of what are called spiritual phenomena. For instance, for a long time he never went out to dinner without wearing socks the toe parts of which were cut off. This was in order that he might kick off a shoe, also specially contrived, and extend his foot under the table to any one who chose to shake hands with it when the spirits were about and the lights were turned down. It was taken for a spirit-hand. When he lived in Vere Street one end of his dining-room was so constructed that it could turn round completely on a pivot, so that by the power of the spirits when the lights were turned down the furniture of the room at that part might appear to have been entirely changed. All this sort of thing grew up in America. But let it not be supposed that Sothern ever pretended to be a spiritualist. In fact, the title he went by in the United States was "the Medium *malgré lui*." This title was given him by the spiritualists, who chose to believe that he was a Medium in spite of himself, and regarded his involuntary performance of their phenomena as a strong proof of the truth of their beliefs. He used to say, "I am no spiritualist. I have no opinion on the subject. But these things occur." And they did occur. And he and certain accomplices well knew why. His power of acting had a very great effect, and nothing has ever struck me as more remarkable than the fact that a trick which was perfectly obvious

when you were in his confidence, imposed upon other people at the table in the most absolute manner. For instance, he would hold up a common lead pencil near one of those whom he was impressing by his mysterious feats and this person would hear clicks in the lead pencil which you, if you knew his secret, could plainly see him causing with his finger-nail. To such an extent was this carried that Sothern has had people running about Liverpool after all sorts of fancies. There was at least one gentleman, a venerable man too, of high literary position, in Manchester, who practically lost his reason, and, I believe, died; and many people thought it was through Sothern's practice upon his imagination, he being already a spiritualist when Sothern first began upon him.

So many who dabble in Spiritualism at *séances* and so on keep their minds and beliefs in solution and suspense, that it would not have been surprising if Edward Sothern had been almost as spiritualistic as the Americans persisted in thinking him; but, although it would have spoilt his fun to let it be definitely known that he was an unbeliever—he always declared himself a non-believer—he made no secret of his unbelief to his inner friends and his home circle. One day—I think he was a little worried at the time about other things, and rather "stringy"—his wife said to him, "Well, Lady Charlemont says," and went on to narrate some supposed incontrovertible or inexplicable spiritual phenomena. Sothern turned round and briskly stopped her. "For Heaven's sake," said he, "not in my own family."

OF A SPECIAL SPIRITUALISTIC FEAT.

Some of the things which Sothern did in America as "Medium *malgré lui*" were extremely elaborate. No pains, no previous forethought were too much to expend upon a thing of this kind. One day, talking to a friend whose original home was in England (let us say the conversation was in December) Sothern accidentally learnt that it was his friend's birthday. This he carefully remembered. After a little time he managed to obtain an excellent photograph of his friend's father. Then he sent the photograph off to a painter in England, and requested him to produce an admirable oil portrait from it. Making quite sure that this would be carried out, when the year came round to about the middle of December, he was sitting with his friend and a number of others and the sudden impulse to write (in the spiritual manner) came upon him. He scribbled a lot of half intelligible stuff which it was the custom of his friends to regard with the keenest curiosity; and at last a very clear piece came from his pencil. It was to the effect that on the friend's birthday (say a fortnight later) there would come to him by the Cunard steamer from his father an oil portrait of his father. This produced an immense sensation in some, and a burst of incredulity in others. The idea of any prearrangement did not occur to anybody, but with some degree of awe and some degree of merriment there was a bet made between Sothern and the others for a dinner to be held in honour of the friend's birthday, on which occasion the portrait was to arrive and be presented.

When the day came, to heighten the effect, Sothern went down privately to the Cunard boat as soon as it was in, found that the painting had arrived all right, but with great particularity made an arrangement with the person who would naturally deliver it not to do so at the usual time, but to wait till nearly twelve o'clock at night, and then send it with an apology by a special messenger. Then the dinner party took place. Dinner passed: no picture. The evening wore on: no picture. Sothern's looks of mortification and desperation were quite pathetic. The incredulous laughed at him. The credulous had faces almost as anxious as his own. He pretended to make light of it, saying: "Well, you know, these things will happen. I don't know. All I know is that I was made to write it." And so on, and so on. Then at about a quarter to twelve when all hopes of the oil painting had been given up—presto! it arrived. He won his bet, and, *malgré lui* or not, was deemed more a Medium than ever.

OF SOTHERN IN HIS BUSINESS.

I remember before seeing Sothern as Dundreary saying to friends, "Well, if he can show me anything new in an English swell, I'll forgive him." What a shallow observation that proved! Being at that time by way of being a philosophical critic—and young—I wrote four elaborate articles, at least a page each, on the metaphysical subtleties of the part and Sothern's acting. And, what is more, I think them sound now. When the piece had been playing a few days and the Haymarket Theatre was about half full, Mr. Buckstone

met an author, I think Watts Phillips, in the Strand. "Well," said the author, "there's no chance for me at present with you, Mr. Buckstone." "Oh, I don't know," said the comedian-manager—himself playing at the time the part originally played by Jefferson, and expected to be the part of the piece—"I think this American gentleman will be gone in a week." "The American Cousin" was not out of the bills for over two years, I think, and Sothern and Buckstone each made a fortune. Sothern always had a keen eye to the receipts and to matters affecting them. Once he fell in the Row and injured his arm, and had to wear it in a sling. When Dion Boucicault was told of it he said, in that nasal grind which was always in his talk — but was transformed pathetically in "The Colleen Bawn" or in "Kerry"—"Ned Sothern had a riding accident? Business at the Haymarket must have been very bad." And, curiously enough, at dinner that night Sothern, wishing to illustrate some story, slipped his arm out of the sling and flourished it about as if there was nothing the matter with it.

OF SOTHERN AS A BOXER.

There are still men about Liverpool who remember that in the days of Sothern's youth a great character was Jim Ward, prize-fighter, publican, and picture-painter. This very uncommon sort of pugilist was a sort of idol of the gilded youth—so far as there were any gilded youth—and his hostelry was a rendezvous. He taught boxing, and Sothern learnt it of him. Sothern always remembered him as a very fine fellow in many ways and used to exemplify a sort of double

knock with the fist which, he said, was Jim Ward's invention, and which certainly looked as if it would be very effective if properly given. The champion had long left Liverpool when Sothern returned, a world-famed actor, to his native town.

One night during a starring engagement at the Prince of Wales Theatre his boxing proficiency was brought into requisition in a manner which might be considered brilliant. Sothern and the lessee of the theatre very kindly gave a supper and little ball one night on the stage after the performance to the members of the company and a few friends. About midnight two gentlemen presented themselves, somehow got as far as the green-room, proffered a case of champagne, and graciously proposed to join the party. At first Sothern was not told of this intrusion, but when it was found that the gentlemen would not retire, he was informed, and rushed hotly into the room where they were. He explained courteously enough that no such thing could be thought of, ordered the champagne to the door going into Cases Street, and begged the presuming couple to go without further bother. They laughed, and chose to consider this mere pretence, which would speedily be overcome. This nettled Sothern dreadfully. He turned to his valet, or "dresser," who was there, and said, "You can take that one, can't you?" to which the little valet was nothing loth. Then the two of them squared up to the unwelcome visitors, and in a moment had them down the passage, and into the street backwards. As Sothern's antagonist was "knocked out," Sothern gave him Jim Ward's double

tap in good style. He forgot he had a ring on. He also so far forgot himself as to fling out one of the champagne bottles on to the backward-retreating intruders. Next morning he remembered both these details, and was in great perturbation. He got a friend to go quite early to the office of his antagonist of the previous night, who had been identified, with diplomatic instructions to note the state of the gentleman's face; if it was very bad, to be more or less apologetic; and if it was not very bad, to take a high line and demand an apology. Fortunately the gentleman, who, in spite of his bad nocturnal behaviour, stood high on 'Change, was more frightened of publicity than Sothern was himself. His face was not seriously damaged in spite of Jim Ward's double-tap administered with a signet-ring. He promptly volunteered a very ample apology. And so all was well that ended well.

OF SOTHERN'S MEMORY AND HENRY FAWCETT'S.

Memory of persons is a great gift. I have met with one or two extraordinary cases of it. I first saw Sothern at a dinner at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, at which the foreign members of the Press at one of our Exhibitions were entertained. I sat opposite him, admired his handsome and high-bred appearance (his hair and his hands were especially evidence of fine strain), and was introduced as we sat. That was all. Years after, when we had met at Liverpool, and I had become very intimate with him, after a long lapse in which I, a nobody, could not have come to his mind, we were talking about memory. I said, "Well, you

can't remember where you saw me first." "Can't I?" said Sothern, and immediately gave full and correct particulars. Another instance was afforded by the late Henry Fawcett, the more remarkable because of his blindness. One night I was in the lobby of the House of Commons about to hear a debate, under the gallery. A friend introduced me to Mr. Fawcett, and told him who I was, and I told Mr. Fawcett what I was going to do. "Oh, then," said he, "you can look after my old father and tell him who the people are. He is going under the gallery too." And we parted. It must have been three or four years later when, along with many others, I was presented to Mr. Fawcett, he being chief guest at a political dinner. In the usual sort of conventional mumble, I said, "I once had the pleasure of being introduced to you, Mr. Fawcett, but it's a long time ago." "I remember," said he; "you very kindly looked after my old father under the gallery at the House." Such a memory must be invaluable, especially to a public man.

OF SOTHERN'S OPINION OF WARD BEECHER.

Sothern was a most interesting talker. Of course he never gave you the idea of a deeply read man. His conversation was that of a lively gentleman—a rather free one—very full of knowledge of the world, very full of the news of the day, very full of American experience, very full of all that he got to know of society and of character; but certainly not full of books or book knowledge. I was rather surprised, therefore, one day at a thing he said of Henry Ward Beecher.

Sothern had just come back from a visit to America. It was soon after the long trial in which Ward Beecher's moral conduct was deeply called in question. Every one was talking of it. Sothern and I were alone in my room at the office, and the inevitable subject came up, and the extraordinary character of the case. "Oh," said Sothern, "the mistake is in thinking of him as a religious man at all. He's just a disciple of Lucretius." I should not have thought that Sothern knew what the ideas of Lucretius were. But it was a likely enough view to be taken of Ward Beecher by any easy-going but thoughtful man of the world, who did know a little about Lucretius, and was not inclined to believe in any man of powerful intellect and strong passions being sincerely under Christian influences. Sothern really thought Beecher had been sensual, and considered it more to his credit to be a Lucretian sybarite than to be a Christian castaway.

CHAPTER IV

OF THE LATE LORD SELBORNE'S BONÂ-FIDES.

IN a leading article on the late Earl of Selborne's Memoirs, notice was taken of a tribute paid to that distinguished and most virtuous man by the *Times*, which instanced in his honour the fact that, although he refused the Lord Chancellorship rather than concur in the disestablishment of the Irish Church, he showed no ill-feeling in opposing that measure, and did his best in debate and otherwise to make the Irish Church Bill a working measure. This is true, but by no means all that could be said on the same tack. A good illustration of Lord Selborne's good faith and transparent sincerity occurred during a debate in which one or more opponents of the Bill contended that the Queen could not give her assent to it without breaking her coronation oath. Now, it is an unwritten law or practice of Parliamentary warfare that any stick will do to beat the dog that you wish to belabour. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred sit still and listen with apparent acquiescence to, or at all events do not controvert, arguments which make for the aim they have in view, though they may deem them foolish and untenable. Not so Sir Roundell Palmer. I remember seeing him sit and pay great attention to this corona-

tion oath argument. You would have supposed that, as he wished the Bill to be beaten, he would be quite content that this or any other weapon should be used against it. But no. In a few minutes he went out of the House and returned with a book or two of formidable dimensions, with authority, as it were, shining through their solemn bindings. Presently there was an opening to speak. Sir Roundell rose, and with perfect lucidity and irresistible force showed that, bad as he thought the Irish Church Bill to be, it would be the undoubted constitutional duty of the Sovereign to give her assent to it if it were passed by Lords and Commons. As this made against what he valued, and was done purely *in foro conscientiæ*, I thought it then, and think it now, one of the most remarkable examples ever known of high-minded controversial virtue.

OF THE PRO-IRISH CABINET MINISTERS IN 1884.

In the same book of Memorials which has suggested the foregoing pleasant reminiscence there is a very positive and entirely new, but probably true, statement which suggests that the course of events just evaded an internal struggle in Mr. Gladstone's 1880–84 Cabinet, which not only would have been intensely exciting and interesting, but might easily have changed the bias of Irish affairs. The statement is that if Mr. Gladstone's Government had not been thrown out on another question there would have been a distinct endeavour on the part of certain of its members to try conclusions with, and even to get rid of, certain other members of it who were too favourable to the Irish claims. Un-

doubtedly the bitterness between these two sections, Mr. Chamberlain being at the head of the pro-Irish one, was as great as it could possibly be. It got known that the language they held of each other was alike hot and contemptuous, ranging, according to the personal temperament of the speaker, from rough scurrility to elaborate denunciation. Before the breach which arose from Mr. Parnell and others being let out of Kilmainham as the result of the O'Shea negotiations, Mr. Forster was already regarded by some of his colleagues as an untruthful, wrongheaded, egotistical, and perverse man. They were unsparing in their conversational reprobation of him. Meanwhile the Dukes, as they were called—and "the Dukes" included Earl Spencer, great Home Ruler though he afterwards became—regarded Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke with the utmost horror. In the middle of this period Mr. Chamberlain came and spoke at Liverpool. Many still remember the strong pro-Irish tenor of his speech at Hengler's, though he had, as it were, to keep terms with his colleagues and with his position. And many alleged that his real feeling was that Mr. Forster was a fatuous, dogged enemy of all that was best for Ireland, and for England too. What a battle royal it would have been if the attempt had been made a little later which Lord Selborne recorded was intended to be made to control or get rid of the pro-Irish Ministers! It will be remembered that Mr. Chamberlain afterwards made a speech at Warrington. Something had happened, and this speech was of a very different tenor, and a Conservative tendency was developed

among Liberals to whom Mr. Gladstone's very generous concessions to Ireland were distasteful, especially as the Irish people did not seem grateful for them. The issue was that Mr. Gladstone went farther, to Home Rule; and Mr. Chamberlain drew back and became leader of the Liberal Unionist party. What would have happened if the Government had not been beaten on another issue, and if "the Dukes" had tried to relieve themselves of the pro-Irish members of the Cabinet?

OF THE BIRTH OF GLADSTONIAN HOME RULE.

The following circumstances were narrated to me in 1886 by a gentleman who was then a distinguished provincial newspaper editor. Shortly after the elections in 1885 Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. John Morley went to stay at Highbury, Birmingham, with Mr. Chamberlain, and, of course, very serious conversations and deliberations took place as to the immediate future of the Liberal party. It may be assumed that they were in possession of facts which made them believe that Mr. Gladstone was contemplating an effort to settle the Irish Question by some strong measure; and I should judge from indications, though I have for this no positive evidence, that the matter presented itself to their minds in this light—that Mr. Gladstone, having been practically beaten at the polls, was prepared to do something large, with the view of securing a majority at the opening of Parliament, with the help of the Irish members, and so coming into power. According to the editor's statement they determined not to lend themselves, or consent to any policy of

this kind, and resolved upon a distinct programme, which consisted in remaining out of office, and doing nothing to prevent the Conservatives from remaining in office for some time.

This intention came to the knowledge of the editor I have mentioned. He was not at that time by any means a Home Ruler, I believe, but he was more for the interest of Mr. Gladstone than for the interest of the gentlemen who had met at Mr. Chamberlain's. He therefore wrote to Hawarden, though not directly to Mr. Gladstone, telling him what he understood had occurred, and, I think, suggested whether Mr. Herbert Gladstone had not better come up to town and consult. I think Mr. Herbert Gladstone telegraphed back the same day, intimating that he saw the importance of the matter, and that he would probably come up to London, but that in the meantime he would write. This he did, and the letter which he wrote became the basis of my editor friend's adhesion to Home Rule. It seemed to bear internal evidence of having been dictated to Mr. Herbert Gladstone by Mr. Gladstone himself. It was of twenty close pages. On the day when my editor friend received it, he was at the Reform Club in the evening, and Mr. John Morley came in. He told him what had occurred, and Mr. Morley was immediately thrown, as it appeared, into considerable excitement. He begged the letter for a private perusal, went up in the library, and remained there I think I was told two hours. When he came down he was evidently under the influence of very strong feeling, and he said, with great determination, "I shall go with the old man."

This was communicated through my friend the editor to Hawarden, who considered that it was the commencement of impressions on Mr. Gladstone's mind, which ultimately resulted in the position which Mr. Morley took in his Cabinet. If it was true, as my editor friend believed it was, that Mr. Morley had distinctly concurred in the policy of keeping the Tories in power, upon which Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke had resolved at Highbury, it must be evident that the feelings of Mr. Chamberlain would be very highly wrought, and that considerable resentment would spring up in his mind when it was found that Mr. Morley had thus gone over to the policy which so conspicuously succeeded, as soon as Parliament met, in immediately expelling the Tories from office, with the help of the Parnellite contingent. The twenty-page Hawarden letter was preserved, and doubtless is still preserved by the eminent journalist who received it. It was the birth of Home Rule, and Mr. Morley's reading of it was a most important event.[1]

OF RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN.

Sad indeed it is to think of his too early death. He was a true, good loyal fellow. All the Chamberlains are distinguished by a passion of kinship, and, curiously enough, those who, being unrelated, are specially attached to the fortunes of the great Colonial Secretary have in their friendship for him a great deal of the affectionate spirit by which the Chamberlains in their clannishness are characterised.

Mr. Richard Chamberlain's name carries one back

[1] See note at end of volume.

to the time early in 1886 when the differences about Ireland disturbed the harmony, such as it was, which had existed between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain. The clear-cut opinions of the latter, and his immense positiveness in expressing them in the lobby, gave him great predominance as a disturbing element. Members were amazed at his uncompromising tone in private. Such determined revolt against the leader's authority, such distinct repudiation of his initiative had not been known. Birmingham was at that time the centre of Liberal organisation. There Mr. Schnadhorst lived and schemed. At this juncture he did his best to keep things together; but the feeling —which probably Mr. Chamberlain could have affected otherwise if he had thought otherwise—was very strong against the policy attributed to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Schnadhorst found it was no good to stand out. Mr. Chamberlain was thought to be arranging for a great adverse demonstration at Birmingham as soon as the policy should be declared. Meanwhile Liberal members were writing from Westminster urging Mr. Schnadhorst not to throw the influence of the Federation prematurely into the Anti-Gladstone scale. Spence Watson, of Newcastle, and Kitson, of Leeds, were doing the like, and John Morley was supposed to be much depressed by the movements of what some called an intrigue, and some called, as doubtless it was, a conscientious defection from a condemned policy. The manner of it was certainly unprecedented in Parliamentary memory, and it was then that Richard Chamberlain worked so hard, and to Parliamentary eyes was so conspicuous, though the public saw and

knew little of him. He and Powell Williams and George Dixon (with less personal attachment, but dogged hostility to Home Rule) worked hard among members all night and every night. They got young members to pledge themselves. The excitement may be judged by the fact that it was generally believed on the Liberal side that Richard Chamberlain and Powell Williams made it in their canvassings an undisguised question of Chamberlain *versus* Gladstone. Such menaces were heard as even that Mr. Gladstone should be driven from public life.

Those who have read the peculiarly frank memoirs of Mr. Cooper, of the *Scotsman*, have probably discerned that even before the broaching of Home Rule, Mr. Chamberlain—Unauthorised Programme, &c., and great pushing of social reform—had become a thorn in Mr. Gladstone's side. Mr. Richard Chamberlain probably found it within his duty to wriggle this thorn about. But what an entanglement it all was! At the very time when "three acres and a cow," or a Parliamentary symbol of it—Mr. Chamberlain by the mouth and motion of Mr. Jesse Collings—was being made the battle-horse of Mr. Gladstone, and while the Unauthorised Programme had deeply disgusted everywhere the more conservative Liberals, Mr. Chamberlain had attracted them, on the other hand, by the caution and holding-in of his Irish speech at Warrington, and was now increasing his hold upon them by the intended revolt against Home Rule whenever it should be announced, which Mr. Richard Chamberlain and Mr. Powell Williams eagerly foreshadowed in language most emphatic. The contradictory confusion could

not be more strikingly indicated than by the fact that one of the most moderate and old-fashioned of Liberals, Mr. Albert (now Earl) Grey, said on the night of the division on Mr. Jesse Collings's motion, "I want to know what my leader is going to do about Ireland before I make up my mind how to vote about the agricultural labourer." And all the time the chief friend of the agricultural labourer (Mr. Chamberlain) was the chief opponent in advance of the expected Irish policy. Mr. Schnadhorst took a tactical view. He did not knock under to Mr. Chamberlain, who had so long directed and inspired him. He expressed a feeling that a statesman was not on the right tack who made enemies for life of a solid body of eighty-six Irish representatives and their leader. This might have been so if Mr. Chamberlain had remained in his old party. But it has been of no consequence under a powerful Unionist Coalition. And now the "solid body" of eighty-six has lost its leader, and is helplessly and, for the time, hopelessly divided.

OF "FINDING SALVATION."

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was once banteringly referred to as the man who found salvation before Mr. Mundella. It is interesting to state how this saying about "finding salvation"—that is, becoming persuaded of the desirableness of Home Rule—came into vogue. The common supposition is that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman himself used the phrase in a speech, saying that he had found salvation long ago. But this is not quite true. The fact is that he never said that at all. What occurred was this:

Sir Henry and Mr. Mundella were talking in the lobby at the time that the Liberal party were being expected to accept Home Rule, and Mundella said, "Well, waiting till now, I have come to the conclusion that it has got to be accepted, and that that alone can clear everything up." Sir Henry replied, "Yes; you're just in the position of a man who, in the language of the Salvation Army, has 'found Jesus.' He has been in great perplexity and distress, and when he goes through this operation that the Salvation Army so describes, he feels that everything is made straight and right by this one thing."

These were Sir Henry's words, but I believe he was greatly amazed the next time Mundella spoke, and said that his friend Campbell-Bannerman had declared that he had found salvation long ago.

OF DIPLOMATIC SECRECY.

It must be admitted that though in these days everything is supposed to get out, many diplomatic and Cabinet secrets are well kept. Is it or is it not true that when the Rosebery Government was suddenly upset by the cordite incident, that Government had just previously resolved on an ultimatum to the Sultan? To my knowledge this statement has not before been made in print. We shall not learn whether it is true or not. It is quite easy to think of several grounds on which a truthful man might deny it even if it were true, just as it used to be denied in almost every sort of way that Sir George Errington had been sent on a diplomatic mission to the Pope. Certain it is that the Government which came in on

the cordite did not take any strong measures with the Sultan. Was the "continuity" just now so much talked about maintained, or broken? If there is any truth in this "State secret," it is obvious that a step was omitted which might have affected beneficially events in Armenia, and would have prevented Lord Rosebery from disagreeing with Mr. Gladstone as to Armenia; or rather would have rendered it unnecessary for Mr. Gladstone to take the line with which Lord Rosebery disagreed.

OF THE CORDITE VOTE.

The gravity of the snatch defeat by which Lord Rosebery in 1895 was turned out of office has been minimised by two circumstances—the narrowness to which the Rosebery majority had been reduced, and the irksomeness to Lord Rosebery of the position which he occupied under such embarrassing conditions. Probably no messenger was ever received with gladder welcome than the one who in the dark of late evening bore out to the Durdans to Lord Rosebery the news that he no longer need consider himself First Minister of the Crown. If, however, there is any truth in the statement about the impending and stopped ultimatum for the Yildiz Kiosk, the snatched vote about cordite was a great event; though as a rule snatched votes are not great events when a Ministry's normal majority is small.

And how was the vote snatched? A feeling has remained in some minds that Mr. Balfour's action on that occasion was not precisely what would have been expected of a man of such fine feeling and punctilious

behaviour. It was the night that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had to announce in the House his success in inducing the Duke of Cambridge to retire from the Commandership-in-Chief. Very dramatic, indeed, was the sudden reverse when the cordite business was sprung upon the Government. Mr. Balfour and some one else had been informed by Sir Henry of the affair of the Duke, and they had received it in quite a friendly way, and seemed as if they were going to be civil over it. Sir Henry is said to have asked whether he "should tell Brodrick" (then associated as an ex-Under-Secretary with war matters). Mr. Balfour is understood to have said, "Oh no, there's no occasion for that," and to have seemed to wish rather to keep it to himself and one or two front-bench men of Cabinet rank. Then the Whip of the Liberal party came to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman (familiarly called always "C. B.") and asked him "if there was anything expected." C. B. said "No;" so that the Liberal members were allowed to go to the theatres or anywhere they liked without any particular hold being kept upon them. Suddenly came the cordite question, raised by Mr. Brodrick (now Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs), and it became known secretly that a severe whip had been put upon the Tories so as to have them there ready to defeat the utterly unprepared Government. This is said by people who ought to know to have been quite unprecedented.

CHAPTER V

OF LADY SHELLEY AND THE SHELLEY MONUMENT.

LADY SHELLEY, widow of the poet's son, and his survivor till lately, was a stout-hearted, frank-minded old lady, warmly devoted to the bright memory of her husband's much-persecuted father.

A remarkable illustration of her qualities, and a very peculiar incident in the history of a noble work of art, took place when Mr. Onslow Ford completed the memorial monument which is now beautifully entempled at University College, Oxford. It represents Shelley nude and drowned. The picturesque forlornness of the prostrate figure is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, triumph of modern sculpture. This has always been admitted. But a moot point arose. Before the Royal Academy opened, at which the work was to be exhibited, some of those who saw it cried "Fie! Fie!" at a realistic treatment of the nudity of the subject. The sculptor must have preferred that method of treating it; and there were many who met the objectors by insisting that their imaginations were touched by this treatment, and that only thus could the sculptor have expressed the poignant physical poetry of a death which was notable in history, and the melancholy of which it was his duty

and ambition to commemorate. Privately the conflict waxed fierce, and those most concerned had to consider whether for the sake of art and the picturesque record of the poet's death as it had possessed the sculptor's mind, they should dare Mrs. Grundy. Lady Shelley was beset. Mr. Onslow Ford was bombarded. They met and conferred. It was about two days before the Royal Academy opened. Lady Shelley had her doubts. She dreaded lest the memorial of her husband's immortal father should be made the subject of vulgar babble and indecent objurgations. The sculptor consented to submit to Lady Shelley's judgment. It was arranged that next morning they should meet at the Academy. He was to bring some oddments of clay and vegetation and arrange them so as to obviate the objections taken. The appointment was kept. The old lady watched the solution of the problem to which Mr. Onslow Ford addressed himself. He had brought in a little basket his handy mouldings of clay, his sprigs of seaweed, and what-not. He proceeded to arrange them. What his feelings were no one knows. Probably he was disgusted. When his task was completed it took Lady Shelley a very short time to decide. "Oh," she said, "it will never do. Take it all away. The figure shall be as you made it." So it appeared at the Royal Academy, and was not subject to a single disparaging observation on the naturalistic phase of the work. Afterwards, indeed, when it came to Liverpool, the supposed difficulty was raised again, and solved by an application of the ancient expedient of a fig-leaf; but what was not delicate enough for

Liverpool is now to be beheld by all the world in the sumptuous little starry fane of fame in which at University College the Shelley monument is enshrined for all time.

There might be much said on Lady Shelley's crux by any one who felt strongly on either side. The instinct which decided her on a point which on several less subtle occasions has excited much public discussion, passionate on the one behalf and contemptuous on the other, might perhaps in this instance be thus expressed: The idea of the sculpture being to touch the emotions by an ideal personification of a great and beautiful life drowned into forlorn death, and that idea being most fitly carried out by the representation of the frail body lying limply prone on the seashore with the whole body as it would be, any veiling must be obviously accidental, obviously not contrived. Otherwise it would conflict, by the obtrusion of another thought, with the intended effect. And this formulation of Lady Shelley's instinct leaves out of consideration the probable more definite conviction of the sculptor, who must have deliberately chosen so to plan and place and finish the figure, and must be presumed to have thought what he did in this particular, as many reverent admirers have felt in looking at the sculpture, positively and practically contributory to the effect on the sympathies at which he aimed.

OF WILLIAM BLACK'S DEEPEST STORY.

The newspapers overflowed at the time of William Black's death with comments on and vindications of his fictions; but not one mention has been made of

66999

"the Pupil of Aurelius." It appeared in 1881 in a set of three volumes, which contained besides "The Beautiful Wretch" and "The Four Macnicols." Have you ever had the sensation of feeling that your author has quite distanced himself or dived into deeps which he has never plumbed before, or shown an apprehension of things which you would have said were dead to him? That was how those felt in 1881 who realised that the average, pleasant, lady-sketching, surface skimming William Black had with a stern heroism created a character sounder, deeper, truer, more philosophical, and with a loftier moral heroism than any one would have supposed he could have conceived or would have cared about. John Douglas, indeed, the Pupil of Aurelius, had not done anything remarkable or felt moved to any decided action before the failure of the Glasgow Bank, but in the quietude of his life he had always gone about on his rambles with either the New Testament or Tannahill's Poems or Marcus Aurelius. The last had infused into him the wise Emperor's "proud and patient stoicism, so that he considered himself proof against anything that might happen to him in life or in death. It was a voice from far away, muffled as if from the tomb, but it was human, sympathetic, kindly in the main." In this key William Black wrote a story which to many a man or woman might be a new gospel—or at least a new law—gospel only if its capabilities for humanity were humanely divined—yet a gospel all the time because the law was so self-denying. The relentlessness of the author is perfectly stoical, and yields constant thrills of anguished sympathy, and his absolute

loyalty to the ideas of strict integrity and philanthropy and disregard of self give the story a place quite by itself. And the ending is full of plain pathos, without a touch of self-consciousness. Great as the story is—and it is truly great—it occupies only seventy pages, and every one should be thankful to have been reminded of it.

OF D. T.

A collection of those delirium tremens anecdotes which seem to be thought such good fun by many free livers would be ghastly reading. William Black told of an acquaintance who said he always knew "when they were coming on" by seeing a hair growing out of each finger-point. If he could whisk it away he knew the attack was slight; if not, he knew he was in for a serious bout.

OF BROWNING AND CARLYLE.

Browning used to speak—I am thinking of a time after Carlyle's death—very eulogistically of the great man, and entirely repudiated Froude's view of him and his home relations. Browning thought that Froude must have turned on Carlyle on some imagined personal account. Browning found Carlyle very helpful when he (Browning) was still a young, unknown man. Frederic Harrison has borne similar testimony. Afterwards, when Browning was in Paris, he made some investigations for Carlyle to verify some points in the French Revolution. This led to Carlyle rewriting a considerable portion of his book. Browning

said the trouble Carlyle took to be perfectly accurate was well-nigh incredible. He also said that Carlyle was a very facile writer. Some one present when Browning said this objected that Carlyle himself had said differently. Browning replied that Carlyle was laborious and difficult in the acquisition of his facts and materials, but wrote very freely when he had collected them.

OF HENRY DUNCKLEY.

The editor of the defunct *Manchester Examiner*, during many of its late years—known also as "Verax," under which name he wrote a powerful series of articles on the actual prerogative of the Crown in the conduct of public business—was especially remarkable for the pithy pungency of his conversation. Here, for instance, are three interesting bits recorded long ago. It was just after the death of John Bright. Being asked what would be the first political result of that event, he said he thought it would be to set a good many people free. It was not long after the appearance of "Robert Elsmere," and he said that the *Manchester Examiner*, which had a great Nonconformist connection, dared not review "Robert Elsmere" because free-thought was making such way that orthodox people were very sensitive. He, however, personally, though he had been a Nonconformist preacher, was very broad in his opinions, for he said he had been reading Grote lately, and was very much struck by the fact that true piety could be based upon almost any dogma. He seemed to think the piety of the Greeks quite as good as any we had.

OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S RELIGION AND HIS FATHER-IN-LAW.

Was not Hugh M'Neile for some time at Albury, in Surrey? And did he not know the Duke of Northumberland, one of whose seats is there? And did he not have interesting relations with the duke in reference to Irvingism? The duke was a faithful Irvingite, and probably had much to do with those remarkable and unrevealed arrangements by which all the churches of the so-called "Catholic Apostolic Church" (which doubtless has as good a right to call itself so as any other single sect) have always seemed all right in the way of money. The duke married the daughter of another much greater Irvingite—an "Apostle" of that Church—Henry Drummond, the banker, long member for West Surrey, and one of the most striking figures of the House of Commons till 1860, when he died. It was not the practice of any of Edward Irving's disciples to put their religion forth before the world. Henry Drummond was a strong Tory, with a striking power of mordant wit. He was tall, thin, gaunt, always dressed in black, wore to the last, I think, a "body coat" (that is to say, a dress-coat), had rather wild grey hair, and very weird eyes. In fact he looked as if he had just walked out of one of Sir Walter's novels. And when this stern, slim, wiry, hoary prophet got up to speak, and uttered two or three biting witticisms, the incongruity of appearance and function was very telling. The only speaker who was at all like him in manner was Mr. Henley, but his appearance had nothing either literary or prophetic,

but was just that of a dry, sardonic old country gentleman.

OF SIR GEORGE GREY.

Not Sir George Grey, the Colonial Governor, but Sir George Grey, Lord John Russell's Secretary of State for the Home Department, and grandfather of Sir Edward Grey. Sir George Grey was a typical Whig, with only one distinction from their manners and customs—namely, that he spoke with extreme rapidity. There was no attempt at afflatus or sentiment; but his delivery was very rapid and emphatic to a degree. In those days there were two Whig Ministers who spoke rapidly. The other one was Sir Charles Wood, who afterwards became Lord Halifax, and who was Lord John's Chancellor of the Exchequer. But his rapidity, though his speeches read all right, had the effect of utter and baffling confusion. Sir George Grey's, on the other hand, was lucidity itself. It is interesting, however, to note the changes in style between the old and the new statesmen. To recall the ways of Sir George Grey is to feel this very strongly. Dr. Newman Hall, in his Autobiography, tells of how he went at midnight once to Sir George Grey when he was Home Secretary in order to avert the punishment of death which had been passed upon a man in favour of whom there was a great public sentiment. Sir George listened to him for some time, but at last it happened in an unlucky moment to Dr. Newman Hall to suggest that there might be a disturbance of the public peace if the man was not reprieved. This immediately set Sir George upon his

official dignity, and with great sharpness he said, "Oh! *we* can answer for the public peace;" and Dr. Newman Hall found that he had upset any good that he had previously done.

There is another story not quite so favourable to Sir George, but very characteristic, which used to be told by Mr. Christopher Bushell. Mr. Christopher Bushell was one of a deputation which went to Sir George Grey when the idea of Reformatories was first conceived, and when what seems to us now so regular and ordinary an institution was unknown — almost unthought of—and quite disbelieved in by the official class. Sir George stood with his back to the fire and his coat-tails divided, and heard all the speeches of the deputation with great courtesy, but with the coolest nonchalance. At last he said in an airy, official manner: "Well, gentlemen, I am much obliged to you for all you have said to me, but the fact simply is that as long as there is a pocket to be picked there will be a pickpocket to pick it." And then he swiftly bowed them out. Very unlike anything that would now occur.

OF SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

The most interesting thing in the new Peel Memoirs —except the racy morsel about Disraeli having petitioned for office, which he publicly denied—is the full and interesting exposition of the Cabinet friendship between Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham. This is the more interesting because it comes as a sort of surprise. Sir James Graham was never a very popular man, and no one ever heard of his being much

liked. Peel and Graham, indeed, came to be associated in popular colloquy in 1841–46, just as Peel and the Duke had been before 1830, but it always seemed to be Sir James Graham who was doing the unpleasant and illiberal things. As to the feeling within the Cabinet, much has not been known until now, and not much is known now. It was not a very warm-hearted Cabinet, that of Peel, 1841–46, though in some quarters it was warm-tempered. It was rather mixed; Stanley (afterwards Rupert Lord Derby) and Graham were Whigs who had become Tories because of Ireland. They had not much in common with the high-and-dry Tories whom Peel called Ultra. Then there were Gladstone and the other younger men, who, though Tories, were looking out upon the political stage upon which they were to act with new, bright eyes—perhaps seeing visions; at all events, not regarding Graham as an inspired apostle.

I am reminded of this by a memory I have of something said in private by Mr. Gladstone. It was short, but it was significant and it was explicit, and I must tell it. Peel, besides being a remarkable man and certain to command the fealty and allegiance of many and notable colleagues, came into supreme power at a period when he was the survival of most of those who had been distinguished in Cabinets of the expiring generation. A result was that in Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Cardwell, Lord Lincoln, Lord Dalhousie, and others, he had a sort of school of the prophets. Each possibly a little jealous of the others, all worshippers of their great stimulating chief, and all a little inclined to question the superiority of

men of the elder time who were still associated with Sir Robert. One of these was Sir James Graham. He is best known by a celebrated passage of rare and rhythmic eloquence in which some time after 1846 he celebrated the material and social triumphs of Free Trade as introduced by Cobden and carried by Peel. But he was remarkable as an administrator. He never spoke in that deep, rolling delivery of his without evincing the most perfect political knowledge and a mastery of statement in which there seemed to be no effort, but the rich outpouring of a ripe experience which had become the great man's very self. And this now proves to have been his character as known by his still greater colleague, for the letters in these Memoirs show that Peel continually drew from the well of Sir James Graham's political capacity, and that the bucket never came up otherwise than well filled. It is remarkable that Sir James Graham was twice in office as a Liberal, and once, during the period when he was most celebrated, as a Tory. This alone gave him a great range of statesman knowledge. Now, then, what was Mr. Gladstone's private opinion of Sir James Graham? He was once asked, and this was his reply: "Sir James Graham was an earwig; he began by earwigging Earl Grey; he next earwigged Lord Melbourne; then he earwigged Lord John Russell; then he earwigged Aberdeen; and, lastly, he earwigged Lord Palmerston."

This is derogatory. In considering it, however, we must recognise the natural jealousy spoken of above with which a man of Sir James Graham's age, capacity, and power of making himself indispensable was re-

garded by his younger colleagues, all bounding upwards, and one of them with an ardour and a splendour rarely exhibited at his age, and when exhibited very seldom realised in such performances as Mr. Gladstone later on achieved. It is plain enough from the Peel Papers that though Peel's valuing of Graham may have partly arisen from an insinuating quality of intercourse which between a colleague and his chief may have had earwigging in it, he had such far higher qualities that it was unjust and practically absurd to define him as a mere earwig. Whether wise or otherwise, his individual action always showed plenty of power—as, to wit, his positive line with the Scottish Church in 1843, which helped to provoke Disruption; his opening of Mazzini's letters in the post for the information of the Austrian Minister; his unpopular English education measure, which created tremendous Nonconformist hostility; and his leaving the Whig Ministry on the proposal to amend the condition of the Irish Church. Right or wrong, these were all strong and independent acts.

CHAPTER VI

OF THE SUCCESSIVE ASPECTS OF JOHN BRIGHT.

AN interesting essay might be written on the various ways in which Mr. Bright was from time to time regarded. Not that he ever changed; but he struck people differently, and they looked at him differently. His solemn eloquence, as eloquence, and as revelation of character, deeply impressed, not merely those who admired him, but those who detested him.

OF THE EFFECT OF HIS SPEECHES.

I once, when he was in a despairing mood—a not infrequent mood, though he had too good a just opinion of himself for the despair to go very deep—told him a true story to cheer him up. Two men were lunching opposite each other in Anderton's Hotel, and my brother, who was at the same table, told me the story. "What are you reading?" said one. "A great speech of Bright," said the other. "Oh, bother that fellow," said the other, "he's the curse of the country. I wonder you can be so set on him." "Well, now," said his friend, "just read that piece," handing the paper across. With an ill grace his friend or acquaintance took it and read.

When he returned the paper it was in silence, and he was in tears.

OF HIS SURPRISING THE TORIES.

The House of Commons, just when things were on the turn, was much affected one Wednesday afternoon when Mr. Bright spoke up for Sunday, though he was not in favour of Sunday observance prosecutions. He quoted the two lines of George Herbert—

> "The week were dark without thy light.
> Thy lamp doth show the way."

The Tory benches were quietly electrified. They "hear-heared" in a grave, missionary meeting sort of way and exhibited tremendous astonishment—which showed how undiscerning they had been before. Sometimes Mr. Bright gave them a very different sort of surprise. On another Wednesday afternoon the subject was the evils of primogeniture, and the consequent hardships of younger sons. Mr. Bright spoke, and presently said: "As I came down to the House to-day I met a younger son of a noble family, and I mentioned to him the subject we were about to debate. And he told me the effect of the present law and usage, and he said, 'Mr. Bright, it's a damned shame!'" Of course the orator recited this quite gravely and feelingly. The effect was again electrical. There were few effects in the speaking way that Mr. Bright could not make. And all with simple, weighty, deliberate majesty.

OF THE LAST PHASE OF JOHN BRIGHT—ANTI-HOME RULE.

No one who heard the great 1866 speech—the one containing the passages about "two thousand miles out into the Atlantic," and the reference to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli and other great passages—could have fancied that John Bright would live his last years and die an enemy to Liberal Irish legislation. I put it down largely to the influence of certain Irish Friends (that is, Quakers). It led, of course, to numerous sad alienations, and some even in the family. "Uncle Jacob" made a strong anti-coercion speech at Manchester (which was inconvenient to Mr. Slagg, M.P., and divided the party there), and something like a family feud ensued. About this various ill-natured things were said: such as that Mrs. Jacob Bright had never forgiven the great John, her brother-in-law, for speaking against Woman Suffrage; but every one who knew the splendid character of Mr. Jacob Bright, in some respects even finer than his brother's, knew that no incitement of a small kind was ever necessary to make him do a great duty.

OF JOHN BRIGHT IN PRIVATE.

Bright's manner in private conversation was in the main dogmatic, animated, and fluent. His disposition was to lay down the law. In laying it down he was sometimes very positive, and occasionally a shade too outspoken. There was once something rather resembling a personal quarrel between him and Russell Lowell, when the latter was American Am-

bassador here. It was at a country house. Mr. Bright was sitting in the smoking-room, surrounded by a number of men deeply interested in hearing him whatever he might say, and he was saying something very strong about Americans, when Mr. Lowell entered the room. "Here, Lowell," said John Bright, "I've just been saying——" and then he went on to repeat, in a tone none too diplomatic, his observations which had been interrupted by Lowell's entrance. The Ambassador was not a man to be taken aback, and he was not one to put up with what he deemed an affront, and, to use a common expression, he let Mr. Bright "have it" in a manner which none of those present ever forgot.

OF MR. BRIGHT PENSIVE.

But while this was a tone frequent and too usual, Mr. Bright had a way, especially if a little depression was on him, of becoming meditative and, as it were, pensively talking things out with the man who happened to be speaking with him. In 1868 this occurred with me. He was talking about the immediate future and the ultimate future of politics in England. It is somewhat curious to realise how limited was his outlook; how little he foresaw things that have even since happened; and how definitely curtailed were his ideas of what State management was capable of. He said: "We have got household suffrage. We have got the ballot. In a year or two we are pretty certain to have national education; and after that I really don't see what there is that Parliament can usefully do for reform and progress."

OF HOW JOHN BRIGHT PREPARED.

I have spoken of his way of talking. One of his habits was, when he was going to make a speech, to talk it all over, without saying it was to be a speech, to all the friends he met for two or three days beforehand. I have seen him stand and do this in a bank in Lombard Street for quite a long time; and I believe another practice of his was to think a great deal of it out as he walked slowly along the street smoking. There is a curious bit in the biography of Dr. Dale of Birmingham to the effect that Bright was terribly nonplussed on one occasion on having to make a speech without preparation. This, I believe, would be so, for I have seen him very nervous at the House of Commons after he came into office. But it was rather because of the high standard of speaking that he always wished to achieve than because of any actual difficulty in making a speech impromptu. He used to say that he did not write his speeches. But his notes—always on the same sized square paper, and always held in his left hand, except when he was on the platform, and could put them on his hat—were very full, and towards the end of his life his perorations were written verbatim.

OF JOHN BRIGHT EXTEMPORE.

There can be no doubt whatever that while John Bright started originally as a speaker with the inspiration of his subjects, and with a constitutional determination always to do his best, this grew when he began to be recognised—doubtless to his infinite

surprise—as a living classic into a profound conviction of the height of eloquence upon which it was his genius and resolve to keep. This it was made him so loth to extemporise. Yet he never lost the easy feeling of being able to talk, nor the enjoyment of being able to mix up easy talk with his more serious work. On this occasion of which Dr. Dale's biographer speaks there is a characteristic touch which will remind everybody of John Bright who ever knew him. Mr. Bright and Dr. Dale were sent into a room together, in order that they each might then and there have half an hour to prepare what they were going to say, and Bright spent most of the time in insisting that a man who had to preach two sermons a day had a great advantage over an occasional speaker, because he acquired such a habit of oratorical facility. This is just what Bright would do. He would say: "Look here, Dale, it's all very fine for you, preaching two sermons every Sunday. It's nothing for you to get up a speech"—and he would walk about putting this in all sorts of ways, wasting the time that he had for preparation; and then would go into the meeting and speak almost as well as if he had prepared.

OF BRIGHT AND GLADSTONE AS ELOCUTIONISTS.

In speaking in a large hall, especially if its acoustics be inferior or doubtful, it is of no use to shout. The main rule is, and particularly at the beginning, to avoid uttering more than two or three syllables without a pause. John Bright thoroughly understood this. His speeches when read seemed as if they were

delivered rapidly. They never were. He never spoke fast in his life. He had another device, too. Instead of putting something very striking into his first sentence, as Disraeli nearly always did, he used to begin with something very ordinary to let people settle down. No doubt these were things that he learnt in the original Anti-Corn Law Campaign. The effect of matter and pauses was that almost from the first syllable he was well heard—"Mr. Chairman —As I came—along to this meeting—it occurred to me—to ask—what was the explanation—of a circumstance—" and so on. A friend to whom I was remarking on this said, "I suppose it was the same with Mr. Gladstone." Not at all. Mr. Gladstone never seemed to think of how he was saying things. He had some perfectly natural and instinctive gift of getting heard. He never seemed to alter his pace or to aim at sonority. His delivery, just as rapid as he was prompted to make it by his oratorical feeling of the moment, and often very rapid, though always miraculously articulate, was perfectly and easily successful whether he was speaking in St. George's Hall or Bingley Hall, or in the comparatively small House of Commons. He never seemed to have to think how he was speaking. And even in his perorations—as in the *exoriari aliquis* one—though he certainly addressed himself to them as perorations, they seemed the flower or freest fruit of his eloquence, whereas Mr. Disraeli's perorations were always painfully heavy and lumbering in their elocution—almost funereal because of a difficulty in exactly remembering, which was surmounted, but not with

ease. John Bright knew, and all who knew him knew, that his artistic and chastened deliberation gave his speaking a classical distinction and, as it were, sculptured dignity that Mr. Gladstone's magnificent outpour could not attain. Doubtless he knew exactly what he had to be proud of, and what a great quality it was. But in conversation about Mr. Gladstone he spoke as if Mr. Gladstone's free, natural flow from a supernaturally furnished mind was far greater or at least more wonderful than anything he (Mr. Bright) could do. Whatever he may have thought, he spoke as if he were, so to speak, not in it with Mr. Gladstone. In all the many conversations I had with him, I never remember a word in which he did not treat Mr. Gladstone as if Mr. Gladstone were on a higher level. "Oh, it's easy for him," he used to say. "His mind has everything in it, and he has only to turn on the stream." In the best sense of both words the comparison between Mr. Bright's oratory and Mr. Gladstone's, notwithstanding the far higher education of the latter, was Art *versus* Nature; always remembering that there was as much deep feeling in Mr. Bright's Art—some would say more—than in Mr. Gladstone's Nature.

OF MR. BRIGHT AND CHAMPAGNE.

Mr. Bright was supposed to be a total abstainer, but I don't think was quite; and in one instance he gave advice of a contrary tenor to a very great man—namely, Edward Miall, the champion Nonconformist. Mr. Miall had given notice to bring on a

question in the House of Commons; and before making his speech felt ill at ease. He really never quite got the manner of the House of Commons, being essentially a platform speaker. On this occasion, feeling far from well at the prospect of his critical endeavour, he told Mr. Bright of his sensations, whereon the great John said, "Well, Miall, if I were you I'd for once go and have a pint of champagne." Doubtless he thought this was the best advice. But champagne on an unaccustomed interior is not always a curative or a tonic. Mr. Miall, having done as Bright told him, made his speech, as he afterwards confessed, under the most terrible difficulties, feeling abominably out of sorts; and he always attributed his failure on the occasion to the Great Tribune's untoward counsel.

OF A TITLE FOR JOHN BRIGHT.

The following pleasant homely story was told to a friend by John Bright once when fishing on the Dee. He said that he rarely had any difference with his wife, but that sometimes he had. It was usually about the children. When they came to a point of absolute disagreement, he used to say, "Now, I tell thee if thou doesn't do what I wish I'll go straight to Mr. Gladstone and ask him to make me a knight." Whereupon good Mrs. Bright—who never went to town in the season, by the by—used at once to agree to whatever John Bright wished, saying, "Oh, anything rather than that."

OF MR. BRIGHT AS LEADER-WRITER.

The assertion has been made that Mr. Bright contributed a great many leading articles to the Press, and this was said to have been done in the *Manchester Examiner*. In order that the fullest force may be given to the statement I will recognise the fact that it was attributed to Mr. Harrison, a well-known practical journalist, who ended his career, I think, on the *Liverpool Mercury*. I cannot explicitly deny the statement, but I believe it is erroneous. At all events, I will tell my story. There can be no doubt of Mr. Bright's connection with the old *Morning Star* as part proprietor, nor of his frequent visits to the office, nor of his friendly communication with the conductors of that journal. On one occasion he did write a leading article. It was long, and had due prominence in the paper. But the editor and the other writers thought it poor and lumbering, and it would not have gone in if it had not been written by the great man, whose contribution could not of course be refused. Next day a Tory journal came out with a reply to it, the first sentence of which was as follows: "The Great Tribune has laid aside his pen and some miserable hireling of the *Morning Star* has taken it up." Mr. Bright called at the *Morning Star* office that afternoon, and with a placid, good-natured smile, said, "I don't think leader-writing can be my *forte*."

OF MR. BRIGHT AND RACING NEWS.

There was not a more pious man in the world than John Bright. One day, at the office of the *Morning*

Star, he said, "I had a rather curious experience this morning. I met a Friend" (by which he meant a Quaker) "and I told him how exercised I was in my mind about the publication of racing news in the *Morning Star*. To my surprise, although he was quite a good Quaker, he said, 'Does thee think so? I always read that.'" Mr. Bright was much impressed by this illustration of unlooked-for variety and laxity of taste, and confessed that it modified his opinion on a point which he had previously considered beyond doubt.

CHAPTER VII

OF A KIND ACTION OF MR. COBDEN.

WHEN I was sixteen years old I was a member of a little debating and literary society in London, and this led to an occurrence which delighted me very much at the time, and put me in possession of two of my treasures—an autograph letter of Richard Cobden and a book that came from his hands. By the by, it is an illustration of the change that has come over things religious that this little debating society, although scarcely a member of it was not a Churchman, was called the Chalmers Society. At that time there was no such idea prevalent among the majority of ordinary Church people as that the name of an eminent Presbyterian would be inappropriate in such a case. I undertook to open a debate on the Free Trade legislation of Sir Robert Peel, which in reference to corn was then not five years old, and I suddenly conceived the idea of writing to Mr. Cobden and asking him if he could help me by any suggestion in the preparation of my speech. It was a presumptuous liberty to take, but the result showed how good-natured and helpful a man Mr. Cobden was. I was living in a street in a London purlieu, where my father was in business as an art bookbinder, and of

course I had no acquaintance with anybody of importance. But when I sent my cool request to Mr. Cobden, the following came to me by the first post :—

"103, Westbourne Terrace, 12 *March*, 1851.

"SIR,—The best vindication of the Free Trade policy of 1846 is to be found in the reports of the speeches in the House in answer to Mr. Disraeli's motions upon agricultural distress in 1849 and 1850 and 1851—particularly the speeches by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1849 and in 1851. I have no means of furnishing you these reports. You must refer to them in Hansard's Debates, or in a file of a daily newspaper. A collection of my speeches delivered in 1849 is published in a small volume. I do not think it contains much that is likely to be useful to you ; but I will address a copy to you, and leave it with my servant. Should you think it worth while to call for it, you need not take the trouble to return it again, and I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"RIC. COBDEN.

"You will also find a speech or two by Sir Robert Peel in vindication of his policy."

Hence my two treasures. I called and got the book, and within its cover the sacred letter has ever since reposed.

OF MR. COBDEN AT A PUBLIC MEETING.

I think it was in the course of the same year that I heard Mr. Cobden speak at a very excited meeting.

I had heard him once or twice before, and remember, as no one ever forgot, the perfectly natural manner of his speaking. This can be realised by any one who reads any speech of his. For natural manner in delivering bright, apt, thoughtful reflections on public affairs and on economical subjects, Mr. Cobden has never had an equal. A somewhat weak voice required him to speak with deliberation, and this, with his great earnestness, might now and then give an aspect of oratory to what he was saying. But it was absolute, unsophisticated, easy nature. There was one little peculiarity which I noticed, and which I have not seen mentioned, but I am sure it existed, and that was that, for some reason, when his one action took place—namely, bringing down his right hand with a doubled fist into the palm of his left hand —he somehow always brought it down on the wrong word or the wrong syllable.

The meeting which I have just mentioned was held at the old "Crown and Anchor," in Arundel Street, Strand. This large inn, with long, old-fashioned corridors, wide staircases, and a great meeting-hall, had been for the previous seventy years probably the headquarters of Westminster Liberalism. In the days of Fox, and continuously after, this was the place where all the great Liberal meetings were held. It was afterwards to become the Whittington Club—the first club ever established which was not on West End lines in reference to the amount of the subscription and the exclusiveness of the membership —a club at which, among other innovations, the first Parliamentary Debating Society was established; a

club, indeed, which for some years until it was burnt down, and for a year or two after it was rebuilt, fulfilled admirably its function as a rendezvous of educated and intelligent men of London who were not rich, entirely in the manner in which its founders—such men as Douglas Jerrold, Monckton Milnes, James Stansfeld, and Alderman Mechi—had designed. But at the time of the Cobden meeting it was still the "Crown and Anchor." The meeting was held in support of a working-men's subscription for a memorial to Sir Robert Peel, who had died in the previous year, 1850. The chair was taken by Joseph Hume, the celebrated Parliamentary economist, and on the platform with him were Cobden, Bright, Milner Gibson, George Thompson, and other Radical politicians of the time. It was the first occasion on which I heard Mr. Bright, who then wore his Quaker collar. I remember feeling that his manner was a little stiff, and that I did not quite understand the reputation he had obtained as the first orator of the great Anti-Corn Law meetings. Most of the working classes of London were Chartists, and it soon proved that a very large proportion of that meeting were of the Chartist faith. Things went on quietly until Mr. Bright, in support of Sir Robert Peel's claims to remembrance, said that his happy Free Trade legislation had greatly reduced pauperism. This seemed to offend the Chartists terribly, their line being to run down and treat as comparatively insignificant the Free Trade enlargement of the sustenance of the people, and to make out that nothing could be of real benefit to the working classes except the passing

of the People's Charter. In one moment the meeting was thrown into wild confusion. I had gone early and got a seat near the platform, and I began to feel rather nervous as to what might happen. The seating of the whole hall was what used to be called rout seats—cane-bottom benches, quite movable if there were any turmoil. I felt the seat on which I was beginning to be pushed about, and, not liking it, jumped on to the bench in front of me, and somehow managed to step from seat to seat across the not very large space which divided me from the platform, and then wriggled up on to the platform and, entirely unnoticed and unprevented, went and stood behind on the left-hand side of the chairman's chair, from which I had a safe view of the very characteristic scene.

Who seconded the motion of Mr. Bright I forget. Cobden sat all the evening leaning his chin on the top of his stick. A very turbulent mannered Chartist insisted on moving an amendment, and delivered himself with violent gesticulations. He, I think, was not a particularly well-known man. He brought his fist several times painfully near old Joe Hume's nose, and it was amusing to see the coolness with which Hume laughed at him all the time. He was followed by a Chartist of much greater note, still remembered—namely, Mr. Bronterre O'Brien—who had more of the public manner of speaking, and delivered himself in a somewhat pompous protest. Then it was necessary that the amendment should be spoken on by friends of the movement, and Mr. Hume put them up in succession. Milner Gibson was the pink of satin-stocked

swelldom, and had a very pleasant manner, but he made no way with the meeting. Several speakers were tried, with similar results. There was scarcely anything but turbulent row, which, of course, consumed a great deal of time. Joseph Hume remained perfectly tranquil through it all, but made various efforts to get the platform listened to. His favourite resource was George Thompson, the great Anti-Slavery orator, who was then member for the Tower Hamlets, and he continually said in his broad Scotch to Thompson: "Speak to them Geor-rge; speak to them, Geor-rge; they'll hear-r you, they'll hear-r you." However, the prophecy was wrong, for they would not hear him; and this sort of thing went on till twenty minutes past eleven. By that time a very large proportion of the meeting, having to be at work next morning, and being tired, I suppose, had disappeared. The hall was about half full, and a sort of languor had set in, and the noise was considerably abated.

Then up got Richard Cobden and said, "Will you hear me?" They said they would. They quieted down, and for about twenty minutes he made a most lucid, persuasive, almost compelling, speech, in the calmest tones, the doctrine of which was that half a loaf was better than no bread, and that it was surely wiser for the working classes to get what they could out of the governing classes than to spurn such advantages, and insist only on the extreme tether of their claims. Then the meeting broke up quietly.

CHAPTER VIII

OF MR. GLADSTONE'S INNER MIND ABOUT TAXATION.

I HAPPEN to know that in March, 1885, Mr. Gladstone had an interesting conversation with a certain eminent man on Taxation. He said: "I understand you to advocate *differentiated* taxation according to the nature of the income, and *graduated* taxation according to the amount of the income." "Yes." "Well," said Mr. Gladstone, "on the first point I always have been and always shall be of the contrary opinion. But as to the second, I must say that the graduation of taxation according to ability to pay has always seemed to me desirable. It is difficult to arrange without straying into confiscation, and I have thought that it would be better to do it by way of a house tax than by way of income tax." The other interlocutor remarked that it was curious that he was charged with assailing Gladstonian finance, and yet should have Mr. Gladstone with him on the point upon which he had been most severely condemned. What followed was interesting. Mr. Gladstone suddenly threw up his arms in a way he had, and burst into one of those harangues in which in private he sometimes seemed more eloquent than in public. "When I think," said he, "what taxation was, what it is, and the

enormous advantages the rich have had over the poor, &c., I am amazed that the rich should, &c., &c., at the first proposal, &c."

OF DIVISIONS OF LIBERAL CABINET OPINION IN 1885.

A colleague of Mr. Gladstone's told me (June, 1885) of Mr. Gladstone's mortification and excitement when he, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. Childers, Mr. Chamberlain, and perhaps Sir George Trevelyan, were eager to avoid Irish coercion, and to favour some form of Irish local government on a national scale. This of course was some months before any hint of Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone's feeling of the obstinacy and resistance of his colleagues was very acute, and on one occasion, after a long discussion in the Cabinet, he exclaimed, "To think that if God spares these men's lives another six years they will eat the words they have uttered!"

OF A GLIMPSE OF CABINET LIFE IN 1885.

The Gladstone Cabinet in 1885 was in constant commotion, division, and a chronic condition of resignation. Every member of the Government at that time, except Lord Kimberley, Sir George Trevelyan, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre (perhaps Lord Chancellor Selborne, and he came very near it), separately tendered his resignation, and some more than once. Mr. Gladstone must have had a most extraordinary life, though perhaps, as a colleague then said, such work was to him ordinary business, and of not more pressure and inconvenience than to have a clerk in and arrange the

routine of the day in the morning. He must have spent a very considerable portion of his time in keeping his colleagues together, and surely the trouble, simultaneous with the wear and tear of official business, must have been tremendous. Not only was it in talking and arguing that it imposed more labour upon Mr. Gladstone, but that he also wrote an enormous number of long letters. One Cabinet, I was told soon after, sat four hours and a half, and was debating all the time whether they should resign. Eventually it was decided by the casting vote of Mr. Gladstone not to resign. Another curious and significant thing was the frequency with which the peers in the Cabinet were on one side, and on one occasion it was literally a fact that all the peers voted one way and all the commoners the other. Mr. Gladstone uttered curious comments after these Cabinet Councils. On one occasion he said, "We seem to be going off at half-cock." On another occasion he said, "Well, it's clear all the peers in the Cabinet are mad."

OF A "MIGHT HAVE BEEN" IN 1885.

Nothing is more remarkable to those who closely observe political transitions than to recall the uncertain balance between Whigs and Radicals which subsisted during Lord Salisbury's brief administration 1885–6, when Mr. Chamberlain was chief of the Radicals and Mr. Gladstone was deemed a dubious moderator between them and the Whigs. When it is considered who the personages of the occasion were, and what were the issues that divided the Liberal party at the moment, one reflects what might have been, and who

might have ruled the destinies of the party, and in what direction, if Mr. Gladstone had then resigned. What were Mr. Gladstone's real intentions in that matter? Those who knew best found it most difficult to reply. Mr. Gladstone had all along declared for certain that he would relinquish political life at the end of the Parliament, which was dissolved in 1885. Under the new circumstances just before the General Election he sent round a letter to his colleagues, in which he said that he had resolved to remain at his post as leader till the end of the then Parliament, and that he saw no reason to alter the resolution he had formerly come to as to his ultimate course. His colleagues, however, did not deem this a very firm relinquishment of the future leadership, and Mr. Gladstone's private friends said that, if pressed, he would consent to continue to go on after the election. How did the Radicals speculate in this uncertainty? It is curious to remember, now that the "Hawarden Kite" is a fourteen years' old story, what was regarded as the great political issue before that kite was fully flown. The benefit of having Mr. Gladstone at the head of things was obvious, but it was held by the Chamberlain Radicals that the great fight with the Whigs must come sooner or later; that it had better come sooner than later, and that it was sure to come at once were Mr. Gladstone to give up the headship of the party. There were not wanting persons therefore who would have preferred that this should be the course of events, and even almost regretted that Mr. Gladstone was unlikely to resist the pressure brought to bear upon him. Little did they think that in a few months Mr. Gladstone, by

propounding Home Rule, would change the main issue and drive them to the Whigs.

OF MR. GLADSTONE ON HIS LEGS.

Some one said of him that he seemed to think a thing out while on his legs speaking. Bagehot said, "It's the only leisure he has."

OF MR. GLADSTONE IN HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE.

Mr. Gladstone's favourite exclamation during a speech to those about him was "Bosh!" One night, when a member was speaking, and Mr. Gladstone was vexed at him for doing so, he kept on "How unfair!" "Hasn't he said that six times?" &c., &c.

OF MR. GLADSTONE AND THE CLOSURE.

When the closure was beginning to be used in 1887, the innovation absorbed his whole mind. He was deeply aggrieved by a ruling on this subject by Mr. Speaker Peel. During the division on the closure somebody went up to him in the lobby to speak to him on something else. Mr. Gladstone said, "Don't talk to me about anything else: Ireland, coercion—anything. The Speaker has hit me under the fifth rib."

OF MR. GLADSTONE AT A LONDON DINNER-TABLE, JULY, 1887.

In conversation with Mrs. ——, Mr. Gladstone said something about the country. She said, "You must remember that you have never been in the habit of

being out of town at this time of the year." "There you have me," he said, "as an impostor, talking of what I know nothing about." He gave a long account of Canon Malcolm MacColl. Said he ought to be in a novel. The most unworldly of men, combining therewith a vein of pugnacity which he exhibited constantly in the field of controversy with enormous energy, but always without the least bad blood. Some present half indicated an idea that MacColl was pretty shrewd. Mr. Gladstone warmed up and told his story. He first knew Mr. MacColl, doubtless on the *Guardian*, when he was fighting his battles on points for which he was always being pulled to pieces when he sat for Oxford University. MacColl kept on defending him in various ways for many years—never asked for anything or showed he wished for anything. When Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister, knowing MacColl to be a most fit man, he gave him first a small City living worth about £300 a year. When he went to the living he found about a year's income due to him for dilapidations. On inquiry he also learnt that the widow of the late rector could not conveniently pay these. So he wrote to her exonerating her. After a time it proved impossible for him to carry on the services at the church without funds, which he could not spare. So he resigned, or proposed to resign, but people of the parish, including the Dissenters, begged him not to do so, and had ever since raised about £200 a year for the church.

Afterwards Mr. Gladstone gave him the canonry at Ripon. It is what is called "a bad chapter." One of those where canons just come and do their turn and

go away again. MacColl didn't like this. Thought it was no good his staying there. Proposed to resign, and let the bishop have the income for a theological college he wished to set up. (This, of course, is not technically an accurate statement; at least I should think not.) Bishop Boyd Carpenter very wisely, said Mr. Gladstone, refused to accept this sacrifice. And so MacColl had still possession of the two pieces of preferment which he had received, though he had resigned both. I asked Mr. Gladstone whether he thought MacColl and Liddon really saw the men impaled on the river's bank (about which there was so much discussion some time ago). He said he did; but Liddon and MacColl were both men of the sort who, while perfectly truthful, would be convicted of perjury in a very few minutes if cross-examined by a clever counsel. "How so?" "Because they were by nature without the faculty of so narrating things as to induce belief in those who heard them."

"They don't observe things. There are people like that," said Mr. Gladstone. Sir George Cornewall Lewis was one. Lady Theresa, Sir George's wife, told him of an instance. She went to her husband, and told him their carriage was very old, and they must have a new one. He shrugged his shoulders, as he always did, at the inevitable, and the carriage was ordered. A Drawing Room day came. They went to it. Now, said Mr. Gladstone, if there is one thing unmistakable to any one with ordinary senses, it's the smell of a new carriage. When they had got in Lady Theresa said to Sir George, "Do you notice anything?" "No." She bothered him again and again.

She said, "Is there anything wrong with my dress?" "No." "Well, don't you observe you are in your new carriage?" He hadn't perceived it. Some one said, "All this makes against the evidence of MacColl. Yet you accept it?" Said Mr. Gladstone, "It does not make against the evidence of MacColl and Liddon, because when such men do observe their testimony is very trustworthy, though a smart cross-examining counsel would make it appear worthless."

Mr. Gladstone said, "A man who goes into Parliament"—he obviously meant an able man—"ought to remember that he has twenty times as much power for evil as he has for good, and that he can make twenty times the effect when he is in the wrong that he can when he is right. This is always forgotten by men who go in for the applause of the other side. They think they are talking supreme wisdom. The applause really says nothing for them."

He took me aside to ask me whether I had anything to suggest for him to say to the Scotch members to-morrow night. I advised his usual line. "About Disestablishment?" I advised the tone that he had taken just before at Dr. Parker's. "Keeping it on Scottish ground?" I said, "Yes." He said he thought so. He had had many letters, among them one from Dr. Hutton. He had replied to Dr. Hutton that he thought to take Disestablishment off Scotch ground would greatly weaken Hutton's side. A man had written to ask him whether he would allow England to settle the Disestablishment question without Scotch or Irish votes. He replied, Yes. He did not see how he could say anything else.

I said I thought the future of Disestablishment in England, like many other things, depended upon whether the Liberal dissentients were or were not Tory upon other subjects besides Ireland. He agreed, and said he feared they were.

Then he launched out into what was most in his mind that night. Would the Unionists, having been perfectly united when it was only a question of suppressing the liberties of the Irish people, go to pieces when it was a question of saving the Irish farmer? "Where was —— (naming an eminent and aristocratic Whig) last night?" I said, "You saw he was at ——." "Yes, but he could have been done without there. If it had been the third reading of the Coercion Bill he would not have been at ——."

In reference to a speech made just then in the House by Mr. Parnell, a remark was repeated to me that Mr. Gladstone had said that if he could have arranged what Parnell should say it would have been exactly what Parnell's speech was. What specially struck him in that speech was the passage about the 1881 Bill and Kilmainham. It was Mr. Gladstone's view that he was obliged to put Parnell in prison, and that Parnell had been a different, and much improved, man ever since.

OF MR. GLADSTONE AT WINDSOR.

Mr. Gladstone was once bored out of his life in going down to and at Windsor on a "dine and sleep" command about an adventure in the fog at midnight, when the horse tried to go upstairs. As soon as he got in the train a lady began. Said he, "Oh, I assure you it was much exaggerated, much exaggerated!"

Others on the way. Sir Henry Ponsonby at the Castle. Then Sir John Cowell—to all of whom with some difficulty in avoiding a touch of testiness he gave the same reply. At last after dinner—when the Queen comes into the corridor and says a word or two to each guest—her Majesty said to him, "We have had dreadfully foggy weather lately, and you must have had a bad experience of it the other night." "Oh! ma'am," said Mr. Gladstone, "I assure you too much has been made of it." I remember that a man to whom I mentioned this remarked what a solecism it was. A man of Mr. Gladstone's age and eminence goes down to Windsor, dresses in "frock dress"—dress coat and pantaloons—stays the night, and all the talk he has with his sovereign is a word or two about the fog. While Mr. Gladstone and one of his most eminent colleagues were at Windsor once together, they went into his room to have some important talk on legislative matters. There was a door open, and a little noise was heard, and the great man's colleague proposed to shut the door. "Oh no," said Mr. Gladstone, "it's only my wife. I have been forty-five years in Cabinets, and she has known a great deal, and nothing ever came back to me."

OF THE LIFE AT HAWARDEN.

When an acquaintance of mine was staying at Hawarden he asked, "What time breakfast?" and was told, "Prayers at a quarter to nine." Next morning he came down, went into the Temple of Peace (the library), found Mr. Gladstone working

away, with his letters neatly placed in a range of piles before him. Mr. Gladstone spoke to him, handed him "a very interesting pamphlet just received on the Irish Question," and went on with his letters. A servant shortly afterwards came and told the visitor that they were waiting for him for prayers. He went off, Mr. Gladstone not stirring. He said to Miss Gladstone, "I waited, thinking your father would come. Is he not coming?" "Oh," said she, "my father has been at his prayers long ago. He went as usual to church." "This morning? Why, there's a foot of snow on the ground." "That makes no difference to my father," said Miss Gladstone. "Why, how far is it?" "About half a mile." Mr. Gladstone had walked to church and back at seven or eight in the morning on a day when my friend would not go out at all, and was then sitting in his wet shoes, and old ones, working away at his letters. And he 77.

OF MR. GLADSTONE'S SPOKEN DICTION.

Mr. Gladstone said that in preparing he never troubled himself about words. "They came."

OF TWO DAYS AT HAWARDEN, AUGUST 23 (THURSDAY) AND 24 (FRIDAY), 1888 (IN MR. GLADSTONE'S 79TH YEAR).

August 23rd (day of the Hawarden Flower Show). I arrived at the Castle at three, and was put in the "Tower Room." One of the books on my table was "Miss Bretherton," Mrs. Humphry Ward's first novel. Having been round the show tents, Mr. Gladstone

went to the terrace and made his speech. As the people dispersed, Mr. Gladstone and I walked about. On my venturing to praise his speech he said, "Well, I like making a speech like that better than one of a controversial sort. I do that as a matter of duty, but contest it is not a proper occupation for an old man. I must be packing up my things and going. If this great (Irish) question can be settled, I shall hope to be free." He then talked of the weather and his invariable good fortune ("or luck," said he, "but I hate the word."). His narrowest escape was at Edinburgh, when he opened the Mercat Cross. They set out from Dalmeny in very bad weather, a drenching Scotch mist, and all thought it would last, but when they got to the Cross the weather became and remained quite fair.

Mrs. Gladstone came and sent us into the library, where Mr. Gladstone and I had some tea and talked. But first he showed me the new round room at the corner of the house, of special interest just now, when Mr. John Morley is to be occupied with the "Life." Mr. Gladstone had had it built for his papers, which he was then arranging. Designed by Douglas, of Chester, but built with excellent masonry by Bailey, village mason, of Hawarden; shelved round with plain deal cabinets; fireproof door. Mr. Gladstone said he had doubt about material for the cupboards, but concluded there was no fear of fire. There was a small bust on the top of the presses. I said, "Was it Dean Hook?" He laughed and said, "No; Spurgeon." Presently he added that he believed Spurgeon and Hook would

have got on very well together. He asked me if I had read in the *Pall Mall Gazette* an interview with Mrs. Mona Caird. He thought it clever. He had told Mr. Stead (in reply to a request) that the subject was too great for him to say anything about. Then to me, solemnly: "It is indeed a great subject. I have long thought that the battle of Christianity will have to be fought around the sacredness of marriage. Only Christianity can save society."

Presently he mentioned Döllinger. Later in the day he said that two years ago, when Döllinger was eighty-eight, he plunged in the river every evening. That week Mr. Gladstone had heard from him. Döllinger had lately written on Madame de Maintenon. "A new subject," said I. "Except that to him," said Mr. Gladstone, "nothing in history is new. I think Döllinger is a very great man in history, rather ill-acquainted with affairs of the day. For instance, he lately wrote expressing his surprise that I had said the Irish priests were ultramontane. He had always thought them as little ultramontane as the French priests." Being asked who were the two wittiest men in the history of the world, Döllinger said Shakespeare (I think) and Aristophanes. Mr. Gladstone thought there was no doubt of this.

Döllinger led to the Pope *re* Ireland. Mr. Gladstone thought it was one of the most virtuous actions of his life that he had not publicly condemned the Pope, who had behaved "like a donkey about Ireland." The Pope's conduct he attributed chiefly to the influence of the English Catholics, who owed almost everything to the Irish, but for whom they would now

be oppressed by the very Tory party whose dirty work they were content to do. How noble, said Mr. Gladstone, the conduct of the Irish Catholics, sixty-six members of Parliament meeting in Dublin and declaring that while faithful Catholics, they would not submit to any intrusion of his Holiness into Irish politics. The Queen had been civil to the Pope, presenting him plate, &c. (and Mr. Gladstone did not blame her); and Leo XIII. had been polite to her; but at that very time he was advancing to the degree just before canonisation the Elizabethan martyrs, among whom was John Felton, who, when the bull was issued allowing any subject of Queen Elizabeth to kill her, with great courage stuck the bull on the door of St. Paul's and on the door of the Bishop of London; was caught and hanged and "as well hanged as ever man was."

We spoke a good deal of the Naples prison letters. The action taken by Mr. Gladstone in that matter in 1851 was taken after great uneasiness. He lay awake even—a very rare thing for him at any time—meditating whether to do it or not. He was resolved by the fact that the Naples authorities arrested Sir James Lacaita (as he afterwards was). Mr. Lacaita was such a mild and timorous man that Mr. Gladstone was quite certain a Government that would arrest him would be utterly unjust. Mr. Gladstone believed that he got into the prisons by means of bribes managed by the British Embassy. The *Times* did its best to blow him out of the water, and sent a man to Naples, but found things too bad to be defended. Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston co-operated (in this

matter) for the only time in their lives. Lord Palmerston sent most imperious letters to all our Embassies, requiring them to press the matter against the Naples Government to the utmost. I asked Mr. Gladstone whether the *Times* had any spite against him. He said he thought not, but the *Times* was strongly opposed at the time to Palmerston, and thought this a Palmerstonian dodge. I said it was surely an odd idea that he should be working for Palmerston. Mr. Gladstone said yes, for he had never then been known in foreign politics except that he had spoken against Palmerston in the Pacifico debate. I ought to have said above that on my asking him whether he was a great preserver of papers, and whether Sir R. Peel was, Mr. Gladstone replied in the affirmative, but said that Sir R. Peel's public life was only about half the length of his, and that his was the longest political life on record.

I asked Mr. Gladstone whether he saw any chance of matters being quickened as to a dissolution. He said not unless there were by-elections and a series of more uniform tenor. Hitherto the results had been too chequered, which was against their effect, though the preponderance had been for Home Rule.

One interesting point in the conversation was upon the fact that Sir Henry Taylor, author of "Philip Van Artevelde," drew a distinction between judgment of character and judgment of the weight or force of character, and he agreed with Sir Henry Taylor in thinking that the latter was not found except in men somewhat aloof from practical life. His great examples of this were Shakespeare and Homer,

whom he considers the greatest character-drawers in literature. He was in doubt whether George Eliot ought not to have a high place in the same category, and did not doubt that Scott had. All these he considered sound estimators of the weight or force of character, and all were practically aloof from affairs.

I asked him if he knew Mr. Buckle of the *Times*. He said yes, slightly, and had had good hopes that he would have made "an honourable *Times*." But Buckle was like Lord Iddesleigh, who, in spite of being one of the best and most delightful of men, was one of the least satisfactory leaders of the Opposition. Disraeli, though "utterly dishonest," was much better to deal with, because he never, till obliged, gave in to the follies of his party. But Northcote went to the extreme point to which his party wished to go continually.

Mr. Gladstone thought that the ruling foible of W. E. Forster was vanity, but considered that his resignation in 1882 was a sheer enigma, as Mr. Parnell had promised substantially everything that he wanted.

Mr. Gladstone then dismissed me, saying he must "return to his post." Dinner was at eight. At 7.35 I saw him going out through the garden for a walk in the same walking-suit of yellowish grey that he had worn all day. But at two or three minutes past eight he came into the small drawing-room adjoining the dining-room in dinner dress. Present at dinner: Mr. and Mrs. Beer (Miss Sassoon), the Rev. Messrs. Hutchings, Drew, and S. Gladstone, Mrs. Drew, Mr. W. H. Gladstone, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and a

lady relation. I sat between Mrs. Gladstone and Mrs. Drew. Mrs. Gladstone told me that she and her sister, Lady Lyttelton, and her two brothers were all born there. I mentioned to her my first hearing of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons in 1851, and my having told my father that he was the most eloquent speaker of the night (Lord J. Russell, Sir F. Thesiger, Sir George Grey, Mr. Disraeli, and other eminent men having spoken); and my having reproached my father for not having told me about him more; and of my father having said, "Oh, he's a Churchy chap." She said it was a good description of Mr. Gladstone's early times. At Oxford he and Manning used to go about, "not being very settled in their views," hearing all sorts of sermons, often at Dissenting chapels. When he had taken his Double First he wished very much to be a clergyman, but his father very wisely urged him to travel first. When he came back he came into favour with the Duke of Newcastle, entered Parliament, and soon took minor office. Lord Aberdeen presently told Sir R. Peel: "I want your *protégé* for the colonies," and Mr. Gladstone found the Colonial Office particularly interesting work, especially in Church matters.

Some one mentioned the mistake of putting any one who has had an accident into a cab or a carriage. Mrs. Gladstone said this helped to kill Sir R. Peel; also his having insisted on walking from the carriage into which he had just been put into the house so as not to alarm Lady Peel; also the doctors hesitating to use chloroform, and so not finding out what injury he had received. Lady Peel, it was remarked, was not a very

intellectual woman, but good-looking and very gentle. Sir Robert and his wife were very much attached. "One should not believe all one hears, but they used to say that when Lady Peel had a difficulty with her maid in dressing, Sir R. Peel had to be sent for to settle it."

Mrs. Gladstone spoke of her son Herbert. He, when teaching history at Keble, had no idea of public life. He had literally never made a speech. But he was so inflamed by the Eastern Question agitation that he proposed to come out, saying that, as his father was not going to be Premier again, it could not be ambition. Mr. Forster, without having seen him, took a great interest in him, got him to consent to stand for Middlesex, and was present at his first speech. Mr. Forster was staggered at his juvenile appearance. When Herbert stood up the chair broke down with him, but he turned this to good account, and Mr. Forster was quite satisfied with him.

When Mr. Gladstone began to think of writing on "Robert Elsmere," they tried to dissuade him, feeling that he could not allow for Mrs. Humphry Ward's breadth of view, and he would be too severe with the book, which would do more harm than good. This led to a proposition that Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. Ward should meet. After delay, Mr. Gladstone and she met at Oxford. Afterwards they had a longish correspondence, which on Mrs. Ward's part wound up thus: "The difference between us may be stated in a sentence: To you the greatest phenomenon of history (or the world) is sin; to me, progress." Which at Hawarden was considered absurd to be addressed to Mr Gladstone. Robert Elsmere was held to be

very likely Toynbee. Another of the characters was mainly Mark Pattison. The Gladstones used their old manor-house, in their own yard, as a home for boys from all parts of the country—the prime merit of which, it was remarked, was that "it had no rules."

My visit had arisen out of my (or rather my son's) proposing that Mr. Gladstone should write his autograph on a photograph I had bought in London, and in the previous week I had written telling of two mottoes that I meant to put on the frame—one four lines from Beaumont and Fletcher, the other two or three words from a letter of Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Forster in 1882: "Followed or not followed, I must go on." A member of the family said, "I like that motto, and there is a curious coincidence about it. After I had your letter I happened to go into my father's room, and he was just saying something of the same sense to the person with him. I stood still, and said, 'Followed or not followed, I must go on.' My father turned sharp round and said, 'Where did you get that from?' I replied, 'It is quoted by Mr. Edward Russell from one of your letters to Mr. Forster, and it is to be the motto on the photograph you are going to sign for him.'"

During dinner Mr. Gladstone was discussing (1) whether athletes were bad walkers; (2) whether it would be better to make young men good athletes or good walkers. He inclined to say yes to the first, and to prefer good walkers. He pronounced gymnasts with the *g* hard. Said he understood the Spanish soldiers were the best marchers.

When the ladies had gone Mr. Gladstone came to

my end of the table. Among other things discussed was the specific gravity of water and where it was warmest. Also a theory of Dr. Carpenter's. Also the alleged internal fire of the earth, now doubted. This was getting too scientific for me, and on Mr. Gladstone asking me a question about it, I said, with superfluous solemnity, "Ah, I don't know, sir." He had me in a minute. "You never were there," he said, with a laugh. Spoke of his travels fifty years ago in Sicily, and the dreadful inns and awful quantity of fleas. "One of the very few sleepless nights of my life," said he, "was one in which the fleas kept me awake. They settled about your ankles directly you came in, and then began to mount upwards. I could not catch a flea now to save my life, but then they had no chance with me." The most remarkable thing in Sicily was the shadow of Etna, 128 miles long, at a certain instant of each day. He marked its shape on the tablecloth with his nail. Ordinarily the shadow of the mountain from the base would be equilateral, but at one moment each day a very long triangle, 128 miles long, a dark cone right across the landscape. Cone was not Mr. Gladstone's word. His word has escaped me.

About 9.20 the next morning, after family prayers (Litany abridged), in came Mr. Gladstone in the pouring rain from church, an old straw hat on, a thick shawl fastened across his shoulders, stout, very large boots on. It was his habit to go to prayers every morning, regardless of weather, and he called for just a cup of tea at the rectory (his son's). The others sat down to breakfast at 9.30, and he presently came in.

He talked vigorously through this, as through other meals. He spoke a good deal of Madame Novikoff and the absurdity of her being called a spy. Nothing could be more open. I asked what her signature "O. K." meant, and they said the initials of her maiden name. I mentioned its slang meaning, "O. K.," "Orl Korrect." Mr. Gladstone was amused, and said it reminded him of the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton line of old, a part of the Great Western system, which was called the "O. W. W.," "Old Worse and Worse." To avoid this they changed the name to West Midland, whereupon it was called "W. M.," "Worst Managed." From this Mr. Gladstone branched off to the joke against Dr. Cumming: the book which was announced "The Great Tribulation Coming upon the Earth;" thus parodied, "The Great Tribulation: Cumming upon the Earth," whereupon Dr. Cumming altogether altered the title to "The Latter Days," or something like that. Mr. Gladstone thought Boulanger the most obvious charlatan. M. Waddington told Mr. Gladstone that if Boulanger came to England he could not have him to the Embassy, as he would Clémenceau, or almost any eminent Frenchman. Mr. Gladstone understood that Boulanger proposed to stay with Howard Vincent, which he thought bad for each. He considered Boulanger's return disgraceful to the French Royalist party, "the worst party in the world," and he feared it had spoilt even the Comte de Paris, who was little likely to be spoiled. "I have always," he said, "wished I could learn what the Duc d'Aumale thinks of all that has gone on since the fusion. I cannot

believe that he approves of it. He is surely much too wise." Mr. Gladstone remarked that nothing was idler than a deputation if you did not want it; nothing more useless if you did, and if you had worked yourself up to the point at which it could be serviceable.

After breakfast we stood and sat about *tête-à-tête*. Mrs. Gladstone was there for a minute, and when he signed the photograph, made him date it as a matter of interest. Mr. Gladstone praised the photograph highly, and was glad to find that "my mount did not run." Mr. Gladstone was strongly in favour of the St. John's site for the Liverpool cathedral; thought it ought to be pointed; the contrast of styles would not matter. He remembered when there was quite a distinct prospect of Liverpool from Seaforth, and when the grey cloud of smoke over it was not more than is now seen at Hawarden over Chester.

Mr. Gladstone told me of his patronage difficulties. He appointed a clergyman to a living in his private gift. He was memorialised by members of the congregation against the appointment. A deputation came, and told him of doctrines that were being preached. In three minutes Mr. Gladstone stopped the spokesman, and said that there could be no doubt that he (Mr. Gladstone) had made a mistake, for he never had and never would disturb the traditions of any congregation. So strongly did he feel that he wrote to the incumbent advising him to resign and undertaking to recoup his expenses out of his own pocket. To his surprise the clergyman refused, saying that he was sure that there were those at —— whom he must not desert. Still more to Mr. Gladstone's sur-

prise, on returning from Norway shortly after, he found the church had been crowded by 1,600 people, the choir-boys had voluntarily come down into the chancel, and everything was going the new incumbent's way, and opposition was unheard of. Mr. Gladstone said he was an authority on the Evangelicals, having been brought up in the strictest sect of them. I told him I used to attend St. George's, Bloomsbury, in the days of Montagu Villiers. He said Montagu Villiers was the only member of his family that was not brilliant. Baptist Noel he considered eloquent and powerful. He knew of no distinguished Evangelical theologian, nor any good Evangelical episcopal administrator. This quality he seemed to have had most in view in his appointment of bishops, and he thought Bishop E. H. Bickersteth and Lord Arthur Hervey and Pelham of Norwich good examples of Evangelicals who were also discreet and sagacious and could fit themselves into the existing *régime*. I said a certain bishop's strong point was his plain, lucid speech. "Yes," he said, "I observed that at the Chapel Royal; but is it not the old story of the shallow stream?"

Presently at eleven I voluntarily begged to take my leave. When I fetched my hat from his room he begged me to occupy myself with his books. "They are quite over-running me," said he, "but I handle every one of them myself. You must do that to have the use of your books. There is no medium between that and keeping a good librarian, which I can't afford."

CHAPTER IX

OF MR. GLADSTONE AND MR. PARNELL.

THE little dinner (1888), when Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell met, was a great success, and quite the most interesting thing of the kind at which I ever was present. Mr. Gladstone was in fine form, very vivacious, and interesting to the last degree over the Papacy, and particular Popes were mentioned. His references to Egyptian policy, Russia, France, and the general situation were also ripe, and saturated with that historical reference in which he was so unequalled. Parnell was another man from what I ever saw him before. He was evidently much pleased with the occasion, threw aside all such reserve, not to say shyness, as marked his manner in the House of Commons, and conversed most freely about the present and future. He was a good listener, and when the talk was on Russia, *e.g.*, left it mainly between our host and Mr. Gladstone; but his questions were most penetrating. When Ireland was the topic of course Parnell was the leader.

OF MR. GLADSTONE AND CROMWELL.

Coming from "our friend the enemy," the following story ought to be received with caution; but it was

told with all positiveness. It was said that Mr. Gladstone had mentioned in conversation with the author of the story a new book on Oliver Cromwell. "Now," quoth Mr. Gladstone, "do you think Cromwell was a very great man?" "Yes, I think he was a very great man," replied the biographer. "Ah!" said Mr. Gladstone, "now I should not have said myself that he was a very great man, not greater, for instance, than the late Lord Althorp!" When told this a certain warm but shrewd partisan is reported to have said, "For Heaven's sake don't tell anybody he said that; at least not until after he is gone."

OF ANOTHER HAWARDEN VISIT.

Some friends who visited Mr. Gladstone when he was eighty-two years old told me that when they arrived at Hawarden they found Mr. Gladstone was away at the library in the village, and one went off to see him there. He found Mr. Gladstone very busy. There was a sort of open stove in the middle of the room with a chimney going through the roof. The stove was producing a little heat for a distance of a yard or two round it, but my friend found the place so cold that he had first to put on his overcoat, and afterwards his hat, in order to keep himself warm while close to the stove. Mr. Gladstone was right away from it in a corner of the room, without either overcoat or hat. He said he was not cold when he was at work; and there he was with arms full of books arranging them on his shelves with the greatest activity according to subjects, &c.

At lunch Mr. Gladstone asked my friend what im-

pressions he had derived from a recent speech of Lord Salisbury. He was rather waiting to hear what Mr. Gladstone thought, but Mr. Gladstone said, "Oh! there is such a lot of small print I cannot read it all, I am obliged to gather up my impressions from others." When my friend and his wife were going away Mr. Gladstone drove them through sharp rain and bitter cold in a sort of phaeton with a rumble and a servant behind. Mr. Gladstone insisted on himself driving, and refused to allow my friend, who was beside him, to hold an umbrella over him. He said he liked the rain, and thought it did him good. This was the week in which Mr. Gladstone was going to the Sunlight Soapworks, and it was rather amusing to notice that Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. Gladstone were by way of being dubious and agitated about what they had done in promising to go there, and said that they had been written to by soap people from all over England hoping that Mr. Gladstone would go to their soapworks. They expressed themselves as rather doubtful whether Arnold Morley had done right in letting them go to Port Sunlight; but my friend represented to them what a capital place it was and what an excellent village, to which Mrs. Gladstone listened with interest, and defended Arnold Morley on the ground that he had done a useful thing in getting Mr. Gladstone there.

In the course of talk a member of the family said that in London there was generally somebody ready to act as her father's private secretary. At Hawarden one of the ladies did it, and a large part of her business was to keep from him offensive anonymous

letters. One such letter came to him with a bit of rope in it. They suffered also much from friendly people who sent them things for various reasons, which they expected back. The daily average of letters was one hundred. Mr. Gladstone's journals were complete from his Eton days. "How does he find time?" said I. "Oh! they are very brief now—such as 'Wrote so and so,' 'Important day,' and so on." Imprisonment, it was remarked, had led Mr. Parnell to take a more serious and wholesome view of outrages.

A member of the family claimed for Mr. Gladstone that he was a great theologian, one of the greatest living. As such he was constantly appealed to by the highest people whenever there was a difficulty—by such persons, for instance, as the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Queen was deeply interested about the Neapolitan prisons at the time Mr. Gladstone exposed them; got Mr. Gladstone to tell her all about them, and said, "Mr. Gladstone, having discovered all that you ought to do something."

The following story was firmly believed at Hawarden: The Princess of Wales, when the Prince and she were in Dublin, and got among very ill-looking people, and some of the suite cried out against them, and wanted them thrust away, turned round and said, "Think of how they have been treated." The Princess was warmly voted a splendid wife for the Prince.

OF MR. GLADSTONE'S LAST VISIT BUT ONE TO LIVERPOOL.

On Saturday, March 28, 1896, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone performed the first journey of the Wirral and

North Wales Railway—named thus at his suggestion. He was then three months past his eighty-sixth birthday. He looked vigorous, had a good brown on his cheeks, walked well, and stood erect; did not hesitate to stand in a passage though the wind was keen. He said he had just now a little lumbago, but was glad to say that his "trunk" was in excellent order, and he only suffered from lessened power of locomotion. I told him how extraordinary and, as I thought, surprising the demonstration of feeling about Armenia had been at the Liberal Federation meetings at Huddersfield. "Oh!" said Mr. Gladstone, "the British people thoroughly understand that. And ah!" he added with very quiet animation, "I continually hold Russia responsible for everything that happens. By accepting decorations from the greatest of murderers and assassins the Russians have made themselves answerable for his behaviour. They used to call me a Philo-Russian—that was all nonsense"—with a contemptuous sweep of his arm—"but now," &c., &c. I remarked that it was a terrible contrast to Russia in 1876. "Ah!" said he, "that was a fine Emperor."

Mr. Gladstone spoke most gracefully and feelingly. A sentence in which he mentioned his having been born in Liverpool and being likely to die at Hawarden, simply worded and meditatively delivered, brought tears to the eyes of many of the men at the table. His praises of Sir Edward Watkin were given with great cordiality and a special friendly feeling.

Later at the table I had a few more words with Mr. Gladstone. He asked me if I had read Madame Navarro's (Mary Anderson's) book of recollections.

He praised it. He said it might be considered light, but was sincere, genuine, and interesting, and he particularly admired her simple and true love of Shakspeare. I told him I had seen Irving at Boston. He remembered with interest Irving's often taking him behind the scenes, and regretted that now, for want of hearing power, he could no longer enjoy the theatre.

From things I heard then and at other times I gathered that Mr. Gladstone at home, though always pleasant, needed a good deal of managing. His family let him have as much liberty as they possibly could—for instance, in the matter of going out in bad weather, reserving their interference with him for special occasions. In all matters he was very masterful, but would always listen to them. That was a very great thing, though, of course, even so it was no slight thing to tackle him. Once his acting secretary called attention to a letter from the celebrated and influential Orange leader, the Rev. Dr. Kane, who had taken up some point of the Home Rule matter in a manner which appeared encouraging. He went in to Mr. Gladstone, and found that he had already written a very curt reply to "R. Kaneclk, Esqre." This arose from the reverend doctor having signed himself as a clergyman, "R. Kane, clk.," and Mr. Gladstone having read it as if it were the name. The first thing, therefore, was to make Mr. Gladstone understand this point. He was peppery enough on that, but was induced at last to write to Dr. Kane in proper form, with a certain modification also of curtness. But again reason was seen to suggest modifications, and after protracted debate Mr. Gladstone was per-

suaded to make them. Letter the third was thus written. And even after that the persistent acting secretary induced the statesman to destroy his proposed reply and to write yet a fourth. It was indeed a warm morning while it lasted, but the best thing was that he always listened.

The Gladstone views as to the present arrangements of the Cabinet were quite as strongly condemnatory of the union of the Premiership and the Foreign Secretaryship as those which have been expressed by Lord Rosebery. The proper way was, Mr. Gladstone said, for the Premier and the Foreign Secretary to communicate daily, often determining whether a Cabinet meeting need be called, and always doing on joint responsibility whatever might be done without a Cabinet meeting. Even the giving of the First Lordship of the Treasury to the leader of the House of Commons was, in the great statesman's opinion, bad. It made him a nobody and a nonentity when the House was not sitting, and even when it was sitting it was found to be more effective to go to Hicks-Beach, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer, than to Mr. Balfour, holding this nominal office of First Lord, which used to be so effective when it meant Prime Minister.

OF MR. GLADSTONE'S EARLY VIEWS ON THE IRISH CHURCH.

Lord Houghton was in possession of an old letter, much faded—folded in the old way—from Mr. Gladstone, at a time when Lord Houghton was likely to vote for something adverse to the Irish Church—no

doubt about the time of Gladstone's book (1842). It was something to this effect: "I beg you to pause and consider. I make this appeal to you not for your party, not even for the sake of the country, but for the sake of the soul. How any one holding the religious views which you, my dear Milnes, hold can consent to lay a finger on an institution so sacred as the Church of Ireland is an inexplicable mystery to, yours very sincerely, W. E. GLADSTONE."

OF POLITICAL DIFFERENCE AS NO GROUND OF ENMITY.

The following note recalls an interesting incident: Old Mr. Warburton, of Cheshire. Fine old squire of imperious, marked character, strong will. Great builder. Gothic private chapel, surpliced choir, &c., &c. Blind. He was moved to write a severe letter against Mr. Gladstone in the *St. James's Gazette*. They appear to have been intimate — probably as neighbours—in former years. He being ill, some time afterwards Mrs. Gladstone wrote a kind note. The old gentleman was deeply touched, and wrote to Mr. Gladstone saying that he had been much incensed, and had written against him, but that Catherine's letter had brought many old recollections before him, &c., &c., &c. Mr. Gladstone replied with a charming letter, in which he said that he never had experienced any sense of injury or resentment at any political criticism or opposition which he believed to be honest and sincere, and then went beautifully into a number of reflections on their age and life, &c., &c.

That Reminds Me——

OF LONG LIFE.

A secret of long life, &c., taught Mr. Gladstone by Dr. Jephson, of Leamington, was this: To throw yourself vigorously into anything you do, and depend for rest not upon cessation of work but change and multiplicity of occupations.

OF COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

Mr. Gladstone was against compulsory vaccination, though he thought the anti-vaccinators, like teetotal men, were very intemperate. William Summers reminded him that Jevons put his ideas against compulsory vaccination down to his (Mr. Gladstone's) not having had a scientific education. Mr. Gladstone said: Not at all; he didn't consider the case proved in favour of vaccination. Mr. Gladstone on this matter read Wallace's book, and thought it unanswerable.

OF MR. GLADSTONE AND BROWNING.

A lady once tried to get Mr. Gladstone to take an interest in Browning, and one day persuaded him to listen while she read him a piece. When she got to the end of it he was asleep.

OF THE GREATEST DAY.

A game was played (if that is the right phrase) at Hawarden at a visitor's suggestion. Each person had to say what day in past or future he would choose to live, it being stipulated that he should have his present

knowledge, and that he should afterwards return to the present existence. Mr. Gladstone said a day in ancient Greece when Athens was in its highest glory. The visitor said he would choose the day of Pentecost. On this Mr. Gladstone seemed rather ashamed and withdrew his former choice, and said he would select "a day with the Lord."

OF LORD GRIMTHORPE.

Grim Lord Grimthorpe! Mr. Gladstone was once talking about him to a friend, and he said drolly, "Grimthorpe! Grimthorpe! I like that title. It's an amusing choice, isn't it? Grimthorpe! One can just see him in it."

OF THE LAUREATESHIP.

There is a curious community between the prose of poets and their verse. They are not always equally good, but they are in a sense one, and the prose of good poets is seldom bad. The prose of the present Poet Laureate is very delightful, and now the story goes that Mr. Watson's poetic gift is in abeyance, and that in future, though he will write, to prose he will confine himself. The conjunction of these names brings before us the fact of Mr. Watson having been talked of for the Laureateship when Mr. Austin received it. The story was that Mr. Gladstone was deeply enamoured of Mr. Watson's verses. It was before the Armenian poems. Indeed, it was when Mr. Watson's output was as yet very small. But it

was believed that Mr. Gladstone was with difficulty dissuaded from giving Mr. Watson the honorific appointment—some said, but that was absurd, because Mr. Watson was a Liverpool man—and this was the reason why no appointment was made until the Tories came in. Although Mr. Watson is declining poetry, he is in excellent health, and altogether in good form. When a few who were in the secret were wondering whether he would get the Laureateship, there were fewer still who thought that we should ever be waiting for his prose.

OF A WELL-REMEMBERED FACIAL EXPRESSION.

Mr. Lecky's ill-natured comments on Mr. Gladstone's physiognomy are sure to set those who knew Mr. Gladstone remembering and thinking. So mobile a face could not but have many expressions, grave and gay, inspired and casual, lofty and businesslike. One that was often seen by those in daily Parliamentary intercourse with him was well described by Mr. Henry Cowper, who never figured greatly in Parliament, but was well known for his lively aptitude in conversation. He was one day describing an interview with Mr. Gladstone, and he said, "He had on that expression —oh, *you* know—his expression when he is wanting a friend to withdraw an inconvenient amendment." These words brought the expression at once to the minds of those who heard them—the crinkling up of the face about the eyes; the persuasive smile, as if there was no possibility of a refusal; the odd suggestion of all sorts of latent humour in a very simple matter.

OF MR. GLADSTONE'S LAST SPEECH IN THE COMMONS.

There have been three resignations not one of which has been intelligibly explained—Lord Rosebery's, Sir William Harcourt's, Mr. John Morley's. People are always saying, "Don't consider personalities;" but in the way these things have figured out there has been nothing to take one convincingly off personal matters, because there has been nothing rationally and consistently explanatory. Least of all where one would have most expected it, in Mr. John Morley's statement of his own position. This state of things—this embroglio of personal relations among the leaders—this confusion of unexplanatory explanations—is not new. It has been spread over the last few years. For instance, many persons shortly after the retirement of Mr. Gladstone were told the following on good authority as bearing on one of the rifts in the Harcourt-Rosebery lute. It will be remembered that Mr. Gladstone on retiring made a speech (his last) in the House of Commons, in which he foreshadowed a tremendous attack by the Liberal party on the prerogative of the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone was utterly unwilling to make this speech—quite averse to it, indeed. He begged and prayed that he might be let off doing it. He said that it was not right that he should do it, nor that when he was retiring and could not carry the thing on he should cast upon the party the responsibility of fulfilling a programme of that tremendous sort which he was requested to set forth. Sir William Harcourt would not listen to these remonstrances, and may be said to have absolutely compelled

Mr. Gladstone to make the speech quite against his will. Then when Lord Rosebery brought out the House of Lords plan at the General Election the complaint of Lord Rosebery's friends was that Sir William Harcourt held aloof and would have nothing to do with it.

CHAPTER X

OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON INCOGNITO.

A GENTLEMAN conspicuous in commerce and privately addicted to mental cultivation happened to be travelling, and he met a gentleman by no means in clerical attire, but who, as clergymen always do, betrayed his profession in spite of every disguise. The two glided into a very cordial traveller's intimacy, and walked about a great deal, and talked a great deal to each other. There was no appearance of importance about the clergyman. He put on no "side," and there was no suggestion of his being anybody in particular. His companion found him marvellously well informed. Whatever he talked about, especially in history, was well talked of, and the talk was full of seemingly accurate information. The gentleman became rather piqued, in fact, at the seeming omniscience of the presumable curate, and one day thought he would try him on a certain historical subject upon which he distinctly valued himself. I think it was the Papacy during the Reformation. To his amazement he found himself a mere child in the curate's hands, which heightened his wonder and admiration. At last

he was desirous of sending on his luggage by one route and travelling to meet it by another, and he found that the curate was going to travel by the luggage route. So he asked the curate if he would mind taking the luggage on and depositing it where he could claim it, to which the curate most amiably consented. But then qualms came over the careful man of commerce. He reflected to himself that he did not know who the gentleman was, and that it might not be safe to trust his portmanteaux to him. He took a walk to think what he should do. When he came back he said, "By the by, it never occurred to me to ask you, sir; but where are you a curate?" to which the clergyman replied, "Well, as a matter of fact I am not a curate." "Oh," said the gentleman; "you are a vicar or a rector?" "No," he said; "the fact is I am not. I have not a benefice." By this time the inquirer was becoming somewhat nervous about his portmanteaux, and so with some degree of point he said, "Well, sir, but what are you?" Upon which the gentleman said, "Well, the fact is I am a bishop." *Tableau* of surprise. "And what bishop?" "The Bishop of Peterborough." It was Dr. Mandell Creighton before his elevation to the London See.

OF A DEAN AND A STOP-WATCH.

Dr. Newman Hall is not only reminiscent himself, but the cause of reminiscence in others. He tells of Dr. Cuyler having complained that in a particular sermon Dean Stanley had not mentioned the Atonement. The Dean replied that he agreed as to the

place of the Atonement in Theology and in Ecclesiastical History, but he made it a rule to keep to the subject in hand.

Different people have very different standards of preaching. I was once in Westminster Abbey on a Sunday afternoon, listening to Dean Stanley. Next to me sat a healthy-looking squirish-sort of a gentleman, who paid most watchful attention to the discourse, but seemed very fidgety, moving about in his seat, and becoming visibly fretful. At last he pulled his watch out of his pocket, held it before me, and said, with syllabic deliberation, "Five-and-twenty minutes, and the name of our Saviour never mentioned yet."

OF A TOO FREE-SPOKEN PREBENDARY.

The Dean did not know the liberty that was being taken with him, or the test by which he was condemned. I was once in the anteroom of Freemasons' Hall in London, before a meeting of the Sunday League, over which he was to preside, and on that occasion a liberty was taken with him by a very different sort of person from the stop-watch squire. Although Dean Stanley was so free in thought and speech, he winced terribly at being supposed to be at all out of character, or at all inconsistent with his position as a Church dignitary. The very reverend and, indeed, truly saintly latitudinarian was on this occasion a little late. The anteroom was full, and till the last moment the Dean did not arrive. Among those present was Prebendary William Rogers, one of the greatest friends of education of his day, who got

the name of "Hang Theology Rogers" because he once said at a public meeting, "Hang theology: only let us get the children taught." He had a hearty laugh, a cheery bluntness, and a cordial manner. As Dean Stanley entered the anteroom he exclaimed, "Here you are, Dean; and half the heretics of London here to meet you." What a fine specimen of the ripe, crusted, Broad-Church cleric Rogers was! A dinner they gave him at Drapers' Hall, one of the splendid company palaces of the London City Corporation, with Lord Londonderry in the chair, and Lord Rosebery—who always loved Rogers—one of the principal speakers, was attended by no inconsiderable proportion of the men of mark of the time, and never was there a public occasion of more hearty jollity. Not only were there among the *convives* many men eminent before the world, but also many men eminent behind the scenes of official and university life. With all such William Rogers was hand and glove, as may be seen by his interesting Memoirs, one of the most instructive books as to how the strings of academic freemasonry are pulled for good objects. There was scarcely a man—with very little distinction of party—who had passed from university distinction to public usefulness upon whom "Billy," as Rogers was often called, could not at any moment put a friendly hand, and invoke him, either by purse or by influence, to assist in any project which, for the moment, had in any sense, "overrun the constable." Big, burly, tall (though infirmity from an accident condemned him to move about as a cripple and to preach sitting), and, with a Herculean, but always good-

natured utterance, he was one of the prime characters of London. Do you know Bishopsgate, on a busy edge of the City, close to the old London Tavern, and the Wesleyan Centenary Hall, and the National Provincial Bank? Of Bishopsgate William Rogers became rector, when his hardest work at St. Thomas's, Charterhouse, and for the Middle Class Schools had been done. It includes the Hebrew district of Houndsditch and Petticoat Lane, and in these the rector was as well known and popular as if he had been a favourite rabbi. In fact, he was the delight of all his parishioners of all sorts and conditions. His rectory was a spacious, dull old house in Devonshire Square, and to this comfortable homely abode it was Rogers's delight, especially on Parliamentary Wednesdays, to attract from the West End men who brought with them all the best knowledge of the world. It was not an uncommon circumstance, for instance, to have at one of these little dinners such a company as Lord Spencer, Lord Rosebery, Frederic Harrison, John Morley—all intimate with each other, and frank admirers of the host. And wasn't their talk worth hearing? You may imagine.

OF HUGH M'NEILE.

Liverpool is celebrated amongst its inhabitants for being a place that rapidly changes. They say that in the main each playgoing generation lasts about five years. Liverpool consciousness in a very great proportion of those who live there is said to be about as short. Yet vague memories exist. There are like-

nesses of Stowell Brown before he wore his whiskers and beard, which to those who remember him as he latterly lived conjure up strange fancies of a gentecler age. Hugh M'Neile is remembered as a speaker so easily majestic that those who recollect him mock the idea that any later divine has approached him in massive and graceful diction and delivery. An old Liverpool man—a Roman Catholic, too, and therefore assuredly not prejudiced—went to St. George's Hall to hear Bishop Wilberforce some years before his death. I met him coming out. "Bah!" said he, "people don't know what speaking is. They should have heard our M'Neile."

No one now realises the extraordinary position which Dr. M'Neile occupied in Liverpool during the time when he was fixing the political character of Liverpool and powerfully ruling the public action of the town. This was done by sheer splendour of demagogic eloquence, not by fussing about organisation, but by appearing at the Amphitheatre as the stated orator of the Protestant Tory party. There can be no doubt of the magnificence of these performances, and when that period passed and Dr. M'Neile entered into his last Liverpool phase not a trace survived, except in mere reminiscence, of the superb turbulence of the political time. The dignity of the great man had never been dropped even on the most excited platform. It had always been fine in the pulpit, solemn, oracular, full of stately action. I remember him reaching his arms over the pulpit cushion, at a point of his subject, breaking, as it were, a rod in his hands and dropping the pieces

into the body of the church—his form erect all the time. It is a little thing to remember all these years. It must have been great.

There was one time just before Dr. M'Neile was made Dean of Ripon that he was brought out once again into political speech. It was upon the earnest entreaty of the Mayor of the day. Liverpool was at that time on questions of black and white a very different place from what it is now. Governor Eyre's brutalities in Jamaica were condemned pretty generally throughout England, but everywhere the upper classes felt tenderly towards him and roughly towards the negroes; and in Liverpool this tone was much more pronounced, and pervaded a considerable proportion of the populace. When a requisition signed by what would then be considered the Rathbone-Cropper-Crosfield faction—though I cannot say that any of these names were among the signatories—was presented to the Mayor, calling for a town's meeting, his worship was much embarrassed and excited. To begin with, if I am not mistaken, he was himself in the West Indian property interest. But to do him justice, that did not deter him from the performance of his routine mayoral duty, which would almost require him to call a meeting on a subject of intense public interest if requested to do so by a respectable requisition. What he and his advisers felt was that the requisition had been signed in a spirit furious against the sort of white-*versus*-black spirit which was a relic of slavery in Jamaica; that it would be countered by an equally vehement feeling among that moiety (or more) of Liverpool society whose mood

was always (and never more than just then—soon after the American war) white-*versus*-black ; and that Liverpool, unlike most other places, had a population of common people who shared such prejudices with "their betters." I remember an illustration of this which occurred one evening at that time in front of the Washington Hotel. Nothing like it would now occur anywhere in Liverpool, any more than we should in these days see all the young bloods of the Exchange collect at the Philharmonic Hall to break up, if they could by physical force, a meeting being addressed, if that were possible, by Henry Ward Beecher. This was the scene: An intelligent negro had somehow been led into discussing with somebody in the street some question of colour, and a little crowd, perhaps forty people, had gathered. The discussion was conducted with good-nature on both sides, though on the white side with an air of much misplaced supercilious contempt. Certainly the black man showed not a sign of anger or ill-will. All of a sudden one of the crowd standing behind the black man snatched his cap off and flung it outside the circle. A roar of ill-conditioned and malignant laughter burst from the thoughtless crowd of worthy Liverpudlians. The uncapped negro turned angrily round, as well he might, and expressed himself, naturally, in some sort of heated threat or protest. What he said I do not remember, but I do remember that it was not violent or improper. A man in the crowd, however, turned to me and, extending his hand, palm upwards, as people do when they give up all hope of any one else,

said, "See that! Doesn't it show what they are?" I gave that Liverpudlian a bit of my mind. Many Liverpudlians had to have a bit of your mind in those bad days. The Mayor and his cabinet thought the "bit of your mind" that would be given at the Anti-Governor Eyre town's meeting would probably provoke a breach of the public peace. They were at their wits' end, when some one said, "I'll tell your worship what to do: Get Dr. M'Neile to come out again and let him propose the first resolution"—which, of course, was to be carefully drawn, in favour of inquiry, or something like that; the inquiry to which the Government of the day assented; and I remember in the following year seeing Mr. Cardwell in the House of Commons step forward to the table and back, as was his manner in set speaking, and saying, as he laid his hand solemnly on the big Blue-book of the Jamaica atrocities, "This ghastly volume."

But in Liverpool even inquiry was held to be, though the phrase had not then been invented, "giving ourselves away." Great, therefore, was the apprehension lest the meeting should end badly, and off went the Mayor, or his emissary, to beg and pray Dr. Hugh M'Neile, as a public service to the town, to come to the meeting, to move the main resolution, and to bear the brunt, as he could better than any living man, of a Liverpool reception of an unpopular thing by a hotly divided audience. Whether he needed much persuasion or little I do not remember, but he consented, and every one who knew went to the meeting almost as eager to see the old warhorse

once again in the fray as to see what came of it all. There was no champing of the bit. There never was. Always impassive dignity. No speed, or rant, or fury; nothing of the firebrand. And of course now, after years of pastoral seclusion, these majestic characteristics were even more developed than in noisier times. It was no good thinking of holding the meeting at the Town Hall. St. George's Hall was packed. Go into it now, and look at the M'Neille statue in the old-fashioned preaching-gown, and imagine that imperturbable yet dramatic, nobly moulded face as it surveyed the vast audience, every person in which easily heard the familiar, deep tones which without apparent effort filled the most unacoustic building (to coin a word) in the world. But how would he do what he had to do? In an opening sentence or two he unveiled his simple but potent plan. It was—as there was so much legitimate difference of opinion—to state each of the two cases separately. Gravely and judicially announced, there was yet a sort of canny wit in this idea that half amused and altogether soothed. Amid deep silence the apt orator began to detail in deliberate accents, with unsparing truth and cold, graphic horror, the things that had been done in Jamaica. The silence was absolute—almost painful. Some wept. Many hung their heads. The haters of colour looked very uncomfortable, but were awed, and only fidgeted, and did not exclaim. Suddenly, as the fatal indictment, incisively syllabled, was coming to an end, a dog that had somehow got into the meeting set up horrible squeals and howls. The meeting was thrown into

confusion while the disturber was got at and ejected. It took quite a time. Then there was a settling down amid "Sh!" and "Order!" "Sit down!" "Go on." All the time the statuesque divine had stood motionless. He waited for perfect silence. When it came he slowly waved his arm (his action was always slow), and in his deepest tragedy voice, which was only excelled by G. V. Brooke's, said: "The very dogs bark at it." Never was there a more splendid *coup.* Simple as it now seems, it was quite unexpected, and its effect was irresistible. I have often thought the dog saved the meeting. But it was really our Demosthenes. If it had occurred to *the* Demosthenes the incident would have had a lasting place in classic story. At all events the meeting was saved.

OF A. K. H. B.

I once lunched with Dr. Boyd at the house of a St. Andrews professor, and I came to the conclusion that he was almost, if not quite, the greatest *raconteur* I had ever known. His foibles were notorious enough and patent enough, but as a teller of first-rate stories he never could be beaten. In this, as in almost everything, Mr. Gladstone was very great, but with him anecdotes were of the warp and woof of conversation. With A. K. H. B. the anecdotes, though not dragged in, were the business and substance of his talk. On the occasion of which I speak he practically did all the talking, and it lasted two hours. I testify that I had not heard before a single one of the excellent stories that he told, and I

admired them not only because I did not find a "chesnut" among them, but because they had a quality of what I call responsibility, which is rare in the stories of *raconteurs*. He had an eye for everything—not so good an eye for cynicism (which bulks so largely in table-stories) as for other things, but still an eye for cynicism as for other things. But what you felt was that in all the tales no one was given away more than he ought to be, and that every narration or reminiscence was in due relation to the proportions of the characters concerned. To return to the point, however, of A. K. H. B.'s prolific output. Our hostess was a very clever lady, and had been in Dr. Boyd's company many times. When he left the room I said to her, "That's very fine in its way; does he always go on like that? If so, he must repeat himself. Does he?" To which the professor's wife replied, "He *is* always like that, and I don't believe that I ever heard him repeat a story he had told."

OF BERNARD VAUGHAN.

A great proportion of my readers know Bernard Vaughan, the great Roman Catholic divine of Salford and member of a family which has yielded several very eminent priests. As to his style of speaking, it has been told of him that when young, being in doubt as to what he ought to do in order to perfect his elocution, he went to a very distinguished teacher, also, I believe, an actor, in London, and requested him to test him. The teacher of elocution asked him if he knew "The Wreck of

the *Hesperus*." He said, "Yes." "Then," said the teacher, "let me recite it, and let me hear afterwards how you can do it after hearing me." Now, Bernard Vaughan was, and is, a remarkable mimic, and when the elocutionary teacher had recited "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*," Bernard Vaughan gave it with such exactitude in every accent and touch as it had just been delivered that the teacher almost exploded with laughter. He said, "Well, that is a wonderful gift. Nothing could be better." "But," said Bernard Vaughan, "I should now like to recite it before you in my own way." And he did so, and recited it so splendidly that the teacher was still more amazed, and said, "Oh, it's no good my thinking of teaching you anything, for that recitation is far better than mine."

OF ARCHBISHOP SUMNER.

The elder divines often had traits of individuality and originality which would be lost but for the anecdotist. Archbishop John Bird Sumner was once performing a confirmation in a country parish church. The church was very full and very hot. It was when Dr. Sumner was Bishop of Chester. He observed that a number of people were standing uncomfortably in the aisles while several of the pews were empty. He arrested the service and asked how this was. A man shouted out, "The pews are private property, and shut up." "There can be no such thing in the house of God," said the Bishop. Was he right in his law? Anyhow he added, "Let the pews be

opened." "We can't open them," shouted some one; "they are locked." "Is there a blacksmith here?" "Yes, my lord." "Very well, let him immediately remove the locks. A hymn shall be sung while he does it, and when the locks have been removed, and as many people have been seated as the pews will hold, the confirmation shall proceed."

OF BISHOP VOWLER SHORT.

Dr. Vowler Short, who preceded Montagu Villiers, afterwards Bishop of Durham, as rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, died Bishop of St. Asaph, but he was for some years Bishop of Sodor and Man. He had a lean and pinched appearance, and was supposed to have a lean and pinched soul. He had been a somewhat successful writer of Church history, and by this avenue—not by editing a Greek play, which was the avenue in those days—he got his modest Manx bishopric. In the island he was not particularly popular. The suspicion of coldness of heart stood in his way with clergy and people. But there is reason to believe that he was not cold-hearted. There was an incumbent in the Isle of Man who had striven very hard indeed to give two sons university education. This the Bishop considered quite ridiculous, and did not conceal his opinion. The incumbent's wife was a plain-spoken, hearty Manxwoman, and one day when Bishop Vowler Short called, she unbosomed herself about a trouble they had. Forty pounds must be sent to Oxford, to defray some

legitimate expenses of one of her sons. Knowing the Bishop's mind, she might have held her peace. But her motherly heart was too full. Money was coming due to her husband, but it was not in yet, and—— What to do? The Bishop quietly said, "Oh, I'll manage that for you till your money comes in," and he wrote her a cheque. A few weeks after her husband and she were in the house together, and she saw Dr. Short coming. "Here, James," said she, in great excitement, "that money, that money, that forty pounds. Here's the Bishop." Her husband promptly gave it to her, and she ran out and met the prelate in the hall. "Oh, my lord," she said, "we're so thankful to your lordship. It did help us so. And here's the money. Ours has come in, and I am so glad to be able to repay you the forty pounds you so kindly advanced." The Bishop drew back, however. "Oh no," said he, "I don't want that. Pay me at the Day of Judgment."

OF LIBERAL PREACHING IN THE CHURCH.

An advertisement of a publisher and a glance at a new book referred to in it has reminded me of a story in which, if there is not much point, there is much human nature. I am not going to give the real names. Suffice it that the clergyman of whom I am going to speak occupies a London pulpit long held by a great master of original theology, and that the other person I shall mention is the eldest son of an earl, and has always been easily prominent among

intellectual people in London society. One Sunday morning I went to hear the bold and striking preacher. I saw my acquaintance with his wife and children sitting in a quaintly devised pew upstairs off the chancel on the south side. Next day, not far from the House of Commons, I said to him, "Oh, I saw you at St. Blank's, Blank Street, yesterday morning. Wasn't it a courageous sermon?" "Ah, wasn't it?" said he, and then burst forth into an unqualified eulogium of the preacher. "There was nobody like him; nobody else was worth listening to by comparison," &c., &c. A few years afterwards I happened to meet the same gentleman at dinner, and it occurred to me to ask him how he and his family were getting on at St. Blank's, Blank Street. "Oh," said he, with some little hesitation, which looked like shamefacedness, "the fact is we don't go there now." "Oh," said I, "I thought you were so wrapped up in him." "Well, yes, my wife and I both have a high opinion of him still. But—well, it was the children." "How do you mean?" said I; and he looked rather worried. "Well," said he, "it was this way. We went and heard a sermon; liked it, and felt much instructed and interested; but then, you know, when your children are growing up and they say to you at lunch, 'Father, what could Mr. Blank mean this morning when he said so-and-so?' and you haven't got a very diplomatic reply ready—it's rather awkward, isn't it? So my wife and I thought about it after a bit, and we concluded that it was better to go somewhere where such questions should not be suggested." What a curious sort of thing English dogmatic faith is! In

case any one should penetrate the thin disguise of this anecdote, it is only right to say that a certain volume of sermons preached in St. Blank's, Blank Street, which has just been published, do not contain, so far as I can see, a single sentence that need have occasioned an untoward question from "the children" or anybody else at Sunday lunchtime.

OF BISHOP SHEEPSHANKS.

I once received from the present Bishop of Norwich a very unexpected impression of the Greek Church. He came out as a great authority on matters connected with the Eastern Church—Russo-Greek as distinguished from Greek-Armenian — with special attention to the Armenian liturgy, and he was especially interesting on the missions of the Greek Church. Particularly in the Russo-Greek Church, the missionary spirit, according to him, is very lively, and very successful missions have been kept up on the Steppes, in Japan, and elsewhere. He told an interesting story of the Patriarch of Moscow. He was, in earlier life, distinguished in a missionary field, and it was deemed by the Czar, who took a great interest in his work and used quite spiritual language in speaking to this personage of it, that there should be a bishop over the missionaries in this district, and that he should be the bishop. To this he objected that it was impossible, since he was a married man with children (the Greek Church permits the regular clergy to be married, but not the bishops, who therefore are usually selected from among the

monks and archimandrites). It would be contrary, he said, to the canons of the Church, which could not be violated. The Czar would not have this, and for some time argued that the difficulty must be got rid of; but he had to give way. However, almost immediately afterwards news came that the missionary's wife and children had all been drowned by a flood. Consequently, the way was opened for him to be made a bishop, and afterwards, Philaret dying, this bishop was made Patriarch of Moscow and chief of the Russo-Greek Church This zeal was little known in the West, but it existed, and the missionaries were maintained very much as ours are—by societies. Canon Churton remarked that in Russia the Church was really incorporated with the State, and held quite a ruling position. I said that, allowing that to be so, it seemed to be accompanied with a natural diminution of the spiritual element. But Mr. Sheepshanks (as he then was) said that the Russian clergy denied most positively that they were in any degree Erastian. He also gave some interesting particulars of a set of people who are the direct successors and inherit the traditions of the heathens of Asia, who were generally overcome by Mahommedanism.

In this talk it was said, I remember, that Archbishop Trench had a decidedly pugnacious enjoyment of some of the controversies of the new Irish Church body. Why did Lightfoot take Durham? Various accounts. One was that he was persuaded to it by the existence of Durham University. Another was that he placed himself absolutely in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and did what he told him.

A third and very positive one was that Dean Stanley settled it by saying that it was his clear duty to the Church to go upon the bench when the position was offered to him, in order that the most learned Churchman living might be one of the Church's bishops.

CHAPTER XI

OF CHARLES BEARD'S LIGHTER SIDE.

PERHAPS a day will come when it will be remembered that men so notable in the highest social life in the best sense as Dr. Charles Beard, the Unitarian minister and Hibbert lecturer, had also a lighter side, which may yield fruit in anecdote. One of the personages in the following true story is still in the early prime of life, and may be again in Parliament. He shall not be named. Politician though he is, and not, one would think, precisely of the routine form of religious belief, he is not altogether unknown in the pulpit of his denomination, of which a relative by marriage was a most distinguished ornament. Dr. Beard, when the wear and exhaustion of preaching and lecturing and leader-writing was off him for a little, used to let himself go, for a change. He met our lively politician at dinner, and chaffed him rather mercilessly about having preached occasionally. The amateur retorted upon the professional divine: "Well, Dr. Beard, you have been rather hard on me. I will tell a little story. It's not very witty; but it's strictly true. I advertised for a gardener. A man replied. After settling other points, I asked him: 'What about work on Sunday?' He thought I wanted him to work on Sunday, and

replied, 'Oh, I wouldn't mind doing a little work on Sunday morning, if people don't see me. I'm not a religious man myself; I go to Beards's.' I made him understand that I did not want him to work on Sunday, whereupon he changed his tune, and said: 'Though I'm not a religious man myself, I sends the children to Stowell Browns's, and sees that they are brought up as Christian children should be.'"

OF THE BEGINNINGS OF WILLIAM CAREY.

William Carey's name is one of the greatest in the annals of the Baptists. He became an eminent Indian missionary—the first sent out by the Baptists. Moreover, he was an Orientalist of the first order, of his time; was Oriental Professor of Fort William College, Calcutta, and besides working brilliantly on Bible translations in no fewer than forty Oriental languages, published grammars and dictionaries of Bengali, Marathi, Sanskrit, &c. But he began life as a village shoemaker, and very quaint are the beginnings of such a man's progress. You have to realise them.

A friend once gave me—and I don't think they have ever been printed—some extracts from the Church minute book belonging to the Baptist Church, Olney. This was John Newton's Olney, in Bucks, the Olney of the Olney Hymns, to which William Cowper contributed. They are stated to be in John Sutcliff's handwriting, which, doubtless, means something to those locally informed. They deserve to be conned as a variety in the religious life of the last century: "June 17, 1785. A request from William Carey, of Moulton in Northamptonshire, was taken into con-

sideration. He has been, and still is, in connection with a society of people at Hackleton"—that means a Baptist Church. "He is occasionally engaged with acceptance in various places in speaking the Word. He bears a very good moral character. He is desirous of being sent out from some reputable and orderly Church of Christ, into the work of the ministry. The principal question debated was: 'In what manner shall we receive him? by a letter from the people of Hackleton, or on a profession of faith, &c.?' The final resolution was left to another Church meeting." "July 14, 1785. Church meeting. W. Carey (see June 17) appeared before the Church, and having given a satisfactory account of the work of God upon his soul, he was admitted a member. He had formerly been baptized by the Rev Mr. Ryland, jun., of Northampton"—a well-known Nonconformist divine, whose name has come down. "He was invited by the Church to preach once next Lord's Day evening." "July 17, 1785. Church meeting. Lord's Day, evening. W. Carey, in consequence of a request from the Church, preached this evening, after which it was resolved that he should be allowed to go on preaching at those places where he has been for some time employed; and that he should engage again on suitable occasions for some time before us, in order that further trial may be made of his ministerial gifts." "June 16, 1786. The case of Brother Carey was considered, and an unanimous satisfaction with his ministerial abilities being expressed, a vote was passed to call him to the ministry at a proper time." "August 10, 1786. Church meeting. This evening our brother,

William Carey, was called to the work of the ministry, and sent out by the Church to preach the Gospel wherever God, in His providence, might call him." "April 29, 1787. Church meeting. After the ordinance"—meaning the Lord's Supper, and depend upon it as solemn as any Mass—"our Brother William Carey was dismissed to the Church of Christ at Moulton, in Northamptonshire, with a view to his ordination there."

There are many who will be willing to have this glimpse of a great man's first humble steps on a glorious path.

OF OLD NONCONFORMISTS IN POLITICS AND IN THE PULPIT.

In a conversation quite recently among people of some note it was urged that the recent prominence of Dissenters in politics has led to much narrowness in the Liberal party. This is not the place to discuss such a statement *pro* or *con*, but it led one of the interlocutors to remark that there was a time when Protestant Dissenters thought it quite beneath their position to make a fuss against Popery. The endeavours in this sort by such men as M'Neile were regarded by Dissenters as bad intellectual form, and as of harmful spiritual effect. When pressed, the propounder of this view confessed that the Protestant feeling was always ready to break out upon sufficient occasion, and that it did break out on the proposal of Sir Robert Peel to make the grant to Maynooth, and broke out in still greater volume when Lord John Russell brought in the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill in

reply to the Papal Aggression, as it was called. It was also recalled from the past how little the great Dissenting divines of former days used to meddle with politics. They went on official deputations to the Prime Minister if any great question of religious liberty was at stake, but otherwise they did not mingle in the political fray.

From this the reminiscences passed by an easy transition to the great eminence of Dissenting preachers of that day, a surprising proportion of whom spoke so well that there was nothing absurd in calling them orators. There were Raffles of Liverpool, Halley of Manchester, Parsons of York, Hamilton of Leeds, Mellor of Halifax, Jay of Bath, Angell James of Manchester, Mursell of Leicester, and, in London, Binney, the two Claytons, Morison of Brompton, Harris of Cheshunt College, Leifchild of Craven Chapel, George Smith of Poplar, Mannering of Holywell Mount, John Blackburn of Pentonville, and Howard Hinton of Devonshire Square. Certainly it would be hard to make up such a list now. Brock came into the same period, first at Norwich, and afterward at Bloomsbury, and among the Wesleyans Dr. Beaumont and Dr. Newton, and Dr. Bunting, who was a statesman, though not an orator. Dr. Collyer, of Peckham, a very courtly and bland divine, though a little earlier, through most of his career came down into the period among the Independents.

"I remember," said one of the party, "that my father, who was not a religious man, used to walk all across London only to hear Edward Mannering pray. Across London in another direction he went one

Sunday morning, taking me, to hear George Clayton at York Street Chapel, Walworth, which is now the hall of the Browning Settlement. I recollect the old gentleman—dressed and robed with great dignity, and I think with a brooch in his shirt or white cravat. I should think he wore a wig. It was of that yellow sort not uncommon among our ornate grandfathers and great-grandfathers. I don't remember his oratory sufficiently to criticise it at this length of time, but my surviving impressions are of a dignified majesty of address. As we left the place my father, who was even more a politician than an amateur in pulpit eloquence, said to me, 'Well, you have never heard Sir Robert Peel, and it is likely enough you never will; but if ever one man spoke like another, George Clayton speaks like Sir Robert Peel.' Whenever I have read any speech of Sir Robert Peel since, the tones and pose and accents of George Clayton, dimly remembered, have seemed to help me to imagine what Peel was when he was 'playing on the House of Commons'—so said Dizzy—'as on an old fiddle.' What of Church preachers in those days? you say. Well, my father was just as willing to walk miles to hear a Churchman as he was to walk ten miles to hear James Parsons; but to tell the truth Church preachers did not interest him—with three exceptions. Few were high, but many were dry, and some were merely addicted to repetitive Evangelical appeal. The exceptions were these—Melvill, Dale of St. Pancras, and, because of his celestial saintliness, Baptist Noel of Bedford Row."

I myself remember these, and especially admired

Melvill and Dale. I heard them often at St. Paul's when Copleston and afterwards the bent and bowed bright-eyed Henry Hart Milman were Deans. And I was at St. Margaret's, Westminster, when Melvill preached a wonderful sermon before the House of Commons on a Crimean fast-day, the church—galleried and stuffy, not the beautiful place it is now—full of aristocrats in black, whose relations had been killed in the trenches. Proud boy as I was, I touched my hat to Lord Palmerston afterwards in Parliament Street.

In this list of doughty and redoubtable Nonconformists of the last two generations mention ought certainly to be made of three Liverpool divines—Stowell Brown, C. M. Birrell, and John Kelly. It is interesting to be reminded that Stowell Brown was one of the first men out of London to blend Evangelical doctrine with moralistic tone. Probably Samuel Martin, of Westminster, was the first preacher of the sort in England. At first he and others who caught his spirit were regarded with some suspicion. But it was found that the morality and the slightly secularised literary style of their preaching did not lead to any deflection or decline from the gospel standard, and their great popularity was therefore perceived to be a strength and not a weakness for the Evangelical pulpit. In the case of Stowell Brown this new departure was signalised by Sunday afternoon lectures at the Mechanics' Institute, Lord Nelson Street, which were crowdedly attended, and sold when printed in thousands.

OF THE Y.M.C.A. EXETER HALL LECTURES.

The only thing that Samuel Martin did in this way was to give for several years one of the Exeter Hall lectures. These courses were so remarkable, and the sensation they annually made so great, that it is difficult not to regard it as an indication of degeneracy that there is nothing of the kind now. Besides the many eminent divines of various Churches — of all except the Roman Catholic and Unitarian—who joined in these lectures (twelve each year) there were very eminent laymen who perhaps did not oratorically dazzle or move as the pulpiteers did, but were immensely valued and reverently listened to by the crowded audience because of their greatness. One was Sir James Stephen, of the Colonial Office, and the great writer on Ecclesiastical Biography.

OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Another was Lord John Russell. Oh, what a very old-fashioned evening dress-coat he wore, of antediluvian fashion, with a collar with such a roll in it! And how drawling and dry his delivery seemed, and how mincing his accents, with "hevvin" for "having," and Room for Rome, and "doom" for "dome," and an "r" inserted very often where no "r" was between two words! Some of the young people said to themselves, "Is this the great little man we have been brought up to respect so highly?" But they listened, and soon got to feel the pregnancy of what "little Johnny" read to them; and when they got home or

as they sat on the bench their fathers said to them, "You should hear him in the House of Commons."

For my part it was not the first time I had heard him in Exeter Hall. In 1846 there was a tremendous ruction about Education. The Whigs were and had long been the protectors of the Dissenters. Up to 1839 there were no education grants at all. In that year an approach to the present Privy Council system was made without any great disturbance but when the Privy Council grant system was started in 1846 the Dissenters were up in arms. They had scruples, which soon disappeared, but which for the time were intense and even violent. Though every precaution had been taken to consider their susceptibilities, and though no grants were to be given for religious knowledge, they could not be persuaded that State payment for education was not equivalent to State endowment of religion. Their own schools and the training of schoolmasters had been carried on by means of the British and Foreign School Society, and at the annual meeting of this society it had for years been the practice of Lord John Russell to preside, and rapturous had his reception always been. The great little statesman was not one to quail before the public, but he must have been surprised to find harmonious Exeter Hall on this occasion the scene of howling tumult, which rendered impossible any attempt on his part effectively to defend the policy of his Government—which was entirely his own. Dr. Reed, father of the well-known Sir Charles Reed, who sat so long in the House of Commons, moved an amendment, and the Whig leader and his

Dissenting adorers "burnt the writings." Such was the beginning of that national system of education which, though it has been "supplemented," as we are often told, by the Board School system, still exists, vastly extended, in the machinery by which the Voluntary Schools are managed under Government support and control.

In the House of Commons Lord John Russell was one of the last examples — perhaps Mr. Chichester Fortescue (who died Lord Carlingford) was the last— of the old Whig manner—dry, halting, ungainly, awkward, but accurate. Lord John, all the time he was speaking, was moving things about on the table in a half-conscious, half-nervous manner. He used but few notes. It was observed in him that, though he often hesitated and hummed and ha'd to find a word (or rather the word), he never failed to find it, and never had to recall a word in order to substitute another. And next morning it all read cogent and well-knit. He always in summer wore a white beaver hat, and always had it on in the House, except when speaking. Once he raised it with good effect to give a drive to John Bright. The great Corn Law orator in 1851 was not the universal idol he afterwards became. At the close of the Great Exhibition compliments were paid to those chiefly concerned, and Mr. Bright got up to praise Lord Granville for his conspicuous services to the "World's Fair." Lord John half rose, and said: "And yet I remember when the honourable member for Manchester" (John Bright) "asked us what could be expected from a Master of Buckhounds"—with a mincing accentuation

of the "a" in "Master" and the "u" in "Buck" that infused infinite contempt for Bright into the irony.

OF JOHN WESLEY AND PREACHING.

The question of long and short sermons has seldom been disposed of more tersely than it was by John Wesley, who said to the grandfather of a living bishop of the English Church: "The rule should be, Long Texts, Short Sermons."

OF JOHN WESLEY ON TOUR.

There is a good bright old lady in the Isle of Man whose abundant family traditions include at least one visit of the great John Wesley to her grandfather or great-grandfather, when the venerated evangelist came to the island. Her father or grandfather was a little boy at the time. At dinner, Mr. Wesley took some notice of him. "Well, my little boy, what are you going to be when you grow up?" "Oh," said the boy, "I'm going to be a preacher. There are always such good dinners when the preachers come."

OF DR. PARKER.

Stories without end. He secretes originality as naturally as breathing, and, having no *mauvaise honte* and no doubts of himself, says and does things which would be impossible to other men. It is a commonplace of conversation that if there is a vein of something else in the always striking and piquant and colossal preacher of the City Temple, there is un-

doubtedly genius. Is the following true? Reading from one of the Epistles in his pulpit, Dr. Parker came upon a place in which St. Paul speaks of one person as dear and another as most dear, or makes some such distinction. Dr. Parker looked up from his Bible, paused, and then in his most sententious manner said, "There would be an unpleasantness in that Church." Another pause, and long, solemn nodding of the head: "There would be a huff." Another pause and more sage noddings: "Shall I show you what a huff is?" Then the doctor turned right round, showing his back to the congregation. And in every fold of his gown, every line of his head, every *finesse* of his attitude this consummate actor conveyed the idea of huff to his startled audience. The following certainly is true: A very distinguished writer of books was engaged to preach at Dr. Parker's or at some place in which he was interested, and where he, too, was preaching. In the course of the service Dr. Parker spoke of this distinguished man. "Authors," said he, "are not always wise outside their books. This one is. He has come to hear me preach"—all said most gravely—"and there he sits." Let it be added that in his turn Dr. Parker came to hear the great author.

OF STOWELL BROWN.

Those who knew Hugh Stowell Brown scarcely need to be reminded of the pungency and pregnancy of his conversation. I have one or two notes of interest. "An eminent theologian among the Jews said that at the Feast of Purim" (I am quoting Mr.

Brown, not affirming his accuracy) "a man ought to get so drunk that he could not distinguish between 'Cursed be Haman' and 'Blessed be Mordecai,' the recital of which sentences seemed to be the principal intellectual element of the Feast of Purim. Among us at Easter or Christmas or at Glasgow during the Fast no one would be surprised to find people quite incapable of recognising either Mordecai or Haman."

The following was the opinion of Mr. Stowell Brown, who was certainly an expert, on Sunday evening services and on the emotions of religious services generally: "There may be more excitement at evening services, but religion does not consist in excitement and is not in the least degree promoted by it." This saying of Mr. Brown was in correspondence with that divergence from the pure evangelicism of most Baptist preachers of his day into the aphoristic and moralistic preaching of which there was no other illustration that I remember in his denomination, unless Mr. Brock was one, but of which among the Independents Thomas Binney and Samuel Martin were memorable examples. The following saying of Stowell Brown was striking: "Blind superstition is quite as hostile to Christianity as is infidelity."

I once met Mr. Stowell Brown as I came from hearing Mr. Lund at the Blind Church for the first time. He asked me if the congregation was of the old type, and said it was not clear why people should attend there, as it was not really a Church at all, and had none of the usual accompaniments of a Church. I said, "No, and it was a long way for many people to come—places of residence and manners of living

having changed so much." He assented with a look of intelligence, and said, "It's a great comfort when a man's congregation is going down to be able to put it down to that. I am always thinking to myself about Myrtle Street, 'Ah, it's the extension of the town.'"

Then came a little remark which showed that Mr. Stowell Brown shrewdly observed affairs in the Church of England. I said that diminution of congregation could not apply much to him, but that as to the Blind Church it must be injured by comparison with other Churches because so much of the interest of Church matters had become attached to "Church work" rather than to the old intellectual attractions and excitement. "Yes," said Stowell Brown, "It's all mission work now." I said it was a great pity, not that there were missions, but that the intellectual part had gone so much into abeyance. "Yes," said Mr. Brown. "They won't wait now to learn. They must all be teaching." That was his view. I'm afraid mine was not quite so favourable. However, I generally concurred, and said that young men used to do quite modest work till thirty. "Oh," said he, "now they go straight at it from the Sunday-school." "Putting it out before they have taken it in?" said I. "Yes," said he, "and they never take it in afterwards. Off they go at it, having got 'a call,' and if you doubt that"—raising his hands—"you haven't got the root of the matter in you at all."

I do not realise the state of things which this distinguished Liverpool minister described. His impressions may have come of advancing age, though he was not old. But it is interesting to recall with the

aid of notes made immediately what his feelings were. As to the Blind Church the broad originality, the vivid eloquence, and the keen emotion of Mr. Lund and the beauty of the musical service have continued the special traditions which Mr. Hull and Mr. Whishaw established, and though "living outside" has produced absences which some of our best men regret, springs of prosperity are still copious.

OF DISCRIMINATION BY EMPHASIS.

Stowell Brown gave a good example once in conversation of how the same words mean different things accordingly as they are emphasised. If you say a man is good *looking*, it applies to his face. If you say he is *good* looking it applies to his character.

OF MR. RICHARD CONGREVE AND HIS RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

The distinguished Comtist never stood out very prominently in the eyes of the general reader, but he was intensely respected by a large number of the finest minds of his day. It is evidence of the somewhat artificial way in which memoirs are written that none of the obituaries gave any account of the quasi split between Mr. Congreve and Mr. Frederic Harrison which led to a subdivision of the small band of English Positivists. Mr. Congreve took the more religious kind of Comtism under his wing; Mr. Harrison, Dr. Bridges, and others took the more sociological view. Mr. Congreve's Sunday services were held in a little room in Lamb's Conduit Street, and were very

reverent, with an original liturgy for the worship of Humanity, and he preached learned and intellectually sympathetic, but in their way very dogmatic, sermons, for, curiously enough, the Positive Agnostics are most definite in their requirements of belief. There were always ready witsters—if that may be a word—to deride the idea of revolutionising society from such an insignificant *point d'appui;* but, of course, they might have reflected, if they had not been witsters, that the greatest of all revolutions began in an upper room in a Lamb's Conduit Street of Jerusalem. According to some shallow and surface visitors, the Humanity services of Mr. Congreve were not very unlike in effect the services of more ordinary forms of religion. One of these was asked, "Well, what was it like?" "Oh," said he, "it was very like any other church; there was Lord Houghton asleep in the sermon."

OF SPIRITUALITY AMONG UNITARIANS.

Very commonly it is supposed that in Unitarian preaching there is no spirituality. Other religionists admit the existence in the Unitarian pulpit of learning, thought, theology, Emersonian moralising, but fail to perceive any spirituality or unction in it. This sort of thing is very unsafe to say. I was once sitting at dinner next a lady, a member of a distinguished Unitarian family. I well knew her conscientious excellence, but hadn't any idea that she was susceptible on this side. I said to her that the only Unitarians who seemed to me to have a spiritual gift were James Martineau and Charles Beard. The other Unitarian

preachers seemed to me hard and dry. She flushed up a bit—a rare thing with her. "Is this dry and hard?" she said. And she recited what must have been about a page and a half of a sermon. No, indeed, it was not dry and hard. It was impossible to imagine anything more tenderly and movingly spiritual. "That," said the lady, "is from John Hamilton Thom, and there are many such." This was good for the Unitarian pulpit, and not less good for a spot often thought not less dry and hard—except in the matter of cushions—the Unitarian pew.

OF GOODNESS FOR ITS OWN SAKE.

The following is a bit of Maeterlink: "God will withhold His smile from those whose sole desire has been to please Him; and they only who have done good for the sake of good, and as though He existed not—they only who have loved virtue more than they have loved God Himself shall be allowed to stand by His side." An English reviewer shrewdly, wisely no doubt, and certainly with much piety, says that this is a sophistical delusion and a play upon abstract terms, and means that in practice no such distinction between loving God and loving goodness would ever arise. However this may be, I am reminded of a perspicacious saying by a worthy daughter of one of the most distinguished of modern divines. Speaking to one who had just been explaining "where he was," she said, "I quite understand: you spell God with two o's."

CHAPTER XII

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE'S KICK-OFF.

THIS took place lately at a football match, but I think it happened to me to see the Lord Chief Justice's first kick-off of all. I was always fond of going into law courts, and one day I went into one of the Courts of Guildhall when Lord Russell of Killowen —then Mr. Charles Russell—was a very young man. The Judge on the bench was old Mr. Justice Crompton. The plaintiff was a bill discounter and money-lender. His leading counsel was Mr. Edwin James. After a very short time the great advocate threw down his brief ostentatiously before him, and without a word of explicit explanation walked out of court.

The case went on, and the time came when the counsel for the bill discounter should have replied, and put the case finally to the jury, Up stood a junior counsel; when the judge very testily said, "What do you want, sir?" The young counsel said, "I am for the plaintiff, my lord, and I propose, with your permission, to address the jury." The veteran judge became more testy than ever. "Don't you know," said he, "that your leader has left the court?" "Yes, my lord," replied the young counsel very respectfully, but not blenching a bit. "I know that Mr. James

has retired, but I still think there are some points that should be laid before the jury." The point of the matter, of course, was that the plaintiff had turned out such a scoundrel that Edwin James would have nothing to do with him, whereas his young junior saw some points that might be made, and felt it his duty to make them. Mr. Justice Crompton threw himself back in his chair, and with an air of vexation not often seen on the bench said, "Oh, go on!" And the young counsel went on. He made a clear, emphatic, earnest speech, not disguising the nature of the case or talking any nonsense at all, but putting what could be said in the best possible manner. Before he had uttered many sentences the judge leaned forward again, and still with vexation in his tone said, "What's your name?" To which the reply was, "Charles Russell, my lord." And then the young man's speech continued.

By the time it was over Mr. Justice Crompton's wrath had entirely disappeared, and when young Charles Russell—destined eventually to become Lord Chief Justice of England—sat down, the judge said to him very kindly and politely, "Well, Mr. Russell, I thought it was a piece of great impertinence for you to put yourself forward to address the jury when your leader had thrown up the case, but I must say that the ability with which you have spoken, and the skill with which you have made the best points that could be made in a hopeless case, have quite vindicated any presumption there might be in what you did." And then with a bow that was very cordial he turned from the counsel and began to sum up the case before

the jury. Every one must feel that this was a very characteristic beginning of a very remarkable man.

OF THE GREAT EDWIN JAMES.

When a Liverpool man with a memory hears of a great advocate named Edwin James, he is apt to think that an error has been made, and that the person really referred to is the mellifluous Edward James who was once Judge of the Court of Passage, and for some time one of the members for Manchester. I am thinking, however, of Edwin James, a much more conspicuous man. His delivery was not so mellifluous. But he was a most powerful orator, and for a long time almost omnipotent with juries. He was best known in London. His greatest achievement was when he defended and got off a participant in the Orsini Bomb affair at Paris. His speech in defence of this gentleman was in its way quite magnificent, and the manner in which he hurled British defiance at Napoleon III. made him a tremendous hero at a time when the relations between France and England were very critical. Edwin James was a member for Marylebone. He was a burly and imposing figure, and almost always wore a coat with a black astrakhan collar. One of his peculiarities was that he never took his gloves off in court. Alas! things went wrong with him, and owing to his own misconduct he was struck off the list of Queen's Counsel, having previously resigned the Recordership of Brighton, and withdrawn from his clubs.

OF LORD CHANCELLOR WESTBURY.

In an anecdote of the great Lord Chancellor Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury, published recently, notice was taken of the fact that he had very great command in the court where he usually pleaded, which was presided over by Sir Lancelot Shadwell. This reminded me of an incident which, put into anecdotic form, is about as good a specimen of subtle wit as could be desired. On one occasion when Richard Bethell was still at the Bar, the great man was in consultation on a case that he had to plead. It was an extremely bad one, and all concerned knew that it was. Mr. Bethell himself and the junior counsel and the solicitor, if not the client, knew perfectly well that the last-named had not a leg to stand on. But still they were going into court, and Mr. Bethell was going to do his best. As they went out of the chambers the solicitor said, "Mr. Bethell, do you think we can possibly get a judgment in our favour?" To which Mr. Bethell, in the mincing accents in which he always spoke, and which cannot be conveyed in print, replied, "I think it will be very difficult to support the decree on appeal."

OF TWO BLACK SHEEP.

It is a coincidence that by association of ideas two black sheep are brought together here. Mr. Edwin James's frailties were financial. There were serious charges brought against him before the benchers of the Inner Temple concerning his

pecuniary relations with Lord Worsley, son and heir of the Earl of Yarborough; and another charge of a criminal nature was brought against him, in which case he had acted as counsel for the plaintiff and accepted money at the same time from the defendant. In spite of the clear proof of these cases Mr. Edwin James tried many years after to be reinstated as a member of the English Bar, but the judges decided that no adequate cause had been shown for reversing the decision of the benchers of the Inner Temple.

Lord Westbury's fall was more terrible because of the greater height from which he fell. It created more surprise because, although his private friends had no great opinion of his *morale*, he had been a much more dignified and impenetrable sort of person than ever Edwin James was. It was he who, as the saying went at that time, "dismissed Hell with costs" in the prosecution against the *Essays and Reviews*. When he came to grief eventually the orthodox greatly enjoyed this reminiscence. Even before he had come out thus against orthodoxy some satirical notice had been taken of the fact that he had at a *conversazione* of the Young Men's Christian Institute dwelt with unction on the principle of mutual benevolence—of a universal desire to do good—derived from Christianity, which, he said, was the first lesson inculcated when you are taught to read the New Testament; and was also one of the best and most sure modes of securing even temporal success in life. This he considered quite a Christian conclusion, and he pointed out that in no other system of religion

is the principle of love and mutual benevolence so exhibited as in Christianity. The old Chancellor was probably sincere enough when he said it, but the public at the time had already got a sufficiently clear idea of his character to feel that it was an odd thing that it should be said by him.

OF A JUDGE'S FEELINGS.

A judge's feelings cannot always be repressed, as we have seen just now in reference to Mr. Justice Crompton. A Lancashire High Sheriff once told me, with all admiration, though he was not a Home Ruler, that Mr. Justice Mathew had shown unreservedly his Nationalist feelings when on the bench, being provoked to it by an Englishman who had lived in Cork, and who when he was asked how he got on in Cork said that he could not get justice there because he was an Englishman. To this Mr. Justice Mathew replied, "Yes, I see you are just in the position in which an Irishman is in this country." However, it must be admitted that we are always glad to see good Irishmen on the bench, and to recognise their judicial merits.

OF MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS ON THE STAGE.

Now Mr. Justice Hawkins has left the scene on which he has so long played a conspicuous part, theatrical *raconteurs* may remember that he or his semblance once played a not very conspicuous but humorously designed character on the stage at the Haymarket Theatre. The idea was Buckstone's. It

was before the great counsel was raised to the bench. He was well known over London, and especially over the West End, and was noted for his peculiar dress and for a special cock of his hat. There was nothing in the character that at all corresponded, but as the fun consisted in Buckstone being continually in awkward situations through having a double about town exactly like him in appearance, it was naturally very amusing when everybody said, "Did you ever see such a double of Hawkins?"

OF A JOKE OF SIR FREDERIC THESIGER.

There is another judge on the bench who suggests a story, though he is not the hero of it. There was once a Serjeant Channell who for some reason was at fault somehow about his h's. One day, before Mr. Justice Cresswell, a sometime sayer of sly and acrid things, a ship case was being tried, and Serjeant Channell was on one side and Sir Frederic Thesiger on the other. Every time the former mentioned the vessel he called it the Ellen. Every time the other counsel mentioned her they called her the Helen. At last the judge, with quaint gravity said, "Stop" (a favourite word of his). "Stop. What was the name of the ship? I have it on my notes the Ellen and the Helen. Which is it?" And the Bar grinned. "Oh, my lud," said Thesiger, in his blandest and most fastidious manner, "the ship was christened the Helen, but she lost her h in the chops of the Channell."

That Reminds Me——

OF MR. JUSTICE CRESSWELL'S LITTLE JOKE.

The celebrated first judge of the Divorce Court was not celebrated either for geniality of looks or for urbanity of manner. His face often had an expression which led the Bar to say that he looked as if he had something very unpleasant for a breast-pin. But he could always relax, and often did; and the breast-pin was for the nonce forgotten. There was once in his day a railway accident case which had been tried about four times, the jury always disagreeing, and the plaintiff religiously lying on a water-bed for about two years—how long after he got a verdict deponent sayeth not. On the occasion when the cause came before Mr. Justice Cresswell the railway guard was giving his evidence, and was told to "give it in his own way"—which I don't think the judge quite held with, thinking it was merely to impress the jury. So the breast-pin seemed to become particularly obnoxious. "Well, sir," said the guard, "we had just got into the van, me and my mate was just gettin' our tea, and I says to him, 'Bill,' I says, 'will you have some bread-and-butter?' And he says, 'Yes,' he says. And I was a cuttin' him a bit, and——" "This material?" said the judge. "Well, my lud," said the plaintiff's counsel, "this has been tried four times, and we have had it each time." "All right," said his lordship, "Go on. We won't quarrel with our bread-and-butter." Laughter in court, and the usher shouted "Silence!"

OF A JOKE FROM THE BENCH.

The old courts in Lincoln's Inn used to be very domestic places. They have quite memories by themselves as we recall Bethell and Rolt and Walpole (in the Rolls), and Cairns and Page Wood and Romilly doing their daily devoir in silk and powdered wigs. Vice-Chancellor Bacon and Vice-Chancellor Malins were two of the judges who had courts in those days. The latter was sitting one placid morning hearing a motion, when an egg was thrown at him. Quite imperturbably, or rather with a twinkle, he said, "Who threw that? Let the man stand up. It must have been intended for my brother Bacon."

OF A CERTAIN LAPSE OF A CERTAIN JUDGE.

A journalist of exceptional public spirit, one of the last in these modern times who conducted a publication in the spirit and individual manner of Cobbett, was sued for libel. He had for counsel a barrister who afterwards rose to one of the highest positions on the bench. I will not identify him. He is dead, and cannot defend himself. But this story of him is literally true. In consultation with the learned gentleman the journalist came to logger-heads with him. The advocate and his client were both hot-tempered. The former went into court flustered and vexed, and the sequel showed that he was a man who did not forget anything that he considered an affront. A year or two after the counsel had been raised to the bench, and the honest journalist—right in this case if ever plain-speaker was—was prosecuted

before him at an assize for criminal libel. The judge —who in the other case had been the journalist's counsel and had taken offence at him—summed up dead in favour of the prosecution, and the honest journalist got a sentence of a month's imprisonment. When the case was over, and the sentence passed, the judge wrote on a slip of paper and sent it down to the Queen's counsel by whom the journalist had been defended. It bore these most unjudicial words: "I told you I would do it." So much for the wrath of a celestial mind.

OF VERBAL RECOLLECTION.

In writing out one of these recollections I was reminded of a story of the celebrated Serjeant Wilkins, of the Northern Circuit. What reminded me of him was that I found myself writing from memory an observation of a great man, the sense all right, but the words departing from an exact note which I had taken at the time of their utterance. What I believe happened with Serjeant Wilkins was this: He was cross-examining a witness in humble life, who was very positive that he was actually repeating somebody's very words. The witness was a man from the Lake District. He bothered Serjeant Wilkins dreadfully. Serjeant Wilkins could neither shake his recollection of the words he testified to, nor could he produce on court and jury any feeling that the witness's evidence was not to be absolutely depended upon. At last in his extremity this expedient occurred to him: "Now, my man," said the burly serjeant, "you come from such a dale, don't you?" "Yes, sir." "Do you know the

'Dog and Punch Bowl'?" "I should think I do, sir"—with a grin. "Have you ever looked at the front of the house and seen what's painted up there where it speaks about the licence?" "Yes, sir," said the man. "Very well, then. Now tell me, what does it say?" There was a little hesitation and difficulty in getting the witness to know exactly what he was to quote, but at last he said, "Yes, sir; I know: 'Licensed to be supped on the spot.'" Needless to say, the words were, "To be drunk on the premises." Triumphantly the hectoring counsel turned round to the judge and jury, and said, "And this is the man upon whose exact remembrance of words you are to depend in deciding this important issue."

CHAPTER XIII

OF NEWMARKET.

I WENT once to Newmarket. Every one should go, and at a good time, and under good convoy. I went as the guest of Mr. Dobell, a capital host in every way. Not only is a thing that is worth doing worth doing well, but when a thing is done very well one is more than half convinced that it is worth doing. Racing and all things connected with it are done extremely well at Newmarket. From 1,800 to 2,000 horses are usually there, being scientifically trained or kept in training. Outsiders' notions of such work are probably somewhat mean. The meaner the more mistaken and the more inadequate. Surely it is part of the great racing question to consider what a beautiful creature a racehorse is; what a splendid history his pedigree is; what a wonderfully minute and scientific business the training of him is; and how vast an expenditure of capital, of untiring industry, and of continually increasing skill, goes on continually in order to provide the champion animals in this great national sport. Surely these things are as much part of the question, whatever may be their relative importance, as is the tendency of persons who had better leave racing alone to bet on horses which are mere

names or gambling counters to them, or the proneness of young clerks to embezzle their employers' money in order to pay their losses. These, indeed, are not unimportant considerations, but they are not all the considerations that need to be entertained. Go to Newmarket and you will probably conclude that you are as likely to put down cotton manufacture at Manchester or cutlery at Sheffield as racing at its great abiding centre.

Much of what needs to be seen is open to any casual spectator. Almost all may be viewed by any person who can obtain a good introduction. Newmarket is hospitable, kind, genial, and stable-proud, as well as keen and intense. Whatever trickery there may be in this business, assuredly it is based on the careful, clever, infinitely watchful training and perfecting of the best horseflesh that can be secured. One does not need to look long at Newmarket training to perceive that every minute of every day this intelligent and shrewd skilled labour is carried on with as beautiful and sedulous attention as if the turning out of great racehorses was an occupation of mathematical certainty under right conditions, rightly made use of. Probably there is in many uninformed minds a notion that about the training and management of horses there is something squalid, and Newmarket is thought of by those who have not been there as a little country town with a racecourse adjoining, where racing takes place very frequently, where the Jockey Club has a Clubhouse, where jockeys loaf about in a dubious state of existence, and touts sneak around stables to convey more or less delusive information to dupes as wretched as

themselves. Now, Newmarket is entirely a racing and horse-training place, but everything is handsome and imposing. From the Duke of Devonshire's fine house in the High Street to the crib of the most hopeless "roarer," and the bunk of the youngest stable-boy, the thing is, as I have said, well done. As you approach by train you see a large house, really a mansion, in a fine situation. Here lives and entertains his friends, faring himself *à la* Barmecide, one of those jockeys of whom we think so little, but to some of whom rumour assigns an annual income rather over than under £10,000. The trainers vary, no doubt, in origin and education, but all are remarkable men, with whom it is worth while to hold as much conversation as they have time for. All have comely, and, indeed, rather sumptuous dwelling-houses, and the training stables may fairly be called palaces. If you are privileged to see over the stables in which pleasant and not uncultured Mr. Jewitt trains for the courteous Captain Machell, or those of Mr. Waugh, or those of Mr. Cannon, or those of the clever trainer who occupies the splendid stables built by Mr. Abingdon Baird, you will find space, light, air, ceaseless tending and management, no precaution for health omitted, everything delightful to all the senses, immense interest in the points and characteristics of the horses, and if you are even the most casual observer of racing as it figures in the newspapers you will see every now and then over a stall a name which at some time or other has dazzled the public imagination. But the best sight of all is to note the personal fearlessness of the lads, as they stand and move the spirited and often almost

wild-seeming horses about in their boxes, and the exquisite touch of the hand of the trainer or one of his *aides* as he passes it with firm though delicate pressure over every muscle of the steed, knowing what to feel for in each, remembering, it would seem separately, every inch of the glossy surface, and able to tell you if necessary to a nicety how the condition of every nerve compares with its previous condition or with the perfection which you think is present but which he seeks to produce and seems to be feeling for with a sense infinitely cultivated.

One great feature of Newmarket is its glorious air, which is exceptionally invigorating. Hie thither for a mere holiday. Ensconce yourself at that typical old country inn, the "Rutland Arms." Then enjoy the air in the healthiest and most instructive way possible by going out early in the morning on "the Limekilns," an enormous stretch of flat, breezy, galloping grass-land, or on the trial ground. There is plenty to see and scrutinise. Plenty for any kind Mentor to explain to you. Hundreds of horses are taking their morning exercise. Each trainer and perhaps some of his patrons watch the process. An *aide-de-camp* rides swiftly about with orders to the boys on the horses' backs. This fault and that are corrected by these messages or in clear, commanding shouts. Boys are changed from horse to horse, either because they do not suit the horses they are on or because they suit them too well. They must not canter when they should trot, or trot when they should canter. They may not worry a horses' head when there is no object in it, nor let a horse have its head when it needs discipline. Every attitude of these

apprentices is watched and tutored. "What are you doing, sir?" rings across the grass very often. Frequently the order of the horses as they circle in single file is changed; for a horse will get used to following another, and it may be his idiosyncrasy—such a thing has been known among humans—to follow that one and no other, and so to contract a habit which may render him incapable of any independence in the great business of his life, which will be to get before all horses whatsoever—unless when it is otherwise desired.

After breakfast, if you are at Newmarket at a lucky time, you may witness an important sale in the Park Paddocks, which are conveniently placed in the middle of the town, and in which Mr. Tattersall, a pleasant gentleman, proves himself the surest though most unostentatious of auctioneers. It is not in human nature to behold unmoved anything sold by auction—especially any luxury—which fetches from 7,000 to 13,000 guineas; and in this case the animals sold will be things of strength and beauty, in which a little help of information enables the merest novice to discern fine points, as he would in an old master being sold by Mr. Wood at Christie's. The competition at the sale I witnessed for La Flèche, a mare of noble outlines nobly filled out, was a thing to remember, and the gossip which followed when it was suggested that Lady Sykes had instructed the purchase, and that Sir Tatton would decline to be bound by it, was an added spice. At these sales are focussed the great *personnel* of the turf. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland may be seen in a favourite corner on the immediate

right of the auctioneer. The Duke of Devonshire, with unbuttoned waistcoat if the day is warm, strolls round outside cheerfully, speaking to nobody. Lord Rosebery escapes under shelter if a shower threatens his straw hat. Lowthers, Penrhyns, Rothschilds, Esterhazys, "Mr. Jersey," in her latest toilet and unquestionably preserved beauty, are dotted about in the throng. The talk everywhere is technical, down to the tout who, when the yearlings of a certain sire are walked round, is heard to mutter, "Whose are these? Nunthorpe's. What feet! Thought they were Nunthorpe's. Donkey feet. Donkey feet; no more than donkey feet. Nunthorpe always had bad feet. They never could keep a shoe on him. And that horse is too long in the pasterns. In a year or two he'll go quite down." And so on. By the way, it was made clear to me that these touts are really wonders. Defying all prevention, they spy with field glasses from enormous distances at all the gallops and trials; know at any distance the "form" of most of the horses at Newmarket, and often succeed in getting news of any change to London before the owner has any idea of it.

As to the actual racing I need not be reminded of anything. That is much the same everywhere. But the comparative seclusion and the strict rule of the Jockey Club has its advantages in comparison with the conditions of racing at some places. And the July Course, with its beautiful adjoining shady plantation, is as pretty a picture as the English turf can yield. One wishes to know if the Jockey Club is strict with offenders against honour and morality. The answer

is that they are so strict when they have any conviction that wrong has been done that they will scarcely hear men in their own defence. What was the tone of Newmarket conversation on such subjects? Well, I found it was in two veins. Listening to one you might have supposed that racing is all elaborate and calculable science, and that when the issue comes it depends, allowing for a few chances, on the perfection of the animal and its training. Listening to talk in the other vein you would have thought that hardly a race is run in which the event is not more or less affected by some infamy of jockey, or trainer, or owner, or all three. It was not for me to decide whether one or the other of these theories was right. I brought away only a record of impressions — impressions of the magnitude, and detail, and science of all the operations by which the *matériel* of the turf is supplied and kept going.

CHAPTER XIV

OF AN AMERICAN LITTÉRATEUR AND POET.

ONE of the greatest pleasures of recollection is to remember a unique and interesting literary personality. I met once at Chicago, where he lived, Mr. Eugene Field, who lately died. He was a man of rare mark and even greater likelihood—a real man of letters and lover of books, and a master of easy, unstinted conversation, which no one could wish to repress—a keen, Irving-faced, buoyant, tender-chorded man, whose every sensibility quivered to every touch of life—a lively, but not flippant, echo of the day's events, the echo being accompanied by abundant memories and illustrations done into anecdote and comment out of wide reading and much hearsay—a working *littérateur*, a charming essayist, a writer of inimitable humorous verse. To his other gifts he added that of being a wonderful reciter of his own writings. He yielded unaffectedly to the wishes of his friends, and gave us delight after delight. We were all mirth and tears by turns; taken completely out of ourselves into a laughing, weeping region of quaint character and quick feelings. He and his wife were mutually devoted—a model American pair, which is believed by Americans, and I would not

rashly gainsay it, to be the highest type of connubial union.

It is very interesting, by the by, to hear American ladies stoutly contending, without a doubt in their minds on either point, first that American married life is exceptionally ideal in the devotion of the husbands to their liege ladies, for such they say American wives are; and secondly, that the ways of English husbands to their wives, and not to other women, are neglectful and rough.

OF COMPANIONS ON AN AMERICAN VOYAGE.

Let me recall, by way of a specimen of what one's experience may be in crossing the Atlantic, some acquaintances I made in going across. One was Mr. Bancroft Davies—nephew of the historian, and, after filling several diplomatic posts of eminence, reporter of the Supreme Court at Washington. One of the Americans who have lived much in Europe among the highest people—an intimate of Delane and Thackeray and Jerrold and the old guard generally—Mr. Davies is well able to sustain the interest of conversation in all the best modern memories of two hemispheres. It is something to refresh one's own recollections of the American Civil War with the help of a diplomat who stood over little Lord John when the latter was Foreign Secretary, uncomfortably leaning his elbow *up* on the mantelpiece during a two hours' grave debate on what might or might not be if the South were recognised; just about the time when Collector Price Edwards was getting into deep

waters of official difficulty in Liverpool, and when what is now the Bishop's Palace in a Liverpool Square was being built by Mr. Prioleau, of Fraser, Trenholm and Co., in the expectation of receiving the Southern Envoys.

Among other distinguished men whom it was well worth while to know, were a member of General Grant's last Administration, afterwards a leading lawyer in New York; a judge of the Supreme Court of that State; the mighty Chicago "dry goods" millionaire, Mr. Marshall Field—a gentleman of excellent judgment and shrewd conversation—who enriched his fellow-citizens by presenting them with one of the most beautiful buildings of the World's Fair, and endowing the same, at a cost altogether of about four millions of dollars; the head of the great Sugar Trust, reputed to be worth (a certain exactly stated number of) millions—not very talkative on board, but whose lightest word on going on to the Produce Exchange on landing was blazoned with sensation headings in the evening papers; a very charming, entertaining, instructive gentleman, long associated with vicissitudes of American finance, and now president of one of the Southern Railroads; and a stalwart, handsome, newly elected Senator, whose *rôle* it was to pleasantly discuss the Silver Question—the "quality" of which, in America, had happily proved to be "not eterne." At this juncture the Senator, who had been an enthusiastic Silver man, appeared to be engaged in what to observing brother Americans is, I should say, always an interesting process, that of climbing down in a more or less

dignified, more or less furtive, way, under the gentle compulsion of common-sense-inspiring events, from a position which, though stoutly maintained by the individual in the past, was always quietly pronounced by patient observers around him as one which all but cranks would eventually have to evacuate. It was pretty to see how gracefully, and with how little apparent deflexion of opinion, the Silver Senator was accomplishing this feat, and how the eyes of Americans twinkled as they sidled out of conversations with him, and remarked to each other that the gentleman was seeing things very differently. The strongest member of the English contingent on board was Mr. Hall Caine, setting out on his copyright mission, and an object of universal interest, as the author of "The Manxman" could not fail to be. There was a polite and unobtruded interest in learning what manner of man such a genius might be; and curiosity was agreeably rewarded. The brightest of my millionaire companions—the Chicago benefactor. He was a man of excellent tone, and good liberal self-culture. Some of the more "swell" Americans remarked that he had "the precise dry-goods manner," and possibly he may have more of the non-flexibility of a self-made man than Americans who have "arrived" generally display. But I confess that this to me—unaccustomed—had rather the effect of making Mr. Marshall Field seem to have been born in the money-purple. Anyhow he was a most urbane and engaging companion.

OF AN AWKWARD INTERVIEW WITH LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

I have already mentioned incidentally the conversation between Lord John Russell and the eminent American diplomat, Mr. Bancroft Davies, just before the Trent affair. His talk on the voyage told me that the British Foreign Secretary did not even ask him to be seated, but stood at the mantelpiece with his elbow leaned up. Whereupon the American Consul-General, as I think he then was, leaned on the mantelpiece too; and so they talked for a couple of hours. It is conceivable that Lord John might have had less to retract, and the *Alabama* damages might have been less, if Lord John Russell had offered the American gentleman a chair, and had better assimilated his arguments. The Americans in London believed that the vote in the Cabinet against recognising the South was a bare majority, seven to six. All sorts of Jingoes should realise how very silly this looks now.

OF MR. DELANE.

Mr. Davies was for a long time under Mr. Delane on the *Times*. He told us of the great editor's way of distributing his "topics" with little brief notes of instructions to his writers some time before midnight, and afterwards seeing their proofs and "putting the *Times* spice in."

OF TYPES OF CHARACTER.

Even when it is not permissible to publicly identify them, there is interest in taking stock of the people

one gets to know in a great company on board ship. To those afloat with me not yet indicated I would add four: Sagacious representatives of the Liverpool maritime insurance interest, pleasant companions, full of travelling information; equally high and equally pleasant Liverpool authorities on cotton, going out to survey the crop; a distinguished-looking American lady who was called "the street-cleaning lady," having undertaken to clean the streets of New York —I mean of actual mud—and who I afterwards thought must still have a good deal of work on hand in wet weather; and a very delightful young French gentleman who had courageously established a business in America, being all the time intimate in the best English hunting society, speaking English as well as he spoke French, seeming to be perfectly acquainted with high life and commercial life in New York, in everything showing himself a true gentleman. For the grandson and nephew of two great French political economists, and the nephew of another distinguished French politician who overthrew a most powerful Premier, to embrace so peculiar and original a career argued great strength of will and character, though under a sincere and modest guise of unaffected gentlemanhood. I need not conceal that this fascinating new acquaintance was of the family of the great Says.

OF NEW YORK LANDING-PLACES.

What most strikes an Englishman in landing at New York is that the wharves are all, so to speak, end-on. No ship is moored alongside. Each ship

turns at her moorings, and, as it were, pushes her nose, and follows her nose, into an opening just wide enough to receive her at right angles with the shore. This is rendered possible by the slightness of the variation between high and low water, which is never more than five or six feet. Ships and boats of all kind make their way into their berths bow on, with the greatest ease. An enormous saving of quay space and also a certain handiness of handling seemed to my non-expert eyes to result. Certainly, the numerous ferries are worked with a smoothness which no skill on the part of skippers could secure on the Mersey. The sides of the berths are fitted with battens—if that is the word—long strips of the barked outside planks of pines, lightly fixed on a transverse framework, so that they form a stationary, yielding, elastic fender for the sides of the boats, and the ends of the boats are rounded, so that they just fit into the quay, where it is hollowed out to receive them. Broad gangways are then promptly put down, and the passengers, horse and foot, go easily off. The berths for the great liners are, of course, differently constructed. The large sea-going boats do not come in contact with any fender-construction, and alongside of them is the great open Customs shed, into which the voyagers and their baggage descend the moment the arriving ship is brought to.

OF PRINCELY PUGILISM.

Shortly after arriving in New York I went to see Corbett in training—Corbett who not long ago was beaten by Fitzsimmons. He appeared to be a young

man of good manners and conduct and temper—would naturally be described as a gentleman by any one who casually encountered him. Though I was for hours with a considerable party at Corbett's training-quarters I did not hear a bad word nor see anything more objectionable than I should have seen in a boxing-room at a university. Nothing was drunk except one tumbler of plain Apollinaris. Prize-fights are another question. The friend who introduced me to the Corbett training-quarters has been considerably joked throughout America for advocating boxing and ignoring prize-fighting; but this is only what persons interested in athletics seem to do all the world over. For my own part I am not particularly interested in either, but when I had witnessed Corbett's day's work I could understand better than ever why St. Paul chose as a *simile* the exertions of the Roman competitors for a corruptible crown.

The manner of my invitation was on this wise: There are in America many athletic clubs. They are very remarkable institutions, with splendid buildings. The finest I saw was the Athletic Club of Chicago. Athletics are a passion. A considerable proportion of Americans recuperate rather by severe exercise and cold baths than by actual repose. It is no uncommon thing for men of business to go to their athletic club on their way home, and to box for an hour, or bathe and swim, as a relaxation or tonic after office fatigues. And for every sort of exercise the most perfect facilities are afforded. It is not a case of a mere billiard-room, as in an English club.

There is a billiard-room, and a larger one than in most English clubs. There is also as fine a reading-room, a finer smoking-room, as fine a drawing-room, often as good a library as would be found in most English clubs, besides a bar, a great lavatory, an elaborate cloakroom, an inquiry office, a barber's shop, a cigar stall, and everything that social man can desire. The dining-room at the Athletic Club, Chicago, is one of the handsomest in the world—very large, all in cream-white, with light oak furniture, and a ceiling of fan tracery with groined pendants for electric lights. This room illuminates with splendid effect. But the outer back shell of the building, reached in all directions by flights of stairs, is the location of the athletic facilities. Here is to be found a splendid swimming-bath, a fives-court or handball-court (the American name for the game), an abundance of dressing-rooms, fencing-rooms, and boxing rooms. In a room adjoining the latter I was introduced to the boxing instructor, a smart young fellow. He was reading a good English novel, but he had on his fleshings underneath a bathrobe, and was ready to lay aside his book for any member who might desire a little practice. No one who has not seen the scale on which things of this sort are done in America will readily believe my description ; but it is not in the least exaggerated.

What I am coming to is this : The greatest Athletic Club in the States—probably in the world—is the Olympic Club, San Francisco. I am afraid to say from memory what it cost or what are the dimensions of its swimming-bath, or to sketch the

pageants and Greek plays and various entertainments with which it has at various times electrified the very electrifiable and public-spirited Frisco community. This enormous and successful establishment had for its founder my friend Mr. Greer Harrison, a Liverpool man, who, though not a naturalised American, is one of San Francisco's best known and most trusted citizens. Here, if I mistake not, Corbett, who was once a banker's clerk, was, after his first triumphs in the ring, the teacher of boxing. He won great esteem ; Mr. Harrison became a patron and promoter of all his undertakings. Being in New York to witness at Brooklyn the production of a little play of his—for Mr. Greer Harrison is a genius of Briarean versatility—the idea occurred to him that he would like to see the training quarters of Corbett and "Corbett at Work" in New Jersey, and that he would like to take me with him. It was a lovely day and a beautiful trip. First we had a long and delightful sail and then an hour's journey by rail. Some parts of New Jersey—the parts chiefly seen if you do not go a long way first by water—are of a sufficiently dingy and manufacturing aspect. But further out the pretty wooden, shingle-faced houses—almost all moderate country houses are of wood in America—distributed with an eye to comfort and space amidst pretty woods and little lakes are a picture of suburban pleasantness. Most of these abodes are summer residences, where families come from New York and the big cities of New Jersey during the hot months. When we alighted at a pretty spot called Interlaken we had a long walk

along a plank path until we came to some houses, one of which was inhabited by Corbett and one by his manager or *entrepreneur*. A little in the rear of these are two buildings of wood, erected on purpose for the great gladiator's training. One of these was a sort of six-roomed rough wooden house. The other was a tall wooden-walled enclosure, prepared for boxing and for handball, with no accommodation for sitting or seeing except on a narrowish plank gallery at the end, without a front, and reached by a perpendicular ladder attached to the wall. A party of about ten had assembled. It was a little before twelve at noon. Corbett had already been hard at work for an hour. He was outside the wooden house in his bathrobe, otherwise nude except breeches and shoes. He greeted us politely, had a little frank, merry talk with Mr. Harrison, spoke easily about always being half frightened by the things that were written in derogation of his chances, but said he always plucked up his spirits by finding himself very well, and by observing that he came out of everything better than he expected. After a few moments he went back to work, and it is a literal fact that for three hours, without one instant's cessation and without a moment's breathlessness he was engaged in the most arduous exercise. He has quite a suite—his loyal young brother and several rising boys to play ball with ; his trainer, a burly wrestler ; and an accomplished pugilist. It is " one down another come on." He takes each at his own accomplishment, tires each, conquers each, and himself never turns a hair.

First Corbett worked at the wrist machine—a positively penal labour. It is to strengthen the wrist by working up and down, by merely twisting a bar, a heavy weight. Twice was about as many times as an ordinary man could do it without intense discomfort. Corbett did it patiently and without distress in his face at least fifty times up and fifty down. Then there were various muscular exercises with elastic machines. Then there was a sort of machine of an elaborate dumb-bell character which brought into tremendous corded action the muscles of Corbett's chest and shoulders. He is a thin, slight, tall, almost thread-paper looking young man, with a scholastic rather than a pugilistic head, but any athletic exercise made a wonderful exhibition on him of whipcord muscles—plenty of perspiration, but no sort of distress.

The next performance was wrestling. "Charles the Wrestler"—the expert with whom Corbett engaged—was a burly, heavy, strong, and active combatant, playfully called the young elephant. The wrestling was whatever might take place in a prize-fight. It was most strenuous, almost painful to behold. The mass of man against whom Corbett was pitted showed considerable signs of tremendous distress at the end of each five minutes' round, and had all his work to do in the minute intervals to pull himself together. But Corbett each time danced about the floor during the interval, and invited his brother to "feint" with him, which he did skilfully and rapidly; and the champion was always ready for the next wrestle. After several rounds we adjourned to the tall wooden oblong

enclosure, and there for an hour or more enjoyed Corbett's indefatigable handball playing. The brilliancy of it, his agility, the quickness of his eye, his brisk, good-humoured drill, and prompting of his partner, made as interesting an exhibition of prowess at fives as could be imagined. And then, when three o'clock approached, this tireless man proceeded at a minute's notice to half an hour or so at boxing proper with one of the smartest, tallest, most alert, and most powerful boxers in the American ring. I know nothing of boxing, but Corbett's seemed different from all others. May I say it was Irvingesque? It had no show of brawn, no tremendous slogging, no sledge-hammer motions. It was constantly fidgety in its play of the fists, and must have been most fretting to his adversary. The latter was scarcely once quick enough to get within his guard, and several times Corbett planted blows home most effectively. After several rounds thus vigorously maintained, away he went, bidding us a cheery goodbye, to bathe and be rubbed down after his four hours' incessant, strenuous, rapid work. Whatever else training for a fight may be, it is not dissipation or laziness, or child's play. And the conditions under which Corbett's was carried on, the choice elegance of everything, and the unexceptionable behaviour and talk were great surprises.

CHAPTER XV

OF CROKER THE BOSS.

AS I descended the steps of the great Brooklyn Bridge a friend who was showing me the sights exclaimed somewhat impetuously, "See, that's Croker." I knew who Croker was, and looked hard to see what he was like. I saw a very ordinary man, somewhat brisk but quite common-place, plainly dressed—might have been a valet, or a tradesman going round seeing how his workmen were going on with their work—with rather shortly clipped black hair and whiskers, both turning slightly grey. Richard Croker is a renowned Tammany Boss—a Sachem of the Wigwam—cant Press phrase—combines the acquisition of millions (nobody quite knows how) with the maintenance of a political ascendency, alleged to be very low and rough, in New York, and with the cultivation of horse-racing. The Democrats, proud and virtuous as some of their leaders are, have not disdained his aid. Even Mr. Cleveland sent his good wishes to Tammany. Tammany reeks with corruption and municipal malfeasance of every kind; but Tammany was thus encouraged in a great election and Tammany won. Mr. Cleveland's *imprimatur* may have held to Tammany many of the respectable Democrats who are

by sympathy in favour of decent public government, but the general verdict would be that Croker and other Sachems, working up the people, under the practical apathy—though by no means apathy of opinion—of men of higher tone, had more to do with the Tammany triumph. Mr. Croker is alleged to have been twice acquitted of murder. His son—I believe a good, unassuming youth—went to Harvard. The Press immediately went to work day by day to chronicle in spicy paragraphs how young Croker was getting on at College—whether he read or didn't read, whether he played games or didn't—(he did and got hurt, which was quite a *bonne bouche* for that day's papers)—whether the other students cut him or associated with him, and all about it. Thus it is to be a political "boss" in the United States—a being, of course, just as far removed from a good American politician, such as Mr. Bristow, of New York, or Judge Hatch, of Buffalo, as one man can be from another; but a being who is always permitted to be "at his work again"—and again; a being with whom, sad to say, American politics has never yet dispensed.

OF NEW YORK BUSINESS MEN.

The great business men in America seem fairly accessible with anything like a good introduction, are most polite to everybody, and do not give you the impression of being short of time. Such men as Mr. Flint, or the great men of the Standard Oil Company, Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Rogers, have usually a string of people waiting to see them. All use secretaries freely, and have lady typewriters constantly at work.

They look cool and unworried, and receive a caller who gets the *entrée* with cordiality and in a conversible mood. Opportunity gave me an especial chance of seeing something of the underwriters' business, and I was much struck by the wise co-operation of the various companies, and the efficient working of careful and industrious committees under competent chairmen so as to obtain uniformity of action in difficult cases.

OF A "SANITARY DISTRICT."

Near Chicago I saw a most wonderful sight—a whole district many miles in extent given over by some expedient of law, or some prescription of State usage, to practically absolute rule during the construction of vast works. In America the permanent legislation which throws on the rating of a large area the cost of a work such as the great new canal is associated with easy and confident action on the part of the Governor of the State. You may imagine what a body of men—and what men—are suddenly settled in this little territory, constituting quite a new and special community, and requiring (what they would not have in England) very special government. The district is ruled, and ruled well, ruled briskly, firmly, unflinchingly and vigilantly by a public officer—head of the police—called a marshal. I had the gratification and advantage of driving about for a day with Mr. Williams, who occupies this post. I have seldom met a more interesting, striking, satisfactory man. About fifty years old—began life at sea—was a skipper sailing to Liverpool—knows his old business and his present business, and others, thoroughly

—has that general sense and grip and competency which strikes you in Americans of so many sorts when you tackle them. I could see that in his administration he was curt, commanding, straight, peremptory, just, kind. Once we encountered some negro labourers out with guns—"hunting," as they call it all over America—we should say shooting. Marshal Williams pulled up, questioned them sharply, told them the rules, warned them to obey them, and the four or five armed men exhibited the utmost humility and docility. But the greater part of the labour, as everywhere in the Northern States, is not negro; is not any longer Irish; it is Italian. You may imagine the look of the navvies: dark, swarthy, often lowering countenances—habits to correspond; frequent quarrels; knives easily out, and often fatally used; revolvers too, knuckledusters, razors, every sort of rough weapons of offence. You should have seen the collection of these things that had been seized by the police, and that were in a great drawer at one of the police depôts—a wild and gruesome sight, though it may be hoped that few of these had been lethally used; only seized on men taken up for disorder. But at another depôt there was, while I was there for a few minutes, a telephone message of a murder, about which the marshal had to send instructions as we passed on. Such things occur with terrible frequency —every few days. The Italians give the police little trouble when actually dealt with. In the presence of the police they submit. But among themselves they are very turbulent. The police are not much in evidence, but can easily be concentrated on a point.

One very curious affair in the district was a "tough" municipality, which had to be dealt with by law—or, perhaps, without law. "Tough" in America means "rough" or "low." A little township had grown larger by the influx of labour. With the facility of such things in the States, it had got a mayor. This Mayor was a drinkseller, and for that reason a foe of the real authority of the district; yet he had the legal authority in his township. He encouraged drink saloons —and other things. There were seventy-five coloured women of evil character in the little town, and sixty-nine white ones. The latter gave much more trouble than the former. The police of the "Sanitary District," under their marshal, expelled them all. The Mayor continued his practices. He was haled before a superior court for malfeasance in his office and was arrested, but he was let out on bail, and when I was there it was quite uncertain how it would end, and whether law would prove too strong and cunning for social right, or whether the Government and the marshal would succeed in flooring the Mayor and getting the place more morally governed. As far as one can judge, whatever of good could be done, that firm-set, true, good minister of order and justice, Marshal Williams, would do. It is important that all that is possible is done for the welfare of the workmen. Their eating-places are really fine second-rate restaurants, food perfectly good and various and well cooked, with superior restaurants for foremen and officers. In one of these we had a lunch that could not well have been beaten at the Richelieu, in Chicago, except that there were no fantastic dainties. The

sleeping huts are equally good. The engineering appliances, the aerial flying waggons, the ropes on which they fly, the rock-cutting machinery, the blastings, of all these and many other things that surprised and fascinated me as components of a great spectacle I say nothing, because they are doubtless already familiar to all my readers who might be specially interested in them, and my description would be too imperfect; but on me they made an ineffaceable impression.

OF AN AMERICAN COURT.

The usual plan of American courts of justice is a large plain hall with a flat floor. There are benches over most of the area for the general public, but a square space of considerable extent is more or less reserved in front of the judge, with the jury-seats (raised) flanking it—reserved for counsel, witnesses, persons concerned in the cause, and any other having the *entrée*. The judge sits at a desk on a daïs at the end of the hall. There is less of the counsel steadily facing him than there is in English courts. They face the jury rather, and their table is so arranged. Neither judge nor counsel wear wigs, and only in the Supreme Court at Washington are gowns worn, and there only by the judges. My experience in America led me to think that what you may read about *bizarre* manners and customs in American courts is either joke or refers to wild outlying territories. The proceedings in the courts I was in were extremely quiet and orderly, and the observations of the judge rather formal and precise. The speeches of counsel went just straight to the mark.

OF BOSTON.

Almost all untravelled Englishmen remind you of Boston by asking if it isn't far more English than other American cities. Probably Boston Common and the streets adjoining it are what make Boston so acceptable to Europeans. Am I rash in saying that the people have a more English and a more aristocratic look than the New Yorkers? This may be a rough generalisation. The Boston girls are tall, distinguished, refined, thoughtful—look as if they had "a good deal in them"—dress interestingly, and with an originality which is very distinct, though it stops short of singularity. Men of middle age pass to that period from their youth, I think, in Boston, with more of the refining process that we observe in some English careers than is discernible in New York—as a rule. If you look round a theatre or a club in Boston the idea will occur to you that most of the men, from fifty years old onwards, have a look of the English Civil Service, and many of them have a look of university or literary life—which would not be said generally of men of the same age in New York. There is an aspect about the place which seems to suggest that there will be a bookseller's shop everywhere near handy. No one knows how such impressions get into the mind. They may be quite fallacious; but they do come.

OF CERTAIN COTTAGES AND COTTAGERS.

Among the places that I shall always like to be reminded of, I place very high Newport, the fashionable American watering-place. It is there the Cottagers

live in their Cottages. The Cottages are palaces. The Cottagers are multi-millionaires. When this is said one expects something glossy, loud, and vulgar. There can be no greater mistake. Doubtless there is at Newport in the season much show and "side." About that I cannot speak, for when I was there the season had just closed, and most of the Cottagers had gone. What I testify is that everything that is material and permanent at Newport—that most wonderful of seaside places—is in faultless taste. I have confessed to meeting one or two millionaires on the *Teutonic* who were pleasant, modest, and interesting men. I met one or two millionaires in Wall Street and in Broadway and they pleased me very much. But I did not have access, or seek it, to any of the Vanderbilts or their set. I was told that they were quiet, reticent men, who rather cultivated taciturnity for fear of being got at. In their homes in New York they live rather exclusively in a set. They differ in type. One Vanderbilt was rather churchy and philanthropic. "W. K." is not. Another is much interested in science. But they do not go about except among their own congeners, and I did not find any one who knew exactly what, besides money, was the open-sesame to their *coterie*, or what the conversation and society within that *coterie* were like. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt went into the down-town Delmonico's like you or me, and ate silently a simple chop. What he and his friends talked about in the splendid mansion on Fifth Avenue or in the Cottage with fifty servants at Newport you and I are not likely to know without taking more trouble to discover than would be at all

worth while. Three things may be said with confidence—first, that it is almost impossible to be concerned constantly with great affairs without acquiring some sort of superiority of mind; secondly, the American peculiarity of not revealing by manner and pronunciation with any accuracy social and intellectual status is likely enough to make much millionaire society decidedly mixed in aspect and in sound; and thirdly, the conversation of all modern high life in all countries is apt to be in the main frivolous and slangy and easily caught up.

I was told that Newport society was much more homogeneous than the society of any other American watering-place, and much more homogeneous than that of Brighton or Eastbourne. There are no lodging-houses. The place consists of the "Cottages" (enormous palaces on the cliff of the bay); of separate houses standing in their own smaller grounds composing the bulk of the town, and occupied in the summer season by rich families of New York and Boston, each about four hours distant; of one or two large hotels; and of a few streets of shops to supply the needs of the summer residents. There are no "trippers." There are no lower-middle-class holiday-makers. Practically all who go to Newport are people who are able to lead luxurious lives, and the standard, though of course far above the possibilities even of most rich people, is set by the "Cottagers," whose wonderful abodes surround the bay. I went to the Casino, which in the season is every day at hours of assembly as brilliantly crowded as was Ranelagh. I found it a soberly decorated place —prevailing colour olive-green; style of architecture

that of old country houses ; arbours and outbuildings all built of wood in old English country-house style. The lawns are shaven well. The plantations are pleasant and bosky. There are facilities for every sort of game and sport. There is a pretty theatre and concert-room.

Near by is the bathing-place, in a lovely smooth part of the bay, with a pavilion and hundreds of dressing-rooms. Here in the season great crowds disport themselves, going into the water often, sauntering, lounging, reading, gossiping from morning hour to morning hour on the beautiful sand. And Newport has drives and rides and excursions which keep its equipages thoroughly in exercise when Newport people are at Newport. To me as a casual visitor the great charm of the place lay in the palaces on the cliffs, and the beauty and originality of the arrangements of this main glory of Newport. Imagine the most beautiful bay you could desire—fresh, of lovely sea colours, the sea view grand, the bay-coast all cliff nobly rounded, lofty, picturesque, in some places like the coast of the Channel Islands, in some places like the south coast of England, with every variety of interesting change of beach and of sand and shingle, with lobster-pots here, fishing-piers there, and all that can diversify a walk round a long curved cliff of several miles in length. The high ground of which the cliff is the edge is for a considerable distance inland as flat as a billiard-table and its grass as smooth. It is on this noble flat expanse that the "Cottages" are built. Each is on the centre of a small estate, well cultivated, the delicious lawns being dotted and variegated with

shrubberies and plantations. At about equal distances from each other round the bay on this fine plateau stand the palaces which are called "Cottages." These magnificent houses are about six hundred feet apart. They are vast mansions of the finest and most original architecture, employed upon the noblest materials. A volume illustrating them would be one of the finest gift-books conceivable. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's Cottage compared favourably with the British Foreign Office as seen from St. James's Park. The situation of these houses, the distribution, the separation without fencing or walling, give to the whole scene as a great site of mansions an unimaginable spaciousness, with the bay as a glorious outlook. No description can convey an idea or produce credence of this marvellous spectacle of well and graciously and artistically applied wealth—wealth which has harnessed to its aspirations the greatest architectural art of the country.

But the best part of the whole recollection is connected with a right-of-way. All round the edge of the great hollowed cliff there is a beautiful well-kept path. The lovely sward comes down to it, and the palaces all stand well back—two hundred yards, perhaps, from the cliff. Observe, there are no fences. There is nothing to prevent you, if you are rude enough, from walking up the lawn and staring into Mr. Lorillard's or any other "Cottager's" lordly windows. No one does, but anybody might. How is it that these palace-mansions are planned and built in this open and unprotected way? Why are they not brought right down to the cliff edge? Or why are they not shut in from vulgar

gaze and trespassing? Well, there was a right-of-way round that cliff which had to be respected. So the "Cottagers" agreed upon a policy. We know what would have happened in this country. The path would have had a grim wall built just inside of it, and the dukes and gentlemen who were going to build the mansions would have instructed their architects to secure for them a maximum of sea-view while taking care that the passing pedestrian public got a minimum of opportunity to see their houses and grounds. Instead of that, these much-abused American millionaires hit on the bold and beautiful idea of building two hundred yards in, and leaving their grounds and lawns absolutely open right down to the public path. The result is such a combination of natural and contrived beauty, open for the enjoyment of all, as is not to be seen on such terms anywhere else in the world.

CHAPTER XVI

OF A LITTLE ESTATE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

I CHERISH an agreeable and helpful recollection of Tillery, North Carolina. It is a typical place where the old and the new are brought together. The name is the name of the slave-holding family which held the property and had the only considerable house here in the slavery days. Tillery, on a pleasant, breezy, open area of country belted at a fair distance by pine and other woods, is now a small township of two or three streets; two or three "stores" (shops); a little church, standing outside the little group of thoroughfares; a railway station in the heart of the group; a big lumber-mill, about five minutes removed from the centre; a number of detached houses—all houses of wood; and standing farthest out the old Tillery mansion, where the Tillery slave-owner used to live, and which now belongs to the Lumber Company, and is kept up for the use of the directors on their occasional visits. It was here I enjoyed the most beautiful hospitality. Some of the provisions were sent from New York, but the fine, old, spacious, well-appointed, abundantly lardered and cupboarded old house is as well stocked as it is well kept by the two faithful, skilful, coloured men-servants in whose

charge it is left. These men do all the work: cooking, valeting, house-cleaning, stabling, poultry-tending (on a largish scale); and are perfect domestics. An experience of three days may mean little. My friend had had the experience of years, and he and these two admirable men regarded each other with mutual affection. The two servants are brothers, and both natural children of the old slave-owner. Their mother, a still pretty little elderly negress, lives comfortably near in a jolly cottage. The end of the war and the liberation of the slaves threw them on the world—but "mighty" glad of their freedom—at an early age. They went through many hard vicissitudes; learnt much in many places; worked back eventually to the old estate, and now are comfortably settled in the new service of the Lumber Company, under conditions which could never have been looked forward to. In those parts the point of time from which everything is dated is "befo' the war," or "befo' General Lee's surrender," since which all the changes have taken place. Both these men-servants are married. One—a very thoughtful, quietly judging man—is a farmer as well as a domestic; and in the cultivation of cotton, and pea-nuts, and "corn"—that is to say maize, which flowers and flaunts, and looks glorious in its harvest sober yellow all about—and tobacco, succeeds prosperously. The other brother is of lighter mood; a man of easy, confident assertion, to whose *flamboyant* anecdote his brother is always a good-humoured, twinkling, sardonic check. His wife—one of the finest women, of the finest claret-brown complexion, of the most graceful movements, of the most ready

and face-lighting smiles, and of the most velvety natural voice that the soft South can produce—lives in the little cottage I have mentioned with her husband's quaint little beauty-mother, and her own mother, a fine, jolly, ample, broadly laughing contrast.

How likeable the people are, and the pleasure of talking to them can scarcely be realised without going South and living with them. The voices of these coloured men and women are an absolute luxury. Americans of the North and West have choice virtues, but the voices of many of them, especially the ladies, are nasal, and of not a few the accent is sharp and vinegary. The talk of the Southern negroes is as oil pouring from a jar. Their point of view is often quaint, and almost of necessity not one's own. One gets surprised continually by new facets of fact, and it is worth while to bring the coloured folk out about anything—most remunerative, of course, about what they know about, but very remunerative even about things which you enable them to imagine. Perhaps the occurrence most interesting of all that happened to me in America was a little conversation I had with a coloured man on the subject of coloured Churches. The prevailing sect in that part of the country is the Baptist denomination. They used to be Hard Shell Baptists—that is to say, Hyper-Calvinists—but now they are more of the Moody type. Seeing only one church in the village, and knowing how religious the negroes are, I presumed that blacks and whites attended the same worship together.

On the Sunday morning there was to be a baptism.

But not at the church. At Tillery Church there is no baptistery. Baptisms are therefore performed in an all the more picturesque fashion. We drove—everybody within ten miles drove—at ten on that bright, hot, beautiful Sunday morning to an ideal pool. As we drove up a little late the minister at the side of the water was reading the story of Philip and the Eunuch. Never did it sound to me so impressive. The pool was of an irregular circular shape—shining and pellucid; large, but almost seeming overhung by the environing trees; banks rising from about three-parts of the circle; the light tempered by the shade, but a glorious *velarium* of blue sky gleaming above the water. At one point there was a real (not ornate, but pretty) rustic bridge, on which were Sunday-garbed spectators, and others dotted themselves about at every point of vantage on the banks. After reading a most suitable *cento* of Scripture, the minister, in his ordinary dress—that of a minister with a black tie—received from one of his people a tall hazel-rod, walked slowly down about ten feet into the water, planted the newly cut rod in the water, that he might know the place, and then, while the people sang "Jesu, lover of my soul," returned to fetch the first candidate. The first candidate was a young lady, and she and all the other candidates, of whom there were seven or eight, wore their usual dress. When she and the minister had waded down to the rod-spot, she placed her hands crossed upon her breast, the minister held them there with his left hand, then, putting his right hand between her shoulders, he lowered her backwards beneath the water, pronouncing baptismal words. One of the

baptized was the most skilled overseer of the great Sawmills. Another was his son. It was all solemn. I could not tell whether it was usual or out of the common course. But there it was. These good people had "professed religion," and that was understood, just as it is understood wherever English is spoken, though, curiously enough, the Church of England, and especially its Ritualistic branch, knows nothing about it.

But all this time, where were the negroes? I had gone expecting to see blacks baptized. Where were they? A service was announced—the usual morning service—to take place at Tillery little church as soon as people could get there. All the baptized went off to change their clothes, and to turn up at the church afterwards, and receive from every one present the right hand of Christian fellowship. When we arrived at the church we sunned ourselves outside amid an enlarging group of intending worshippers. They were types. There was a man of business from a larger little town where they had a baptistery. He was sound on the currency and talked sense about it—as all the Americans did that I met—and laughed at cranks and silver, and told good stories of currency fatuity. There was a tall, grizzled old soldier who had been in the war, and said Lee was like Henry V., always about among his men in easy dress, colloguing with them. But Stonewall Jackson and Longstreet were more stand-offish and aristocratic, he told us as he stood there. General Lee, he said, knew what the end would be and tried to make peace long before he surrendered, and could have got much better terms

for the South if he had been listened to. We went into the church. We had a service. The sermon by the baptizing minister was unduly ambitious. They sang a tune that I had not heard since childhood ; and as I had just left the Arlington Hotel and Arlington Heights it seemed strange that that tune should be Arlington. And in the hymn-book I found what I had never found in any hymn-book before—a Scotch hymn, "I am far from my hame, and I'm weary aften whiles." I was told afterwards that there is a very strong Scottish element in North Carolina, and I found many proofs of it. But there were no negroes.

I am coming to my story. I was scandalised by this separate worship. I went about saying wild things. "Oh, this is shocking!" "Better have no religion." "God does not want this." "If you can't worship Him all together, don't worship at all." And so on. Next day came my rebuke. I was having a quiet talk with a coloured man I had got greatly to enjoy. On the afternoon of that memorable Sunday I had been at a great Penitentiary—of which more anon. There in one of the wards I saw a negro prisoner preaching Christ crucified, ecstatically, tearfully, tragically, to his fellow-prisoners. It prepared me for what I was to hear on the Monday. I said to my coloured friend on Monday, "Now tell me : if you had absolutely your own way, would you go to your own separate coloured church, or would you rather worship at the same church as the white people?" Without a moment's hesitation he replied—and replied very gravely with half-tears in his voice and in his

looks. It was with the solemnity of a tremulous devotee. He hadn't a moment to think. He was ready. My question plunged to the depths of his soul. "Oh, boss," said he, in the soft, velvet earnest of a negro's speech when moved, "I should like ma own colour all de time. Dey haven't got Spir't of God—de white folks. If dey have"—with a sort of relenting—"if dey have, don't make same use of Him we do. If Spir't o' God comes to us de tears stream from our eyes"—very slow, emphatic pronunciation of "stream." "De tears stream from our eyes, and we wring our hands." Action accordingly. "'Taint so with de white folks. Dey haven't got Spir't o' God as we have. Same faith and order, but give me ma own colour all de time."

I was amused as we sat over our crackling evening fire, made of the "lightwood" that Amelia Rives describes so well in one of her novels, at remembering the case of a coloured man who had explained to us his divorce and remarriage. His wife was a dusky belle of unquestionable attraction. He had been a very lively gentleman at coloured dances and pleasure parties. There were two sisters whom he knew, with the sweetest names. They were all but absolutely indistinguishable twins. He told us with softening eyes that if a person knew and would examine very curiously he might find a slight difference in one of their ears. "Didn't he have great difficulty in distinguishing the girl he loved?" "Why, certainly, a mighty great difficulty." No, it was not by the ear *he* did it. He knew of another distinction, which knowledge seemed to be his own peculiar property. The

hand of his young lady was slightly smaller. He glowed gently as he remembered that he had never once been mistaken. They had all walked home together often from church in the dark on Sunday nights, and he had sidled up and taken the hand of either, and he always knew. A pretty idyll, surely. But what of the sequel? They married. About a year after they were divorced. How was that? There did not appear to have been anything very bad. Well—"She wouldn't be controlled. It was better'n quarellin' all de time." But in five years they came together again. "Was she controlled now?" Oh yes, "she was quite subdued." She certainly looked a picture of unforced and continuous gaiety. They were living happy "ever afterwards." How did the reunion and remarriage come about? With a very significant smile, and a mellifluous slackening of utterance the answer came—"Well, she told me she would like to come back." All's well that ends well, and this simple story of North Carolina divorce is an idyll still.

OF AN AMERICAN PENITENTIARY FARM.

One of the most original places I ever saw was a place of confinement for prisoners in North Carolina State. This "Penitentiary Farm" was practically a prison, but on the basis mainly of open-air life and occupation in agriculture. The place is beautifully situated in a fine open country, and the large acreage devoted thus by the State is principally employed in the cultivation of cotton. Bales marked "C. P." are not uncommon on Liverpool wharves, and when seen

may be known to have come from the North Carolina Penitentiary Farm, of which Major MacIver was, when I visited it, the head. He was a fine specimen of a tall and sturdy ruler of men. It was only necessary to look at him and to hear his conversation to feel that here was one who must excel in discipline, as indeed it was necessary that he should; for many of the prisoners had been turbulent enough in their criminal life. There were 500 prisoners divided between two establishments, both on the same Farm, and of these 500 only about fifty were white men. Some of these white men were among the worst, but many of the others had been pretty bad. They were in for long periods of confinement, and it was said, I know not with what truth, that it was a practice in these Southern States to punish the blacks more severely than the whites. Order appeared to be easily kept. There were thirty armed guards to the 500 prisoners, and fifteen overseers. There were also a certain number of prisoners called "Trusties," who could be depended on as gangers, &c. The prisoners wore as dress horizontal patterned "blazers." The discipline was undoubtedly severe, and confessedly consisted chiefly of corporal chastisement. The men were sometimes flogged with hickory sticks if they needed correction, and sometimes with whips. I asked if they were tied up to triangles, but was informed that as a rule they took their punishment without being tied up, and that it did not very often have to be administered. My visit was made on a Sunday, and everything seemed jolly enough. The men were inside an enclosure busily engaged in

various sports, while some were reading, and it was here in one of the sleeping-wards that I heard the impassioned negro preacher, himself one of the prisoners, of whom I have already made mention. The bakery and cooking-houses appeared to be excellently managed, and among the prisoners who were employed in these departments there were a number of household pets, including a goat, a lovely antelope, and a wild family of opossums. The prisoners as a rule looked perfectly happy, and I should think their life was as comfortable as it could be in the circumstances. It certainly was very healthy.

OF PHRASES IN DAILY AMERICAN USE.

I remember the following. Americans generally, I think, say "Come" instead of "Come in" when there is a knock at the door. Instead of "I beg your pardon" in passing you or in failing to understand what you say they use the expression "Excuse me." They call a man of powerful mind "brainy." A brook or beck they call a "crick." Anything made abroad they call "imported"; anything made at home "domestic." Thus they speak—with disrespect—of the "domestic cigar." In most parts of the States "clever" does not mean clever, but pleasant, agreeable. For "temporary" the word commonly used is "transient." Thus you have transient board or transient employment. The negroes in the South, when they mean that a man died, say that he "ceasted." A "tough" everywhere is a low fellow, and tough is used for low as an adjective. Thus we hear of "a tough neighbourhood." For a "bee-line"

the Americans say an "air-line." When in the South —I do not know about the North—you read on a notice-board "Posted," it means that the proprietor forbids trespass and everything else that can be objected to on his land. Goods traffic is called "transportation." A very interesting expansion of an adjective is the use of the word "conservative" as meaning "moderate." For instance, if a newspaper writer or any one in conversation were considering how many people there had been in a certain crowd he would probably say, "It would be a very conservative estimate to put that crowd down at 10,000."

OF WORDS THAT DISAPPEAR ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Bagehot says it used to be said of the Lake school of criticism in Wordsworth's early days that there was no such term as elegant in its nomenclature. Nowadays we know that there is not an English writer who would use the word elegant in criticism, and few talkers would use it in conversation, but that it is frequently used both orally and in writing in America. There are many words and some pronunciations that are in similar case; disused here, used there. One of these may be seen in that circulated-by-the-million book, "In His Steps." There is a passage describing the First Church of a city. In it there are these sentences: "His church was counted the largest and most wealthy church in Raymond. All the best people attended it, and most of them *belonged*." To the majority of English readers the word I have italicised conveys no meaning. Those who understand it will be Dissenters, rather elderly ones; and

they will admit that the word is not now used even among them. But forty years ago it was an habitual Nonconformist locution. In every Independent and Baptist Church there is a distinction between the congregation and the "church"—the latter being supposed really converted people, who have associated themselves in the fellowship. "Belong" was short for "belong to the church," and you would hear one Congregational Dissenter say of another, "Oh yes, he goes to such and such a chapel, but he doesn't belong." Discarded on this side of the Atlantic, it survives on the other.

OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF AMERICANS IN POLITICS.

The better sort of Americans are frequently accused of indifference to politics. Is it indifference or patience? The latter, it seems to me, remembering what has several times been said to me in the United States, that there is a good deal of the latter quality. Americans are not indifferent about anything. They have an easy faith in their system of government—a faith still more robust in the resources and enterprise and industry of their country. They believe that things will go well, or at least will come right. They have an instinct that when anything is pending, when any interest of the public is in danger, or when any very desirable object is in view for ultimate attainment, the right thing will take place at the psychological moment. The prevailing opinion of all the eminent Americans I met except one—and he, the others laughingly said, was coming to it—when the silver question had for some time been a serious diffi-

culty, was that it was virtually at an end. In their judgment there had not been a serious silver question for some time. Only cranks had taken the silver side. Yet, in this country we all took note of the wild silver policy speeches and articles, and considered that the silver men would "have quite as good a show" as those whose currency views were more rational. The psychological moment would come and suddenly settle all. Except in very dramatic circumstances psychological moments are difficult exactly to observe. But there are such dramatic moments, and even when there is nothing dramatic visible the pivot-juncture may have arrived. A judge of one of the Supreme Courts—a man of much culture and observation—told me that he had expounded this view at an important dinner-table in England where there were present members of the then and of the last Cabinet. He happened to have met almost the same party in the previous year about the time when the Pulman riots were on at Chicago. At that time his English friends at the table said to him, "What a Government yours is! See the lengths to which this thing is being carried. You are letting everything go by the board. These fellows are just doing what they like with impunity, and your country will soon be all chaos." To this the urbane judge gave them a smiling reply, full of the what seems to us fatalistic patience of the American. "Oh no," said he; "things look rather bad, and it is not quite easy to say when they will be stopped and put right. But it is quite certain that some morning everybody will suddenly say that this thing has gone far enough. And just on that very

morning the President, with or without technical justification of law, will interpose, and the riots will be over in a few hours." The judge "claimed" that this was just what happened. Well, when he met the same distinguished party in the year when I met him, they talked to him about the silver affair and said that this was going to ruin the finances and credit of the United States. To which he replied by reminding them of his successful Pulman prophecy of the last year, and by foretelling that the psychological moment in the silver matter would not be long delayed. His favourite citation on this subject was a dictum of Abraham Lincoln: "You may fool all the people for a time; and you may fool a few of the people all the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time." This persuasion—a sound Democratic one—enables Americans to bear with philosophy and to observe with amusement the vagaries, many of them insincere and not a few of them cranky, by which the aspect of American politics is often made ridiculous. I am not defending any weak or frivolous or callous toleration of actual evil or corruption to which this quite peculiar trait of the American judgment leads. I deeply regret that it tends to make respectable Democrats patronise Tammany and virtuous Republicans endorse the arrangements of Mr. Platt. All the same, I do applaud the sound truth which the Lincoln saying and faith in it involve. Where there is a Republic no one need ever commit the crime of despairing of it. Where the system of government is not purely Democratic, there may often be reason to fear, because you never

can be sure that the good sense of the people is having free course and will be glorified. You can never be sure that some influence of class, or prescription of rank, or technicality of constitution may not render the settlement of public questions factitious or artificial.

Two other rather subtler points I am reminded of in this connection. The first is a *per contra*. In the absence of strong public demonstrations at times of emergency the Americans are apt to employ strong expedients. Of these I believe many interesting instances might be collected. Not quite unassociated with this point is the great facility of State legislation. Knowing what an endless business it is to get anything carried in this country, it is curious to hear eminent and sound Americans complaining of the ease with which bills can be passed. Often they are in the interest of great syndicates. Sometimes they are in the interest of order. They introduce constant variations of the law, to the considerable inconvenience of the courts and the public, and they afford great chances of peculation. Altogether they are much complained of by many wise and honest men. This sudden and facile law-making, however, is not the only expedient by which Americans deal with exigencies about which they abstain from making any public fuss.

I heard a discussion one day about Pinkertons' men. Pinkertons were a firm originally, I think, of detectives. But they extended their operations, if you please, to the purveying of armies. If you had a strike at your works, Pinkertons would supply you with

a couple of thousand armed and drilled men just as easily as Mr. Whiteley would supply you with a score of waiters. In the discussion I heard about it one very eminent New Yorker said it was quite right: violence must be met by violence, and they ought to be glad that there was a firm ready to furnish a little army where a little army was wanted. An eminent Chicagoan—these sides so taken were not typical at all of the respective cities—pleased me much better by condemning the Pinkerton expedient altogether and declaring that only the nation should supply an organised force for the maintenance of public order. One can see at a glance what demoralisation of government and what risks of civil war might arise if the Pinkerton method of levying private war became general. It was really amazing that a civilised Government should tolerate such a practice. But it arose from the feebleness and philosophy of public opinion. Somebody must put down strike violence. Public opinion would not interfere until "some fine morning." In the meantime, those personally concerned must devise or accept such physical force assistance as the bold private Pinkerton enterprise offered. That way danger lay; but it was significant that the building of armouries—very strong, scientifically defended erections—in most of the great cities suggested that the authorities were not unconscious of the dangers which might come of a labour war, and were determined to be prepared for them. This was being done silently and with every appearance of sureness.

That Reminds Me——

OF THE EXTREME TOLERATION OF THE AMERICAN MIND.

You often see in American newspapers articles which you are surprised did not get into the waste-basket, but I was led to put that down to the tolerant quality which is continually being exemplified. I remember reading in an important journal an article on "The Secret of Keeping Young." The heroine of it was a lady of whose refined and intellectual face a pleasant portrait was given. The lady, it appeared, had come to the conclusion that the great need of the hour was a home in the heart of the city, a home of rest, recuperation, and regeneration, where any who wished might enjoy home comforts and sociability, and at the same time be restored to health by the "power of the spirit." So the lady "projected her thought," and as a resultant she has a sunny house, of which a great description was given. By the merest accident, of course, this lady was "interviewed," and truly wonderful was her eloquent account of the regeneration, physical and mental, which was the regular process at her "recuperative" home. One of her plans was, I recollect, to have a "concentration hour." That was—she would take a list of beautiful words like love, hope, good, and courage, &c., and talk of one of them for a while, and then ask those who were listening to keep very still and concentrate their minds upon the idea meant to be conveyed by these words. By such means she felt sure that in a short time tired, wearied-looking girls and women would be, as it were, made anew. One of her dearest friends, she said, was a woman who positively grew more youthful in

appearance every year, and did it all through the power of concentrating her mind upon beautiful thoughts persistently.

Now there might be something in this—besides keeping a clever boarding-house; but as given the thing is too absurd, and America is the only country in which such an article as this would get into a first-rate newspaper. And of the American newspaper-readers most would read it; and while some would smile almost imperceptibly, as who should say, "There are many ways of getting a living," not a few would regard this lady's undertaking and doctrine as quite feasible, and not at all to be sneered at. In fact, clever as the Americans are, there is less sneering in the United States than anywhere else. Let any one show "go" and grit and any sort of originality, and he or she is received with toleration bordering on credulity. There is in New York a celebrated and very interesting drinking-saloon, excellently conducted, selling good things, and rendered notable by curious exhibits, which owes its popularity to its founder having announced many years ago that he was going to give the profits of a certain day in each week, which he named, to his employees.

OF A BUREAU OF JUSTICE.

Before dropping the subject of American open-mindedness, let me give another illustration of that absence of pooh-poohing which, for good and for evil, is a marked trait in American ways of thought. At Chicago I found a Bureau of Justice supported by

voluntary contributions. What might it mean? It sounded like a public department, which, of course, would not be supported by subscriptions. The Bureau published an Annual Report, and on the cover of this Report the objects were stated. Two of these were very general—namely, (1) the taking cognisance of the workings of existing laws and methods of procedure and suggesting improvements; and (2) the proposing of new and better laws, and making efforts to secure their enactment. Under these two heads everything might be attempted, and probably very little is done. But the first object of the Bureau was "to assist in securing legal protection against injustice for those unable to protect themselves," and this was a plain and practical aim, though one which would not be sought by a voluntary association outside the practice of the law in any other country than America. I asked about it, expecting to hear this "Bureau" pooh-poohed. Not at all. It was approved of heartily, and said to be doing an excellent work. The Bureau had been accused, it appears, of fostering litigation; but this was denied. Out of some 5,000 cases presented in one year, under 200 were taken into court. But during the seven years of the institution's existence it had won nearly 91 per cent. of its cases, while under 5 per cent. were lost. The extension to persons of small means of the opportunity of obtaining justice by process of law was so advantageous in its working that other cities communicated with Chicago in order to become acquainted with the society's methods. The settlement of disputes, the arrangement of "chattel-mortgages," and the

consequent preservation of homes which would otherwise have been lost were among the things done by the Bureau, and tabulated returns were given which showed in what a variety of affairs good had been done, often by conciliation, and in many instances by appealing to the courts. One might say, and with reason, that if the Americans were to improve their jurisprudence there would be no need of Bureaux of Justice. Perhaps this is true. It is characteristic of the Americans that they patiently and philosophically subscribe so as to enable poor people to get justice from the law, instead of so altering the judiciary arrangements that poor people could get the justice they need without eleemosynary assistance. The fact is that in the United States, though the professions are comparatively open or easily got into, there is a wonderful disposition among the lay to place themselves absolutely in the hands of experts. A man does not much expect to understand his own case; still less does he expect to know how it is to be prosecuted.

Any idea that the American lawyers lack a genius for jurisprudence is dissipated the moment you go into an American Court of Justice. The proceedings are most deliberate and orderly. The bench is treated with deference, and delivers itself sententiously, with dignity and with direct point. Arguments are sufficient, and not excessive. The worst thing, I concluded, was the delay. Perhaps it is partly because matters are left so much to the lawyers, and with so little intervention by clients. Perhaps it is because the American mind has never yet woke up to

the advisability of justice being swifter afoot. An eminent judge told me that causes were not hastened by the same practitioner being both attorney and counsel, though I cannot see why this should so operate. But he put delay down more distinctly to arrears of business, which he said efforts were now being made to reduce. The same high and lucid authority it was who complained bitterly of the disturbance and corruption caused by excessive facilities for rapid legislation. He was absolutely hostile to civil codification. This he considered undesirable on either side of the Atlantic. All that a code could settle was, in his judgment, already settled and well known in recorded decisions. There would be just the same difficulty in applying the principles of a code to new issues as there was in applying the recognised principles of decided cases. And if any attempt were made to bring the code up to date by continual modifications it would be quite as intricate as any body of case-law could be. One branch of law, that which distinguishes between State law and the supreme law, which in certain ways and matters, but only in certain ways and matters, overrides State-law, is most interesting to Englishmen who entertain the possibility of a future remodelling of our institutions on a Federal basis. And this, of course, is of equal importance, and quite as instructive to study in Canada. As to all questions of the American Constitution, it was pleasant for an old friend of Mr. Bryce to find as I did that the authority of his book is unquestioned among American lawyers.

OF AMERICAN DRINKING HABITS.

Except in the way of "nips" at bars there seemed to me to be little drinking in America. To see drunkenness you must go to find it as you would opium-eating. At the same time there is much dread of drinking and horror of its results. One of the largest employers of clerk-labour in America — all employees and "assistants," except artisans and labourers, seemed to be called clerks (not clarks) —makes it a rule with his 3,000 subordinates that they are liable to dismissal if they drink alcohol between meals. He is not a teetotaler, or in any way strict, but he does not himself drink between meals and does not see why those under him should, and "does not care to run an institution for inebriates."

OF ESTIMATES OF MINISTERS OF RELIGION.

This same very individual gentleman expressed what seemed to me a curious opinion about the clergy of his country. He had lived much in England. I had not lived at all in America. I thought that American divines too often took a rather worldly view of their avocation, and "ran" their churches as a business. My American friend thought just the same of the English clergy. I tried to imagine why ; never having noticed the majority of English ministers of religion any tendency to push and advertise and offer meretricious attractions. But I found that it was precisely because they took everything so quietly and

ordinarily that they were judged by this gentleman to be deficient in genuine spiritual earnestness. The special efforts of American preachers to attract were held to be the best proof of their sincere zeal. So much depends on the point of view.

CHAPTER XVII

OF BRADLAUGH AND CHURCHILL.

ONE now and then comes on instances, or alleged instances, of party cynicism as to public questions, and as a rule the best way is to disbelieve them, unless very exactly narrated on good authority. The following was exactly narrated on the best authority — that of a very eminent Lancashire man, an ancestral Liberal and philanthropist. At the time when the Bradlaugh question was at its height—and, remember, it was Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, of the "Fourth Party," who worked it up—this Lancashire gentleman was expressing, in the smoking-room of the House of Commons, the belief that the Tories had made a great mistake in bringing out, as against their party, all the Atheistic and Secularist working men who before that were not so earnest in politics. He had never at that time spoken to Lord Randolph Churchill. Lord Randolph was sitting near, and turning to him, said, "Ah, you were not here last autumn, and you don't quite appreciate what the situation was. You must remember that our party had not a single cry to go upon. The Bradlaugh cry was the best we could get, and it answered our purpose well. But I quite

agree that it was not good policy to set all the Secularist working men against us, and I think the Bradlaugh business is now being pushed too far and kept on too long."

OF CYNICISM IN DEBATE.

Another well-authenticated instance was the following: One night Lord Randolph Churchill made an attack on Mr. Gladstone's Government, which at the time attracted great attention, about Egypt. It was a most ferocious onslaught. The subject was an agreement between the Government and France. Lord Randolph attributed to the Government subserviency and so on, and did so in the most virulent terms. Now, there is good evidence that outside the House, the news having been received and discussed, Lord Randolph Churchill had expressed complete approval. From this he went straight into the House. Sir Stafford Northcote, then Opposition leader, made what many, and especially Churchill, considered a weak speech, and so Lord Randolph rose and delivered his violent harangue in direct contradiction of what he had just said. It was soon after this that Sir Stafford showed his good nature, and also his sound instinct, in a pleasant joke. Some one said to him, "Sir Stafford, you'll be having to take that young man into your Cabinet." "Oh," said Northcote, "it'll rather be a question of his taking me into his." A little later Sir Stafford was intrigued and elbowed out of the way. First, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and afterwards Lord Randolph Churchill him-

self, took the lead, and a little later Lord Iddesleigh died—almost literally of a broken heart—in the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street.

OF LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S BREAKDOWN.

In all this, it must be understood how boyish was Churchill's recklessness, how devoid of malice; so that though he angered people, he did not provoke resentment. The conditions of his life were persistently hostile to health. I don't know how true it was, but it was said in the lobbies that, in spite of his moral courage, and in spite of his indomitable demeanour in debate—in which he never quailed—he showed at Birmingham a distinct lack of physical courage—indeed, was visibly craven and completely lost his head. In 1886 a statesman, now very near the head of affairs, said to some one who inquired after Lord Randolph—they were always intimates, though they were of opposite sides, and had had the fiercest encounters in the House, fiercer than any other two of our time—"Oh, it's bromide of potassium at night and brandy and soda in the morning." What could be expected? Only what came.

OF LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND THE IRISH MEMBERS.

Every one who remembers the House of Commons during the existence of the Fourth Party remembers the extraordinary intimacy and friendliness which subsisted between Lord Randolph Churchill and the Irish members in whose neighbourhood he sat. It

would be too long an affair to go into public particulars, but it is interesting to recall things then said by very eminent men who certainly thought they were speaking the truth on the best authority. For instance, touching what was called—and probably really was—the Compact of 1885, Lord Randolph Churchill went to Lord Salisbury and said, "These fellows"—meaning the Gladstone Government—"could be turned out if only an understanding could be arrived at with the Irish on the basis of our doing without coercion." Lord Salisbury said, "Who could carry on on that system? Some one must be found ready to do it, or the idea is not worth pursuing." Then Churchill or somebody went to a certain Irish ex-official in Parliament (and still prominent) who had shortly before expressed quite contrary sentiments, and he agreed to the Non-Coercion Compact.

OF LITTLE SIGNS OF GREAT EVENTS.

On the evening when this came off, or was supposed to come off, a right honourable member of the Liberal Cabinet saw, and was told by another member that he had seen, Mr. Parnell and a Tory Whip, now a peer, on the stairs leading to the committee-rooms. On seeing him they drew back. Mr. Parnell went higher up the stairs. The Whip went to the House of Lords —presumably to see Lord Salisbury. The Liberal right honourable went into the House of Commons, and sat in his place. Presently he saw the since ennobled Whip come and speak to Sir Stafford Northcote, the Opposition leader. He was afterwards told that just before the Whip had been in

the House of Lords, and had called Lord Salisbury behind the throne just after his conversation with Mr. Parnell. Such are the petty scaffoldings behind which State structures are presumed to be rising.

OF LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND SHAKSPEARE.

All who knew Lord Randolph Churchill were as much struck by the peculiar simplicity of his character as they were by his great resources of effective ability. His mind was that of a boy on a great many subjects, although the moment he applied himself he displayed unlimited power of acquisition and adaptation. The following is a quaint illustration of the simple side of his character. Many years ago, when Sir (then Mr.) Henry Irving was playing Hamlet in Dublin, a message was brought into the dressing-room one night that Lord Randolph Churchill would be much obliged if he would see him. Mr. Irving asked who he was, and was informed that he was a son of the Lord-Lieutenant. Lord Randolph came in; asked leave to light a cigarette, and after a few compliments went into general conversation. This was between the third and fourth acts. Presently Irving told him that he must now say goodbye, as he was nearly due on the stage for the next act—the play, remember, being "Hamlet." Lord Randolph said, "What occurs in the next act?" Irving explained to him that the young lady he had seen in the former part of the piece got into more trouble, and at this and other explanatory expressions Lord Randolph said, "Dear me, this is very sad." Presently when he was nearly going, he said, "Will you tell me how it all ends?"

Irving told him, entering into the spirit of the thing, that in the fifth act most of the characters would be found lying on the stage, stuck with swords or disposed of by poison, and Lord Randolph seemed to think this a very interesting condition of things. He said as he was going, "I am not much of a playgoer, and in point of fact I have never seen a play of Shakspeare's before, nor have I ever read one." He went to the theatre the following night, and the next, thus seeing "Hamlet" three nights in succession; and on the third night again obtained admission to Henry Irving's room, and asked him whether he had a free Sunday, and whether he would come and lunch or dine with him and Lady Randolph Churchill, who was that night at the Viceregal Lodge. Irving consented, and went on the Sunday. He had a very pleasant day, and in the course of it Lord Randolph Churchill said to him, "Mr. Irving, I believe I have to thank you for as great a boon as ever one man conferred on another. I assure you that I knew nothing of Shakspeare and had not seen any of his plays. Since that night I have seen 'Hamlet' twice again; I have read four of the other plays, and I feel that you have really introduced me to a new world."

CHAPTER XVIII

OF A CAREER IN SHOPKEEPING.

MUCH character is often found in the shop-keeping way of life, though it is seldom written about. Sometimes it is developed in the individual sort of life of country towns or of moderate establishments that get a name in large towns for some special article or articles of sale. Sometimes it is developed in the large places of business such as are found in St. Paul's Churchyard, and in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Belfast, and so on. I knew, when I was between thirty and forty, a most prosperous man who had begun in St. Paul's Churchyard, and had risen to be owner of a very large drapery business, to be a leading public man of a great town, to be a magistrate, and to be a general and most emphatic admonisher of all and sundry on business and morals and things in general. He had devised, and got approved by counsel, a very special deed which enabled him to give junior partnerships without permitting the junior partners any share of controlling power. He was in all sorts of ways, and to all sorts of people, a ready mentor. One day he was advising me how to keep out of money difficulties, and to live within my salary. He particularly recommended

resort to purely mechanical expedients—such as a set of money-boxes in which to put money set apart for particular purposes. Such things as these, he said, were just as helpful as rails to a train. Get on the line, keep on the line, don't confide in your strength of will, just trust to the rails, and then you will get to the end of your journey all right, infallibly, and with little effort. This idea he had hit on when a young apprentice in St. Paul's Churchyard, and it had been of additional service to him because it saved him from lending money, which other young men couldn't escape from doing; and they seldom got the money back. The moment he got his month's money, in went so much into a box for clothes; so much into another for savings; so much for little outings; so much for church collections; so much for small remittances home; so much (and not much, I think, in his case) for books; so much for pocket-money. When all these boxes were replenished, he was quite safe against being "short" or in debt; and yet felt himself entitled to say that all his money was gone. And this was his effectual answer when less provident youths came to him half through the month to borrow for their necessities. They shrewdly wondered how he did not have to borrow too.

How sad that a life begun in so marvellously exemplary a manner should have come to a bad end! There is this about railway lines: they are not elastic, and they will not wriggle about if you get into serpentine courses. My Mentor was all right for some years after he gave me his clever advice about the money-box railway lines of life. Then he had a great fire—

one of the finest as a spectacle that I have seen, and I got a good front standing place to see it, lured suddenly from my editing work in the middle of the night, just as it was finished, by the news that his place was in flames. A man who up to then had been true to his railway lines was sure to be well insured. But he had not selected a line that would take him out of the way of wild ambition. Nothing would do but he must multiply several times over the dimensions of his building. He had already pushed, to the vexation of many less able fellow-citizens, into several trades, and was becoming the Whiteley of his town. Visions almost approaching universal provision dazzled his imagination. If he could only buy his neighbours out. He began to finance and contrive. He was soon in a maëlstrom. He did buy some of his neighbours out. But the whole scheme that was at the very limit of his design would have put him in possession of a great compact block within four streets such as had never been in the possession of one trader. It was not to be. In the meantime he essayed increased social display. The enterprising man bought an old mansion, and decorated it sumptuously. I feel sure he had no money-box for it, and it was not on his sacred railway line of beforehand prudence. Ere long it was in the market. And the extension of his giant emporium began in various ways to stick. Finding finance of the speculative order too much for his unaccustomed genius, he got a specially credentialled partner from London. Afterwards the rumour went that this clever gentleman had cynically boasted—probably the thing was never said, but it was certainly done—"When I

came here Mr. —— did not know the meaning of paper; now he does not know the meaning of money." A wonderful plan was invented of drawing upon small drapers who dealt with the concern, and then manipulating their accounts and keeping their bills renewed for an indefinite time, all the paper being discounted the moment it was accepted and endorsed. More than one person of comparatively small means were induced to lodge with this man of admired enterprise and pronounced integrity, and highly articulate moral, religious and political qualities, their all; for which he promised them, and for a time paid them, far better interest than they could have got in any investment in which they would not have lost their capital.

Ruin ensued. One evening I was at a theatre. A message came up to the box. Mr. —— was below in his brougham. Would I go down? I shall never forget the great man's seizure of my hand; the intensity of his heavy, yet bright, till lately prosperous-seeming face. He had had to stop payment. He had been the victim of others. But it would speedily pass. He gave me his honour that in a few days—before the week was out—all would be right again, his doors opened, his prosperity resumed. He implored me that the paper might treat the matter in that spirit; which, of course, though I was pityingly silent, was not quite possible. How it all ended need not be here mentioned. On that subject every imagination is competent without material. If I may pass from tragedy to farce: this at last unhappy trader was one of the first and chief speculators in sales of goods at reduced rates brought upon the market by misfortune

in business, and this brought him a valuable part of his celebrity in the town in which he lived. When in his heyday he was one day addressing a vast political meeting. For some purpose of his argument he rasped out very effectively an enumeration of all the component parts of our political machine. Then he proceeded triumphantly, "What does all this come to?" "Bankrupt stock," said a Tory in the front of the gallery, and the subsequent argument troubled the audience no more. It is only fair, though not very explainable, to add, as a finish to this little study, that this was no Bunyan's Badman. I do believe that this man, so misled and misguided off the rails he was in early life so proud of, never really thought that anybody would be the worse for his doings. In his own consciousness—spite of leaving the rails, as well as his rails, so criminally—he was to the last a good man. Till hurled down and overwhelmed he was sure of ultimate success. Success so won was not to be prevented by intermediate difficulties and lapses from being to him equivalent to moral rectitude.

OF RESISTING TEMPTATION.

A recent obituary reminded me of a true story of very rare virtue. A. B. was manager of a manufacturing business which had only one head. This gentleman paid but little attention to the business, being occupied in various elegant amateurships. He was approached by a company promoter, whose name was in all the world (not Mr. Hooley, but Baron Grant). The proprietor of the manufactory sent A. B., his manager, up to town to see this distinguished

company promoter. All the facts were stated, and it was agreed between the two that the value of the concern was £100,000. Whereupon the company promoter in the easiest manner said, "Oh! that will do very well. We'll bring it out at £200,000." A. B. said, "What? I don't quite understand." The company promoter replied, "Oh! it's the regular course of business in such things. We could quite easily put it out on that basis and get £200,000 for it." "Well, but," said A. B., "it won't yield profit at £200,000. It would be quite dishonest to pretend that it would." Said the company promoter, "That doesn't matter at all. People won't go into that. They'll take it up and be quite satisfied; so you needn't worry." Thereupon A. B. made a stout resistance; said he was perfectly certain his proprietor would not be party to any such proceeding. "Take my word for it," said the company promoter; "he will if he has any sense. It's the way everything is done nowadays; and it's perfectly well recognised." A. B. argued it out, and at last said, "Well, he would not on his own responsibility reject the proposal; but he would go and see his proprietor and hear what he said." He did so. Curiously enough, the proprietor of the works, though a man of the strictest honour, did not quite see that this swindling proposal was what A. B. could not help considering it. He put himself rather in A. B.'s hands, but said, "Really, I don't see why I should not do what is the regular course in such cases." A. B. was very troubled, and went home and told his wife. He was not what is called a religious man; but he was a man with true reverence for goodness and honesty and

right, deep in his nature. This affair was a real trouble to him, the more so as before he left the company promoter the latter said, "Now, look here. Say nothing about it. Get this carried through; and the moment you tell me that it is agreed upon to be so done, I will give you for yourself, never to be named except between us, £10,000." A. B. told his wife all this, and needless to say the prize of £10,000 for persons by no means overburdened with wealth or even with salary dangled very temptingly before them. However, the wife felt very much as the husband felt, and it is a literal fact that these two—although they had never done anything else before but just "said their prayers"—prayed about it together before they went to sleep. When they awoke in the morning, A. B. asked his wife if she had thought about it. She said, "Yes, and that she had made up her mind: They must sacrifice the £10,000, and what they were asked to do they must not do." A. B. told her he was glad she had come to that conclusion, for it was his also; and off he went, first to his chief, and then to the great company promoter, to decline the whole business. Literally true, this is a remarkable narration.

OF THE GREATEST FIRE I HAVE SEEN.

I have seen a great many remarkable fires. By far the most remarkable was the burning of the Liverpool landing-stage, though it took place for the most part in the daytime. About three o'clock the fitful firmament of a day in which the lowering storm-clouds alternated with brilliant July sunshine, was beclouded with a new and unnatural darkness. It rolled up from

the riverside in a vast spiral volume, drawing eyes off desks even in close quarters where it was not easy to catch more than a glimpse of the sky; and then the rumour flew swiftly round that the grand new landing-stage was on fire. This floating structure measured 2,063 feet. Incredulity would have been obstinate but for the glow and massive proportions of a vast Pharaoh's serpent of smoke whose convolutions soon curled magnificently across the heavens. Even this did not readily convince people that a serious drama was being enacted. A little flame proverbially makes much smoke. A corner or a plank or two of the stage might have been endangered by an upset pitch-pot or tar barrel. But the whole stage? No; such a calamity was not to be thought of. Was there not the inexhaustible Mersey within a foot or two of its surface, bathing its margin on every side? Surely a bucket or two of water would suffice to put an end to such a danger. But the unforeseen and incredible and impossible had happened. For a week the new river approaches had been admired as a splendid sight. Tens of thousands of natives and of strangers and pilgrims had been struck by the symmetry, the space, the surroundings of the scene. A sort of Champ de Mars of commerce and pleasure, of traffic and of trips, the grand place opposite St. Nicholas's Church seemed a fit theatre for any spectacle that might be produced there. Praise was on all lips. A blustering sailor who had been everywhere was heard to say in most emphatic accents just before the conflagration began—"I bet this is the finest pier in the world." Little did any one imagine that the first event to be witnessed on

this noble stage would be the drama of its own destruction, and that within eight days of its being unveiled to the view its planks would glow and sparkle one vivid surface of devouring flames, to the accompaniment of creaking girders and exploding pontoons.

Nothing could well awe the imagination more impressively than the silent spread of the smoke-cloud as it floated far over the town, an unfurled flag of signal distress. At the water's side, where many thousands congregated, the smoke was dark, blinding, and suffocating. Few who ventured to the edge of the pierhead masonry could face for many minutes these fumes as they were belched inland from the slowly but surely consuming structure. As crowds went down to the water-side and were lost in the distant murky obscurity, they looked like travellers on a broad and downward road in some Dantesque imagination of inscrutable future destiny. It was a gloomy picture, with strange glints of light, and an impenetrable horizon, half dark, half shining, which Doré would have loved to depict. As they returned, emerging with tingling eyes from the reek, they glanced upwards towards the platform of the old churchyard crowded with spectators, or across the shipping in the adjacent dock, with masts and rigging photographically clear-out, and furled sails on the yards preternaturally white, and caught effects of sun and rain, and blanched brightness beyond the dull, red-brick atmosphere which they were leaving—effects that might have made even Turner desperate. As evening came on, and all whom the excitement did not detain in the neighbourhood wended their way homewards, there was some-

thing very solemn in the silent witness which overspread the heavens, reddening ruddier and ruddier in one of the most gorgeous sunsets of the year. When twilight spread its filmy gauzes, and these again were displaced by the deeper-hued curtains of a placid summer night, the smoke glowed into rose colour as it soared majestically from the simmering golden surface of the long trough caldron which the landing-stage had now become, lit all over with leaping tongues of flame. And it was now that those who had lingered on its margin were repaid by the brilliancy and singularity of the spectacle. Here and there, on exceptional dark spots, the water beneath the dark planks shimmered between the pontoons in the baleful light of the insidious conflagration below the stage deck. But over the greater part of its surface the flames sputtered and frolicked, while here and there the transverse beams lay charring in ribbed ghastliness. If the imagination had been the servant of the senses, merry conceptions would have flashed along the optic nerve to the brain, for as a mere sight it was gay and picturesque, especially when the skeleton outline of a shed sparkled as it were in tinder trellis-work, as if some airy, fairy firework picture was just passing into poetic indistinctness. Nor was comedy always wanting, for a burly sightseer might be seen standing on the stage at a favoured spot, and stooping to light his pipe at a bubble of flame as it spurted between the planks. Yet the tragedy of the scene was not altogether left to judgment and reflection. At some points of the stage there were piles of *débris*, and out of one of these there sprang an iron mast, some

portion of the structure, at that fatal angle which the mind associates with shipwreck, and the *tableau* of ruin was instantaneously complete as the outline caught the eye. Meanwhile it was a strange experience to glance from this glowing furnace trough, and its crackling flames and rolling smoke, to the pure blue sky lit here with a lamp at the topmast of some splendid vessel, and there with the gentle light of a liquid star, while the horizon was fringed with the soft purpling of the still faintly traceable sunset.

OF WILLIAM SIMPSON OF THE LANDING-STAGE.

In the very readable Autobiography of Dr. Newman Hall there is a good story of a very oratorical coloured gentleman of Chicago. While walking with Dr. Newman Hall in that city he met and saluted a very finely dressed negro lady, and on being asked who she was said she was the wife of a friend of his, a carpenter. How came she to be dressed so well? The coloured gentleman replied that all people liked to distinguish themselves; that the prejudices of the age shut against the negroes the doors of advancement in many directions and also the doors of fashionable society; but there was one way of becoming distinguished, and of that the coloured people were capable—dress. There was some philosophy in that, at all events so far as that it sufficed to give the people who adopted it pleasure. The late William Simpson of our Landing-stage—one of the best, humanest, most conscientious of men, and at the same time one of the most eccentric in costume and ways—once said voluntarily to one who appreciated him,

"You don't suppose that I wear this sombrero hat and these long moustaches because I like them or to please myself. I have adopted these and other eccentricities simply because they are the shortest way for a man who has ideas, if he is a poor man, to get known and taken notice of. If I had been born in a higher sphere, or educated more as men of higher position are educated, I should not think of wearing or doing anything eccentric. But you can have no idea of the hopelessness of any one situated as I am making my mark in public work. I might have tried and tried for years if I had not adopted this expedient, and no one would have thought anything or known anything about me. A few eccentricities quickly availed. I was universally called Simpson. I became a subject of general conversation and of many jokes, which I didn't mind a bit. What satisfied me was that everything I said or did was sure to attract attention; and so whatever I felt it right to bring before the public was secured an audience. Had I dressed ordinarily and avoided peculiarities, which I well know to be vulgar, I should have attempted public life in vain."

CHAPTER XIX

OF THE PASSING OF HOUSEHOLD SUFFRAGE.

IN September, 1867, I published in *Belgravia*, after attending every debate on the Reform Bill of that year, an account of the passing of Household Suffrage. I reproduce here the substance of a main part of that narrative, because, so far as I know, the facts have not been elsewhere told.

It was on the 27th of May, 1867, that the final barrier against household suffrage was removed, and the electoral system of the country virtually established by Tory ministers on a basis which a year before Sir Roundell Palmer had been deemed rash and visionary for suggesting.

When, with scarcely concealed disgust, Mr. Disraeli introduced, on the 25th of February, the Six-Pound or "Ten Minutes" Bill, it must have been a great relief to his mind to discover that his best allies were annoyed. Those best allies were the guerilla Reformers, harboured strangely enough in the smoking-room of the chief Tory club. What came to be known as the Carlton *émeute* and the Tea-room schism did not include a single Parliament-man of the first importance; but it is impossible not to accord to these events a pre-eminent place. Contrary to all theories

of Parliamentary management, the notorious opinions of the majority on each side of the House were set aside, and those of a section on each side were embodied unanimously in the great act of the year. Both of these sections had very early in their history the advantage, without which they could have done nothing, of secret assurances more or less direct that household suffrage, upon which they were intent, would gladly be carried out by Mr. Disraeli and Lord Derby, if they could secure the co-operation of the House. How these assurances were conveyed to the Tea-room Liberals, who did not enjoy a corporate existence till later, was sufficiently indicated in the discussion which took place immediately before the Easter recess, on the memorandum drawn up by Dilwyn, after an important interview with Colonel Taylor. In spite of protestations that Colonel Taylor had not committed the two heads of the Government to anything, the conviction that they would hesitate at nothing so spread below the gangway, that Mr. Bernal Osborne exclaimed one day, in a paroxysm of partisanship, "All the ground hereabouts is mined." How the Carlton malcontents—the little set identified with the extremely unimportant name of Mr. Banks Stanhope—learnt that their treason was not distasteful to the generals at St. James's Square and Grosvenor Gate is hardly so well known.

The leader of these mutineers, or rather pioneers, was probably not Mr. Banks Stanhope, but a member for one of the largest boroughs (Mr. S. R. Graves, M.P. for Liverpool). Very early in these discussions he had privately declared himself for household

suffrage, tempered only by the requirement that the rates should be paid or the vote forfeited. He had learnt by inquiries in his own borough that large numbers of ten-pound householders were never on the register because they failed to meet this rate-paying requirement. He had summoned the rate-collectors of that borough together, and ascertained from them that, in their opinion, a lowering of the suffrage even to the extent of a household franchise would not introduce many discreditable persons if a year's residence and the payment of rates were made indispensable preliminaries to coming on the register. He argued from this that household suffrage, which was sure to be popular, would as surely be safe. He found in conversation that several members of the House had arrived, and others were arriving, at his conclusions, which had long been anticipated by Mr. Henley, and therefore already possessed a certain Conservative sanctity, extravagant as the issue to which they tended then seemed. As the feeling grew and consolidated, it was thought steps should be taken to make it known. The announcement of the Ten Minutes Bill afforded the needed opportunity. It was a grievous disappointment. Mr. Lowe said a few days afterwards, and it is now known to be true, that the country had been within a few hours of household suffrage. As members of the Carlton, the little band of household-suffrage Tories had had inklings of this programme; and the veriest Radicals were not more disgusted than they when, in a spirited speech, delivered in evident dejection, Mr. Disraeli announced as the ultimatum of the Government a £6 rating

franchise in boroughs and a £20 rating franchise in counties. Mr. Graves immediately called upon Mr. Disraeli, and fully laid before him the views which he and others entertained. The leader listened to his jibbing follower with marked reserve—met all his points with commonplace arguments—diplomatically avoided anything like an expression of his own preferences. He advocated the Six-Pound Bill as he had introduced it, with a loyalty that moulted no feather, though its plumage drooped dejectedly, and the note of the argument was jarring and faint. The interview was a long one. It seemed likely to end unfruitfully. At last, after some two hours of conference, the informal envoy once more reiterated the convictions he had come to urge. Then it was that, as if provoked out of his reticence, but probably fulfilling an intention he had conceived very early in the conversation, Mr. Disraeli said to this pertinacious emissary, "I will not conceal from you that Lord Derby and myself are of your opinion." That was enough. In a few hours more than a score of trusty Conservatives had put their names in the Carlton smoking-room to a significant memorial to the Ministers. If Lord Derby wanted household-rating suffrage, what excuse could there possibly be for further hesitation? The paper was handed in. Other representations were made to the Cabinet, and, under a very general pressure, they took a strong resolution. They retreated to the position which they had been truly stated by Mr. Lowe to occupy before the Ten Minutes Bill was introduced. They "reverted to their original policy." But not without loss. Before

the week had elapsed Lord Cranborne (now Lord Salisbury), General Peel, and the Earl of Carnarvon had severed themselves from Lord Derby's fortunes.

It was amidst vague rumours of disorganisation and apprehensions lest the whole Ministry might follow the three seceders that the two Houses met on Monday, the 4th of March. Everything was withheld that night from the eager Commons, while everything was revealed to the apathetic Lords. The Premier (Lord Derby) concealed nothing. Men held up their hands as he narrated the strange, because unvarnished, story of the Cabinet differences: how the three seceders had struck a week ago; how, in deference to them, the Six-Pound Bill had suddenly been resolved upon; how that Bill had proved unsatisfactory to everybody; how the majority had determined to recur to the Bill from which the majority had flinched; how, in consequence, the minority had resigned. Lord Carnarvon explained that his colleagues wanted household suffrage in all boroughs, while he would have restricted it to those above a certain population. Later in the evening Mr. Osborne and Mr. Roebuck, in the other House, loudly resented the comparative communicativeness of the Government to the Peers; but already the Disraeli spell was beginning to work, and the Commons were too patient to perceive how much they had been affronted.

Next night Mr. Disraeli repaired the slight by a full explanation. General Peel and Lord Cranborne each spoke, and each received the hearty sympathy due to men who had descended from no ordinary height

of Ministerial prosperity at the bidding of conscience and principle. What is most remarkable in reviewing the speeches of General Peel and Lord Cranborne is the utter disregard they evinced for the checks and securities which were soon to be, from the Liberal point of view, the great obstacles to the adoption of the Derby-Disraeli scheme. Denounced by a few on the Conservative benches as shams and impostures, they were branded by the official Liberals as substantial deductions from the enfranchisement of the Bill. Nevertheless, the Liberals most resolutely bent upon household suffrage showed little vehemence in opposing them. Least of all concerned for their fate in the ultimate event seemed the Government, which, during the hottest weeks of the session, strove to satisfy Conservatives that they would check democracy, and Liberals that they would have no sensible effect. The most important of them—that relating to personal ratepaying—was never condemned on a division. It had the advantage of Adullamite favour, of the contempt of Lord Cranborne's friends, of the politic tolerance of the Tea-room Liberals, of the strenuous advocacy of all Ministerial partisans, and of most maladroit soft-hitting at the crisis of its fate from Mr. Gladstone's lieutenant, Mr. Childers. And yet it suddenly died and made no sign. The explanation is that it was utterly bad and silly, and Mr. Disraeli never thought it otherwise.

But on the memorable 4th of March, of which I have just been speaking, the compound householder had not appeared in the discussion. It was Lord Stanley (the late Lord Derby), of all men, who

endeavoured to restore to equanimity timid legislators who feared household suffrage. If any one supposed, he said, that the Government were about to propose a measure more extreme than the opposite party would have agreed to, he was greatly mistaken. This cool and positive statement was one of the chief wonders of that most wondrous session. I remember how Lord Kimberley, one of the most regular auditors of the Commons' debates, was sitting in the Ambassadors' Gallery, and tossed his William Pitt nose high in air with unconcealed contempt. But there is no mystery in Lord Stanley's declaration if we apply to it the master-key of the session. Lord Stanley was justified in deeming the personal payment of rates a substantial check upon the democratic action of the Bill by the opposition it subsequently received from the Liberals; and though he pledged the Government not to introduce, he did not declare they would decline, ultra-democratic proposals. Mr. Disraeli's one resolution not to be outbidden explains everything. The real heads of the Government were as determined to leave no excuse for a Whig Reform Bill in a future year, as they were to give the House of Commons no opportunity of taking Reform out of their hands before the session had expired.

One of the signs of the times during the next anxious fortnight was that a report flew abroad, and was thought worthy of contradiction, that Mr. Disraeli had sought the advice of Mr. Bright. Strange to say, the denial, though it sufficed to suppress the rumour in its first form, did not affect the belief which was obtained for

a revised version of the anecdote. Mr. Disraeli sent a message to Mr. Bright by his, at that time, devoted satellite, Mr. Ralph Earle, requesting to speak with him. They had an interview in one of the corridors of the House, and Mr. Brand, the Whip, passing by just as it began, Mr. Disraeli exclaimed, "Ah, Brand will go and say we're making a coalition!" But he plunged into the subject of Reform by saying he supposed the Government might count upon Mr. Bright's strenuous opposition to whatever Bill they might bring in. This supposition Mr. Bright, of course, repudiated, expressing his readiness to take what was fair from either side of the House. Then Mr. Disraeli was encouraged to burst into protestations that he had never opposed popular enfranchisement. "You will search my speeches in vain for such a passage," said he; and proceeded to impress upon Mr. Bright, as a thing most especially to be remembered, that he "had never praised Lowe." Mr. Bright was rather puzzled by these franknesses, and concluded that something large was about to be proposed. But even he did not, could not suppose, even after the resignation of the three Ministers, that he was within three months of the fruition of his hopes.

Lord Russell appears to have guessed what it would come to, for before the introduction of the Bill, which was fixed for the 18th of March, he made a heavy speech in the House of Lords deprecating the swamping of other classes of voters by the importation of working men. To this Lord Derby replied most cavalierly, and a few days later he published to the world, through a meeting at Downing Street, the provisions

of the Bill which, on the following Monday, his principal colleague introduced. Mr. Gladstone evidently did not believe the House was ready for household suffrage. He did not scruple, therefore, to hint his own indisposition to go so far, though he carefully guarded himself from any profession of alarm. His manner was buoyant, authoritative, exacting, almost peremptory. Had the Government intended to stand or fall by the Bill, the speech would have been either the precursor of its defeat or a historic monument of its imperfections. But the points of Mr. Gladstone's criticism were necessarily too minute to awaken enthusiasm, and the debate was a dull and brief one. Sir William Heathcote sounded the first note of independent Tory opposition in his most solid, gentlemanly, Oxford-mixed style. Mr. Lowe satirised the Bill generally, and dual voting in particular. Mr. Henley characteristically stood up for personal rate-paying, not merely as a political test, but as a social and moral obligation. As for Mr. Disraeli, he was not yet ready to give the House more than a glimpse of his hand. He was still hampered by the necessity of making that which he cared for least appear the most cherished portion of his plan. Not till another week had passed was he to get his feet fairly in the stirrups.

The second reading of the Bill was the turning-point of the session. Under inauspicious advice, asserted to be that of Lord Halifax (Sir Charles Wood that had been), Mr. Gladstone had hinted a wish to select a £5 line as the basis of opposition. Indeed, judging by all past experience, such a proposal was at

once liberal and safe. But the time for medium proposals had passed when once household suffrage, however checked, had been responsibly proposed. The consequence, therefore, of the "£5 line" proposal was that the household-suffrage Liberals became as restive as the Adullamites. Opposition to the second reading was impossible. One may well conceive how a leader capable of privately creating enthusiasm amongst his followers would use these circumstances to stifle the hostile and to intoxicate the hesitants in his ranks. But it was in public that Mr. Disraeli's great *coup* was to be made. Looking back over this session of marvels, I can recall nothing so surprising as the hilarious earnestness, the contagious *élan* of his speech in concluding the debate on the second reading. He had heard without wincing Mr. Hardy's bouncing protests against household suffrage; he had borne unwaveringly the peckings of one conscientious bore after another; he had focussed with his eyeglass—as he always did *once* every new member—the like, yet unlike, heir of the translated Russell, who that night made his *début*. At last, when the House, under the potent influence of a set speech from Mr. Bright, was exceedingly full, Mr. Disraeli sprang to his feet. His large tumbler and his little red despatch-box were both at hand. His mind was evidently possessed, but not oppressed—rather stimulated and brightened—by the resolve to secure in that one speech the carrying of a Reform Bill under the conduct of the Government. And he effected his purpose. To use an expression very general that night, "It did the trick." Say it rather did a whole bagful of tricks. Its exuberance

caught the House. Its bold caricature of Mr. Gladstone's cloud-compelling manner placed an obstacle such as ridicule can rarely raise in the path of the official opposition. The whole House seemed tickled too much ever seriously to fall out with Mr. Disraeli on this subject again. The Liberals below the gangway were charmed with the easy lavish vagueness, which they rightly interpreted as readiness to concede anything and everything that the Tory rank and file could be got to part with ; and the latter would have parted with almost anything at that moment in honour of a leader who had given them so sweet an hour of triumph. It was the speech of the session, though hardly ten lines of it will be remembered. Never did Mr. Disraeli show such mastery over his audience, such boundless histrionic resource. From that moment the course of the Bill was clear, though the trying fights of the session were still to come.

On the 8th of April the Bill was to go into the Committee, and by an arrangement made at a Liberal "caucus," Mr. Coleridge was to move an instruction, which was to enable the House in Committee to alter the law of rating, and to establish instead of the principle of the Bill what Mr. Henley called a hard-and-fast line. But when the Commons met that night all was confusion. Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Gladstone were being called out of the House with Sir George Grey. Mr. Locke, the burly member for Southwark, openly communicated with Mr. Disraeli. The hum which prevailed as the Peers flocked into their seats and the members of the House settled into their places

was not that of expectancy, but that of curiosity. In a few minutes all was known. A meeting of household-suffrage Liberals had taken place in the Tea-room. The Whig phalanx was broken. If the Government would consent to the first part of the instruction—that empowering the Committee to deal with rating—the second (that proposing the hard-and-fast line) would not be pressed. In five minutes the great struggle had been avoided.

Mr. Gladstone was placed at this moment in a position of excessive difficulty, but he was incapable of dudgeon when duty was before him. He did not renounce, as he at first threatened, the endeavour to free the Bill from its restrictive inequalities. These were suddenly abandoned by Mr. Disraeli, with an absurd affectation that to do so had throughout been the burning desire of the Government. The practice of compounding for rates, in order to admit to the franchise under the Bill those whose landlords collected their rates with their rent, was without any preliminary notice condemned. It was one of the most dramatic scenes that I have ever witnessed, and there were few who saw it. It occurred on May 17, 1867, at a little after seven in the evening, in a very thin House, when nothing was expected. It passed over with absolute quietude, though the bruit of it startled political London within an hour or two in an almost unexampled manner. It exhibited the resolution and the Parliamentary ability of Mr. Disraeli as they had seldom if ever been exhibited. The House was in Committee on the Reform Bill. Almost everybody had gone to dinner. I well remember the dreariness

of the view as I watched it from the gallery, and how startled I was to find myself suddenly one of the very few witnesses of an event of first-rate importance transacted with first-rate power. Mr. Grosvenor Hodgkinson, Liberal member for Newark, had an amendment on the paper that only the occupier should be rated. In other words abolishing the compounding system, and giving to every householder the right to vote. When he moved it Mr. Gladstone offered a few general censures on the line pursued by the Government; but having no idea that that line was about to be changed, he went away to his dinner; much doubtless to the amusement of Mr. Disraeli, who rose to make to an all but empty House the most important announcement of the year, in one of his ablest and most ingenious *quasi* statesmanlike speeches. To the amazement of those who heard him—and of the whole country, as soon as it was known—he accepted the amendment, and so touched bottom at household suffrage pure and simple, declaring that it would give completeness to the Government measure, of the original scheme of which it had, he said, been part. Time and calmness had been necessary to bring them to it, but the conclusion which might have been arrived at in March, was now to be adopted in May. Poor Mr. Childers, left in charge of the front Opposition bench, rose to accuse the Government of a third change of policy, but there were few to listen and none to heed. Never was so great a revolution accomplished under a Parliamentary *régime* with so absolute a minimum of Parliamentary noise. Not till some Greville of that period publishes

his memoirs will it be known how many of Mr. Disraeli's colleagues were consulted by him. Likely enough, only the Prime Minister (Lord Derby), who afterwards boasted of dishing the Whigs — his point of view.

CHAPTER XX

OF AN INSTRUCTIVE DINNER-PARTY.

I SAT once at dinner between a young lady who was a good talker and a high Permanent Official who was one of the best talkers I ever met. It was a pleasant experience. The young lady was a plump, white-skinned girl, with rather powerful and pleasant dark eyes. She talked very well, and thought while she talked—somewhat; making much, but not too much, play with her face the while. Not a pretty face, but wholesome, with a clear-cut, largish mouth, and good teeth. She could discuss, and took her own part as well as a man could. Her fault as a dinner companion was a trivial intermixture of incidental banter, accompanied by laughter disproportioned to the wit—of which, indeed, there was none; only turned-on merriment; but she evidently thought it wit, or wished it to serve as wit by force of laughter and face-play. The subjects with her were piano practice; the distinctive qualities of German (which she thought required to be pronounced by a nice-voiced, educated woman, being then softened); American words (which she thought usually good, and often well derived and justifiable).

One does not often hear praises of American

oratory. My great Permanent Official, however, praised American speakers warmly. He said they were formal and precise, but the thing was well done, and gave the same satisfaction as listening to a very good singer. After the ladies had gone the Permanent Official told me who Lady ——, the young lady, was, and said she had a brother on a ranche. He thought that young aristocrats showed very good qualities in ranching—which they adopted because there was really nothing they could do in this country. He considered, however, that gentleman farming might be usefully adopted at home. Worse, and more trying than ranching, was Canadian farming in the West. If a fellow went through that without taking to drink he was a man of strong character. My Permanent Official had plenty to say, and said it well—with perhaps a leetle too marked preference for talking over listening—and having certain fastidious ideas. For instance, "if he lost his luggage, he would go and stay at an hotel, and telegraph to his hostess that he was ill or had had a fit, rather than appear at dinner in his travelling dress." There had lately been a remarkable colonial dinner in London. He described it as full of "Jingo-Colonials" and a worse sort, men in commerce in London, who were brought in as it were by colonial big-wigs, who said, "I'll put you in for a dinner; it'll be a nice thing, and you'll fill up the room." I mention this to show how things are apt to be looked at at Whitehall, which publicly are spoken very differently of.

The Permanent Official noticed an incident of the dinner—the prolonged and inconvenient applause—

it was just at the Home Rule time—when Lord Rosebery said, "Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain." He thought it politic of Lord Rosebery (as he was proposing the Queen's health) not to take any notice. Mr. Gladstone, he said, would have battled it out. Lord Rosebery probably thought the diners rather rude. The Permanent Official said that if Lord Rosebery used the word "United" deliberately he was wanting in his usual tact. He considered Lord Rosebery—I do not identify him, and so there is no harm in saying this; he is now retired from the public service—all to nothing the best Foreign Secretary for many years. Far better than "Salisbury or any of them." He drew a vivid picture of what went on. How "Bismarck's poor devil of an Ambassador" came down wretched and flustered, and said the Chancellor was in a great rage, and going to recall him, and implored them to yield everything Bismarck wanted in a single afternoon. How most of our Foreign Secretaries conceded points, or seemed to, because of the "great importance of being all right with Germany." How Lord Rosebery, on the contrary, would say with perfect temper, but blank firmness, "You know it's no good; Parliament wouldn't have it. If you go farther, my Government wouldn't have it. And if it comes to that, I wouldn't have it. But we can understand that and be friends."

OF THE NUMBER 13.

It is interesting to realise how easily one might be made superstitious. In all my experience of writing

for the Press, I have only once lost a slip of "copy" —"copy" is manuscript for the printer—on its way to the compositor. This was about twenty years ago. I noticed as rather curious that the lost slip of "copy" was numbered 13. Now, there is another thing that has only once happened to me. Only once have I had to ask a colleague to finish an article which I had begun. This occurred quite lately. In the midst of a leading article on an important Parliamentary debate then proceeding, I was peremptorily called away by a night train. I had written on the debate as far as it had gone, and had hoped to complete what would do well for an article on the debate by some comments on the speech of a statesman who must deal with matters as to which I had made some severe requirements in the already written part of the article. As the telegraphic "copy" poured in, I was consumed with eagerness to find that this statesman had got up and said his say, and could be remarked on. But the half-hours sped, and it became evident that the speech would come too late. Trains wait for no man, and so I got a trusted aide to read the part of the leading article that was set in type, so that he might catch "the hang of it"—to use a vulgar expression—and be prepared to finish the article in pursuance of its beginning, when the telegraph should bring the report of the later speeches, and especially the report of the speech of the statesman whose explanations were to be the nut of the debate. To enforce my meaning to this colleague, I took up the proof-sheet, and essayed to point out a passage in which the expected speech of the great

man was led up to in a sharply interrogative fashion. But I could not find what I wanted. I was in a fever over it. What could have happened? I remembered writing it, but it was not in the article as printed; and yet there was no apparent hiatus. It was an embarrassing mystery—and my train was nearly starting. As a last resort I sent up to the composing-room, got the "copy," and found that a slip which was there all right had never been set, and that, wonderful to relate, the last words of the slip before the omitted one made sense with the first words of the slip after the omitted one. All was now clear, and the needed suggestions for the finish of the article were successfully given. Every one can understand that such an accident as a sentence running on right in such a circumstance might not occur again in half a century. But this is not the point of the story. "Let me see," said I, in order to send up the needed correction to the printer, "what was the number of that omitted slip?" It was 13. Then I thought of my other unique experience of some twenty years before.

Of course I am not of opinion that any number is unlucky, or that these incidents were not just likely to happen with any other slips. Only there was the coincidence. In each case a troublesome accident, which had only happened once in my life. And in each case it was slip 13 that went wrong. I have not done yet. A little leader in which I narrated these odd experiences appeared, quite by accident, on the 13th of the month.

OF SAYINGS OF DION BOUCICAULT.

"Dizzy was great as a speaker," said some one to Boucicault. "Very," he replied. "Was not that genius?" said his friend. "No," he replied again, "*it can be acquired.*" I once asked Boucicault whether he believed in equivalency of the brain—that is to say, in brain being capable of being turned with equal effect in any desired direction. He said, "No," but did not pursue the subject in my line. He spoke of the distinction between faculty and real intellectual greatness. For instance, in acting, singing, painting, medicine, law, &c., a man may have considerable success by reason of faculty—*i.e.*, all his brain is in one cell. But if a man is really a great lawyer, surgeon, actor, &c., many cells of his brain are full. Incidentally he mentioned Edmund Kean as possessing faculty. I should say he possessed it to the point of genius, which may be had in one department without great intellectual general power. After writing for forty years and for about five generations of playgoers, Boucicault asserted in 1881 that neither the actors of that day were capable of giving nor the audiences of appreciating either passion or wit. As to wit, there was nothing higher than a pun. As to passion, it was the rule to show none, and none was shown or desired to be shown. This assertion was doubtless morbid, and attributable to certain vexatious experiences of his own.

OF ELOCUTION IN ORATORY.

There is, of course, elocution in all oratory, but that oratory is not most acceptable in this country in which

there is most elocution—I mean elocution of a sort that is taught. When a lad I heard Charles Dickens speak several times—once at the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street, London, in Charles Kean's days. On that occasion, the "Merchant of Venice" having been performed the night before, Dickens had an eloquent allusive passage describing what had been the scene. Always his delivery was very splendid, with much pomp and rotundity in it; but evidencing that what he was saying had been written and learnt. Another time I heard him was during the Crimean war. The calamitous blunders that had taken place and the culpable confusion which prevailed in the Crimea led to the formation of an Administrative Reform Association, of which Mr. Roebuck was chairman. A meeting in support of it was held at Drury Lane Theatre, at which Charles Dickens was a principal speaker. The place of meeting again took his thoughts into the theatrical region from which they were never very remote, and he had a passage in his speech comparing the whole business of the war to the performance of a play. The peroration of this passage was as follows—and I recall it thinking of what I have said of Bernard Vaughan, and of the suggestion of that story that the taught kind of elocution does not tell best in British public speaking: "And if any one questions," said the highly elocutionary novelist—"if any one questions our right to criticise the performance, our reply is that the orchestra consists of a very powerful piper, whom we have to pay."

I don't mean to say that this—delivered with

magnificent inflection—did not tell. It did. But, all the same, one felt that a little of such speaking went a long way, and that to bring oratory to such elocutionary perfection was not the way to make it perfect. A mannered elocution that can be taught extinguishes character and reduces the best speech to a mere performance. Cardinal Manning expressed this only a little too strongly when he said about a preacher at Farm Street, "Preaching is like walking: best when least studied." The most elocutionary orator, perhaps the only elocutionary orator—in common-form elocution—in our time in the House of Commons was Sir Robert Peel (not the great Sir Robert, but his son, brother to the late Speaker). Everything he said was uttered in probably the finest voice ever heard there with equal pomp of action and delivery. It must be admitted that Sir Robert did not give elocution a chance to do anything except to expose the nakedness and pretentiousness of his mind. About Charles Dickens I will interpose here an incident that has nothing to do with the subject. I was walking one day in the narrow little street that used to run (or, rather, to stagnate) behind the National Gallery. I was abstracted, walking in that state one is in sometimes when one is only mechanically conscious of what is passing. It was suddenly borne in upon me, as the Friends say, that a gentleman was looking fixedly as he walked at a child who was being carried by a woman. I said to myself, "Well, I never saw such a gaze," and then perceived that the gazer —it was a very characteristic moment—was Charles Dickens. He wore a broad-brimmed, soft wide-

awake and a cloak. It would have made a good picture.

OF LIONEL BROUGH AS TONY LUMPKIN.

Most people remember how good a Tony Lumpkin Lionel Brough was. If practice could make perfect, he was bound to be a good Tony, for he played the part—how often do you think?—777 times. For a long time he stuck at 776 times, and often used to say jokingly that he would have to take a theatre and play "She Stoops to Conquer" in order to make up his three 7's of Tony Lumpkin. A year or two ago, while he was expecting to have to go to America, he was much pressed by a Johannesburg manager to go there (14,000 miles there and back, isn't it?) to fill up his time. He was to have £100 a week only for telling a few anecdotes on the stage each night, and his expenses out and home. As a matter of fact, he did undertake this engagement, and carried it out with only an hour or so to spare in catching the liner for America. While he was at Johannesburg it was suggested that he should play Tony. He protested that he had no costume to play it in. They said they would easily get over that difficulty, but Mr. Brough fought shy. At last he suddenly remembered how anxious he was to complete his 777 performances. So he consented. They got him up a dress—American cloth and brown paper top-boots, and so on—and the 777 run was unexpectedly and jovially accomplished.

That Reminds Me——

OF SIMS REEVES'S VOICE.

An interesting and in the main true account has appeared of the care which Mr. Sims Reeves always took of his voice, getting into frequent trouble by breaking engagements, sending substitutes, and refusing *encores*. It cannot be too strongly insisted on that a great singer is bound, in his own interest, to avoid singing when unfit, because the public will simply give up going to hear him if they find he is not up to the mark, and even if he get better will not come back to him. It is also quite certain that, though London audiences used to shout opprobrious things when Mr. Sims Reeves didn't turn up, his manner of living was absolutely well ordered and abstemious. But there is another point of view. Dr. Joy—a remarkable true gentleman, who, hailing first from Dublin, became eventually the business secretary of Charles Kean, and afterwards of Miss Bateman—was manager for Mr. Sims Reeves when he was travelling with Madame Katherine Hayes. He used to say that Mr. Reeves's trouble with his throat was often nervous; that, so to speak, he had got his throat in his brain. Dr. Joy always felt it best to let Mr. Reeves have his own way, and very often things unexpectedly came right. Dr. Joy found it politic never to argue the point. Reeves would say, "Listen here. Did you ever hear anything like this; I can't sing, you know. It's utterly impossible." To this Dr. Joy would reply, "All right. Let's have a drive, and just have a quiet dinner at our usual time, three, and stay in to-night." Drive taken and dinner eaten accord-

ingly ; but towards the end of it nine times out of ten the great singer would cry, "I say, listen here, that's not so bad. I believe I shall be as right as the mail. Oh, I shall sing. Send word over to them." And sing he did. Dr. Joy thought that Mr. Reeves's first wife, Miss Lucombe, in her affectionate solicitude, rather over-fussed the matter, and occasioned more public disappointments than she prevented. The Joy plan was best.

OF THACKERAY AND DICKENS.

It was curious how many persons disliked Thackeray : a man who, to my thinking, endears himself to you on some part of every page he wrote. One night I was in the Adelphi Theatre, and went behind to see an old friend of mine in the company. He presently said to me, "Did you see who was in the house?" I said, "Do you mean Thackeray?" He said, "Yes. Do you know that when he comes in he puts all of us out, and we feel we can't do anything. Now," he continued, "with Dickens it is exactly the reverse. We see him come in and he puts us all in a good cue instantly."

OF ACTORS' PECULIARITIES.

My dear old friend Mr. Toole, among the countless pleasures that he has given to his friends in private as well as on the stage, used to have a wonderful performance which I think he never let the public know of. He was at that time a splendid mimic, and could produce the characteristic features of every great actor's delivery and action, and his capital idea was

to recite the first verse of "Tom Bowling" just as he would suppose each great actor of the day to give it—Phelps, Brooke, Keeley, Compton, Buckstone: everybody that at that time was of note. Among these was Mr. Webster, his own chief, in whose company he was first low comedian. Now, Mr. Webster, magnificent actor as he was, had, both on and off the stage, a most mannered utterance—curious pauses and jerks. One day at the theatre he said to Mr. Toole, "Toole, I hear you go about imitating me. I wasn't aware I had any peculiarity." Those who remember Mr. Webster can appreciate this story, which was always a nice colloquial spice for Mr. Toole's little "Tom Bowling" entertainment.

OF GENERAL GRANT "OWNING UP."

When General Grant came to Liverpool and was entertained at the Town Hall, a quite unknown Liverpool man wrote to the Mayor, with many apologies, but asking if he might take the liberty of asking for a few minutes' conversation with the great soldier. He had, he said, made a great study of General Grant's campaign, and there was a point in it that he could never understand. He could scarcely hope that General Grant would see him and clear it up, but might he, &c., &c., &c.? The Mayor hesitated, but found a way of mentioning the matter to the great man, who, without hesitation, said, "Certainly; let the gentleman come." He came. He said to the General, "Now, sir, utter amateur as I am, I have followed every step of the war, and think I understand every movement except one. On such a day you

were there, and the Southerners were there"—pointing to plans on a map that he had brought. "Now, it seems to me that you ought certainly to have gone there, whereas you went there"—pointing again. General Grant, the usually taciturn, and when not taciturn phenomenally terse, just took the cigar from his mouth, and said, "You're right, sir. Damned blunder!" And in a moment the amateur strategist, beaming now, was courteously dismissed.

OF A REASON FOR STUDYING MATHEMATICS.

In early days we had a Senior Wrangler Mathematical Professor at University College, Liverpool. A young lady entered for his class, and on the first night of term attended. As she was leaving she went up to the Professor, and said, "I think I had better tell you, sir, that I don't come here for your one, two, three, four: I wish to co-ordinate my Sociology."

OF "PORCUPINE" UNDER CROSS-EXAMINATION.

Some years ago there was a popular preacher at a principal Congregational chapel in Liverpool who was accused by the *Porcupine*, then edited by Hugh Shimmin, of stealing the sermons he delivered. This preacher had for a time been an assistant of Mr. Binney, the great man of the Weighhouse Chapel, London. I know not on what grounds he was defended, but he had friends, and it was resolved that there should be an investigation, by which it was doubtless hoped that he would be cleared or whitewashed—neither of which happened. Prominent in

the inquiry was a minister still eminent in the Congregational denomination. From kindness or from whim he took the part of the alleged plagiarist. The investigation took place at Manchester. The great Thomas Binney came down from London. There was considerable suppressed excitement. Hugh Shimmin was a principal witness, and his evidence was founded on the particulars furnished to him as editor of the *Porcupine* as grounds of the charge which he published. When he had given his testimony he had to submit to cross-examination, and his cross-examiner was the deep-voiced, big-headed divine who is still a distinguished Congregational minister. Now, Hugh Shimmin was a humorist, not in the sense of writing humour, for in that he did not shine, but in the sense of doing humorous things and taking a humorous line. One of his peculiarities was that for the sake of a joke he would at any time put himself in a ridiculous or odious or censurable light. The joke or mystification repaid him for any amount of personal discredit. On this occasion he did not impress the examiners—it was not likely he would—as a very devout or religious-minded person. Few men understood religious things better or had a higher estimate of what was admirable, but he did not look as if such matters, or any high matters, occupied him much.

The reverend cross-examiner looked at his man, and thought he reckoned him up. He never made a greater mistake. His tone was of mingled patronage, suspicion, and contempt. "Come, Mr. Shimmin," said he, "you seem to be very busy in such things; do you hear much preaching yourself? What do you

generally do on Sundays?" "Oh, I usually go to church." "You go to church? Regularly?" "Regularly enough." "Oh, but that won't do. How regularly?" "Every Sunday morning." "Where?" (rather sharply). "St. James's, West Derby, Liverpool." "Indeed, and pray who is your minister?" "Mr. M'Conkey." "Are you well acquainted with him?" "Very. It would do you good to be." "Perhaps. But, pray, Mr. Shimmin, what do you do after church?" "Well, I generally have my dinner." "And what after that?" "Oh, I usually read." "And what, pray? What is your idea of Sunday reading?" "Oh," said Shimmin, "many different sorts of books. But my favourite, I think, is 'Tristram Shandy.'" It came like a shot from a catapult. The cross-examiner was not great at enjoying other people's humour, and several others of the Investigators drew long faces. But the majority roared with mirth, and the great Binney, who was sense-of-humour incarnate, nearly rolled off his chair. It was some minutes before the cross-examination could be resumed. To show he was not daunted the big-headed divine began again. "Do you read all the afternoon, Mr. Shimmin?" "No." "What do you do then?" "I often have a call." "Who from?" "Mr. M'Conkey, my clergyman. And very welcome he is. He can see a joke." "Is that what he comes for?" "No, he brings the milk." "Do be serious, Mr. Shimmin. What do you mean by the Rev. Mr. M'Conkey bringing you the milk?" "Well, all I know is, he gets let into the house somehow, and then he puts his head inside my study door, and puts a

little milk-can forward that he has in his hand, and says, 'May I come in? I've brought the milk'"—and Mr. Shimmin gave a delicious imitation of the sweet Irish unction with which Mr. M'Conkey uttered that word, adding "I've no doubt I'd better say *for your* benefit and *to save time* that he finds the can on the doorstep, where the milkman has left it." And so he went on, the homely fun being followed by critical humour when the real subject was reached, the cross-examiner meanwhile having made nothing of the witness. When the day was over the great Thomas Binney—who, by the by, like Mr. Shimmin, had begun life as a bookbinder, but that was neither here nor there—went to him, and said, "I have never been so amused in my life. I hope you're not in a hurry to get back to Liverpool. Come and dine with me at the Palatine Hotel." And they dined together, and Shimmin said he never had a livelier or more interesting evening.

CHAPTER XXI

OF THE LATE LORD DERBY.

OF all the public men I have known not one was more likeable and lovable than the last Lord Derby. He was not popular. He seemed undecided—too much addicted to weighing things in the balance and himself being found wanting. By the public in general he was admired only for the sententious wisdom of which his occasional speeches were entirely composed. But to know him privately was to have frank and fearless intercourse with one of the most thorough and emancipated minds. He dreaded weakness; but he was good-nature all through. Dry as his manner was supposed to be, he had no reserves. I should guess that if he did not desire to know you it would bore him to meet you and talk to you; but if he did meet you of his own accord and found himself stimulated to good talk there was no one more delightful to be with. He did not care to know mere "fashionables." Those who had been to both houses said that the contrast between the company at Knowsley and the company at Croxteth was most remarkable; and the contrast between the conversation at Lord Derby's and Lord Sefton's table corresponded to the contrast between the guests. Lord Derby's favourite associates were

remarkable men. Of the great Permanent Officials, such as Sir Thomas Sanderson and Sir Robert Herbert, he was really most affectionately fond. But he was very broad in his choice, and any man that had done anything and could explain it, and say what he meant to do in the future, was welcome at Knowsley, and found his reception most delightful and inspiriting. To mere politics—as politics—as the means of getting into office—as the business of contriving and competitive rivalry between parties—the late Lord Derby was contemptuously indifferent. It was of the substance, the solid working, the State action of political doctrines and institutions that he invariably and strenuously thought.

At one time he was pretty firmly of opinion that Irish Home Rule would come. His comment was—lifting his head and looking upwards, as was his wont in speaking and talking—"I wonder what they will do with it." Soon after the split in the Liberal party, in which the last Lord Derby was among those who severed themselves from Mr. Gladstone, one whom he kindly made a friend was standing talking with him, and ventured on mournful observations on what he feared was the effect on the minds of many Liberal Unionists of their recent alienation. He could cheerfully, he said, have discussed the constitutional point for years with them, but could not bear to hear people who had been good Liberals, and who had understood the historical case, abusing Ireland and the Irish and getting into Tory ways of thinking and talking. Lord Derby replied that any man on either side who used extreme language was a public enemy. A great deal

had been done for Ireland, however, and as the results had not been very favourable he supposed the English people were getting impatient. Then he suddenly turned round, put his two thumbs on the piano on which he had been leaning, and, facing the other, said, "But I hope nothing I have said comes under your censure." It was no mere complaisance, but one of the pleasantest moments of life, to assure him that no one thought or could think that an incidental difference on the subject of Ireland would cause him to be less liberal or in any way different from what he had been and from what his consciousness required him to be.

On the sentimental side, as distinguished from the side of real deep feeling, he was certainly deficient. In the presence of mere sentiment he became sardonic. At the time of her Majesty's first Jubilee he said that though he had been very grateful to the Queen for much that she had done, and especially for much that she might have done and had not, he had not yet managed to work himself into a state of enthusiastic gratitude to her for having reigned fifty years.

Some close observation of the late Lord Derby leads to the conclusion that he was a thorough Liberal in feeling, spoilt a little by a lack of impulse to ascertain the case of poverty as against wealth. For instance, in 1886 he spoke of the sad condition of the party, and said we must console ourselves that great reforms had been effected. In reply to an interrogative look, he said, "The extension of the suffrage, for instance." But he could not realise that it was seriously contended that the recalcitrant Irish tenants could not pay their

rents. He thought it enough to say he did not attach much importance to the alleged facts. When the points were pressed he seemed to feel them. For instance, that the Land Courts had not allowed for depression. But "were the tenants to be let off from year to year, and the arrears to run up?" When it was suggested that they could not be expected to pay what the land had not yielded, he demurred, but admitted that it was a hard case where the whole living of the people depended on cultivation. His mind was slow-moving, but he might be trusted when he saw the facts to do right. Whatever he undertook he strove to do thoroughly. His success as chairman of the Lancashire Sessions he attributed to his having been coached by County Court Judge Pollock. He wrote his speeches, and delivered them as written, with the manuscript before him, though rather used like notes than actually read from. In Parliament he scribbled anything it occurred to him to add on the blank page opposite the place where he wanted to introduce the new matter. He always had the exact words of his speech in his hand, written in a fine caligraphy with a very pointed pen, but he did not need to look at it much. If the speech was to be delivered out of Parliament, his way was to have the principal member of a respected firm of Liverpool newspaper correspondents —a gentleman whom he greatly liked and whom everybody greatly likes, Mr. Thomas Lee—out to Knowsley. He walked about the room, manuscript in hand, and delivered the speech, so getting a kind of rehearsal, while the able shorthand writer took it down. Then the reporting firm distributed the

matter through the whole Press of the three kingdoms.

When Lord Derby (then Mr. Stanley, his father being Lord Stanley) first spoke in the House of Commons, Mr. William Johnson Fox—Unitarian minister, "Publicola" of the *Weekly Despatch*, great Anti-Corn Law League speaker, and perhaps the most precisely classical orator in the House—spoke with contempt of a son of the Stanley having to read his speech. Perhaps his lack of extempore facility did stand in his way through life, but what hampered him much more was the known fact that he was serving in his father's ministries without being of his father's or of his colleagues' opinions. After his father's death he slowly made his way to the Liberal side. The address of Lord Dalhousie to the electors of Liverpool in the famous election was settled late at night at Knowsley, and one of the draughtsmen of that address can testify that a passage was there excluded or neutralised which if it had appeared as it was first written might have averted the differences which made that election so almost tragical in its difficulties—difficulties which had to be surmounted by a special and separate concession to the Irish of what was expressed in the original draught. Lord Derby's natural and unconsciously cultivated mental habit in politics was a sort of philosophical desire to know. This he maintained whenever he was not engaged in any specific practical work—and often when he was. But he had a good and constant sense of humour, and liked small humorous incidents as well as great, chiefly enjoying Parliamentary ones.

He told a story of that *beau sabreur* of House of Commons wit, Bernal Osborne. Osborne made a speech which Mr. Campbell, afterwards Lord Strathededen, considered reflected on him. Mr. Campbell was the dreariest of speakers—would drone for half an hour, and leave scarcely any impression of what he was driving at. He came down next night, claimed a personal right, and at great length expressed his resentment. When he sat down Bernal Osborne got up and said, to the immense enjoyment of the House, that "he was much obliged to the honourable member. He should not have thought the matter worth recurring to. And as the honourable member had been good enough to apologise so handsomely, he was quite willing no more should be said on the subject."

The following was a rather smart saying of Lord Derby at a dinner-table in 1886: At a meeting of Liberal Unionists just before a gentleman had been present and rather effusive who had been a tremendous Radical, and in fact was by way of being an Anarchist. Some one bantered Lord Derby about this, and Lord Derby said—with a little snort he had when he became epigrammatical, as he often did—"Perhaps he wants to retain the Irish members here as the best chance of everything being blown up." Again, he was speaking of the Colonial Agents he had been in communication with at the Colonial Office. "Oh," said he, "their business has been politics, and it must be said for them that they have made it pay." One of these, Sir Graham Berry, he considered an inferior man, "on a par with trades union delegates, and using the sort of

generalities in which they indulged. You heard of people running away with a phrase, but phrases ran away with Sir Graham Berry." One of the diners told Lord Derby that Mr. Ritchie was reported to have said that the Conservative Government were vexed with the Liberal Unionists because they had egged on Coercion, which ministers were most anxious to avoid. Lord Derby smiled sardonically and said, "I am quite sure the Government are not annoyed with the Liberal Unionists, but it is quite possible there may be two parties in the Cabinet." On another occasion he said on Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation that he doubted Lord Randolph's sanity, and foretold, truly, that Lord Randolph would be taken from public life either by sudden death or failure of health. He added, or failure of mind. He did justice to Lord Randolph's ability, but said his retirement had changed nothing. Lord Derby could not understand at that time why Lord Hartington should be expected to join the Government. He once said at a moment when Mr. Chamberlain was not very prominent in anything that was going on, that Mr. Chamberlain reminded him of an American politician of whom it was said, "He's beat, but he ain't going to stay beat."

Lord Derby was not of opinion that the Beaconsfield Memoirs, when they came out—this was in 1886, and they are not out yet—would be specially interesting. Lord Beaconsfield was not likely to have left much of value. When Lord Derby knew him he did not even take copies of his letters. On the general question of such publications he said it was inconvenient to living contemporaries, but, on the other hand,

if they were to be spoken of in print it might be better that it should be done while they had an opportunity of setting things in a proper light. He discussed the general question of a Minister, and especially a Foreign or Colonial Minister, carrying on affairs by private letters, as Lord Palmerston used to do, and said that he was altogether against it, because you never could produce the evidence that you were right, or the language that might be necessary for your justification. He thought that the best way of producing effects that could not be produced in regular despatches, was to write confidential despatches, never to do it by private letter. It is curious to think how little even so shrewd and observant a Parliamentarian could anticipate the personal course of affairs. Lord Derby thought in 1886 that the application to Lord Hartington to join the Tory Government had been made because the Tories were in a great mess for want of a leader of the House of Commons; Mr. Smith was nothing, in his judgment, but a respectable man of business, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was considered wooden, and had failed. Lord Randolph Churchill he did not deem worth recalling to mind. He did not foresee the solid success of Mr. Smith. He did not even think of Mr. Balfour, who in a new and distinctive way is one of the happiest leaders the House has ever had. My own feeling is that after Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone the best leader of the House was Lord Randolph Churchill. Few who only knew him by public report have any idea of the efficiency and dignity with which he filled that great position.

In discussing the Irish question, Lord Derby pooh-poohed the importance of the point of how the Union was caused. The bribery was only just such as Pitt proposed as a preliminary to English Parliamentary reform. The peerages and honours were worse, but we had heard of things of the same sort. A celebrated journalist was mentioned as separated from his wife. Said Lord Derby, "I congratulate Mrs. ——." One might have supposed that there would not be much sympathy between him and Mr. Gladstone, but it was pretty to notice that under all circumstances Lord Derby spoke with the highest respect of Mr. Gladstone. He did not praise him, but always spoke as if Mr. Gladstone were a being of quite a higher sphere, though, of course, to be criticised as to policy and methods by practical standards. He had even a generous admiration for moral enthusiasms which many would think eccentric. For instance, he said, with evident feeling, that Mr. Gladstone was "the sort of man quite likely, if he met a very forlorn and bedraggled creature late at night, to take her home to his own house and put her to bed, as an act of charity."

Lord Derby was once mentioning Mr. Gladstone's published postcard about Bacon-Shakspeare. "What," said Lord Derby, "can have induced Lawson (of the *Daily Telegraph*) to take that up? Can he think there's anything in it?" "He thinks," said one, "that there's plenty of correspondence in it." "That argues," said Lord D., "that there's a want of topics"—and he seemed surprised. And there was a great dearth—it was a most dull recess. Nothing but

speeches. "Well," said Lord Derby, "if anything could be worse than being served as William O'Brien had been, it would be to have to write every day on the Irish Question." He had spoken on it only five or six times in all, and felt most wretchedly the irksomeness of saying over again what other people had said.

Then I dared to put in my deliberate compliment: said he must not think his speeches commonplace; they were the best on the Unionist side; I judged by their giving me moments of trouble to answer them, in writing on them, which none of the others did. He pricked up his ears and looked for amplification, which I gave, saying that as a writer that was my test of the ability of speeches which I had to answer or criticise in articles. Then he said very nicely and seriously, "That's a compliment which I appreciate because I can see its worth." Then he put his head back, and looked up and said, "I wonder how it would work if they had it"—meaning Home Rule and the Irish. "Now, talking not for victory, what do you think?" and he went on to put the case—Home Rule and Irish members at Westminster. I repudiated, personally, the latter, as I always have—saying that there were sure to be transactions and questions between the countries. Lord Derby said he believed this was sound as to what would be at first; but what would happen later? To this I could only reply with generalities from experience, and point out that it was not a halcyon condition of things at present. "No," said Lord Derby, "it's only a choice of evils." He said that Mr. Gladstone had made in 1885–6 the same mistake that Sir Robert Peel had made forty years

before by springing Home Rule too suddenly on the country. For his part he wondered so many followed him. I said that the common allegation about so many having blindly followed Mr. Gladstone's masterful lead had been greatly overwrought in the discussion. Lord Derby said that he, too, considered it had been made a great deal too much of. He said that it certainly did not tend to encourage desirable men in public life that if they went with the crowd we depreciated them on that ground, and if they did not go with the crowd they were deemed altogether excluded from influence for that reason.

Presently he raised the Protection matter. He regretted that Lord Hartington had said what he had of preferring Protection to the Repeal of Union. "They won't do it," meaning that the Cabinet would not go for Protection, and that, therefore, Lord Hartington need not have qualified his resistance. What did I think, Lord Derby asked, was the strength of the Protection side? The feeling of the working man, I suggested, was that it was no good having cheap bread and no money to buy it with. He said he supposed this was it. "What would be the effect of a small duty on everything?" "It would do no good," I said. "Nor much harm," said Lord Derby. "Except," said I, "that it would invade the principle." He agreed as to the importance of that. Then he mooted an idea he had long had, of putting a small duty on coal, on the ground that coal was our capital, whereas timber and surface produce was our income. Restraint of manufacture there might be, but very slight. We were entitled to spare our capital, and

(as Mill urged) should reduce our debt. A coal tax would do both. A shilling a ton would yield eight millions ; sixpence, four millions. Recurring to the discouragement-of-manufactures objection, Lord Derby said he did not suppose any inconvenience was really felt in London from the coal tax. I said the people might not put it down to the right cause, but I had been told by persons who should possess the facts how great an injury it was to the London poor. "Well," said Lord Derby, "it is difficult to know. I remember being much struck twenty years ago by hearing of a poor family which came from the South to Wigan, which you wouldn't suppose was an Elysium ; but they wrote to their friends in the greatest delight, saying they were so warm, and if they liked could have a light all night. It was as if all their previous deprivations had as it were been stored up into a great craving for warmth and light."

Coal led to John Stuart Mill. Lord Derby heard the speech which so impressed the House and Mr. Gladstone ; but seemed chiefly to remember that the same ideas had been put forward a few years before in a book which everybody in the inside of politics had read, but which did not seem to strike. Lord Derby did not know much of Mill. He appeared to think it was not necessary to know much of him. He had the highest admiration for him, but said Mill's reasoning was Mill. Spoke of Mrs. Mill. Said it was much happier for Mill to have his opinion of his wife, though nobody shared it, than for them to have lived as those two geniuses Carlyle and his wife did. Said that Mrs. Carlyle obviously ought to have married, not a

fool, but a plain man clearly beneath her own intellectual level.

Lord Derby spoke of the Dalhousies. He said he had the highest esteem and greatest liking for Lord Dalhousie, but thought that he had probably got as far as he could get. He did not think he would have been a failure, but he would not have been much more of a success. He said Lord Dalhousie's main characteristic was that he believed everything anybody told him. "When you are dealing with politicians and Scotch tenants," Lord Derby said, "that won't do." He had known the great Lord Dalhousie but only slightly. He certainly was a great man, said Lord Derby, but his annexation policy, which chiefly distinguished him, was simply the policy of all the great Indian public servants of the time. Speaking of the Marquis of Dalhousie's death, he said a peculiarity of India seemed to be that, while it suited men well enough if they began early, it was almost always fatal if they went there at all in advanced life, and he instanced Elgin, Canning, Wilson, and others. Lord Derby said that the cases of Carlyle and Ruskin showed that you can't burn the candle at both ends.

CHAPTER XXII

OF NON-PHYSICAL EVOLUTION.

A PHILOSOPHICAL work of considerable distinction, by Professor Ward, revived the question of the relation in which Evolution stands to Psychology, or the science of mind. Evolution was ignored or discountenanced by Mr. Balfour in his Lord Rector's address at Glasgow, and I made some humble efforts thereupon to controvert the idea that the scope of Evolution as a factor in movement and change is limited to the physical domain. Professor Ward takes the other side, and goes even farther than Mr. Balfour, for he is for discrediting Evolution altogether, as mere quantitative description instead of qualitative explanation. It is sorry work, however, the new fashion of basing upon what is only one remove from Agnosticism high mystical assumptions. The physical facts of Evolution cannot be got rid of, and the Evolution of mind under the control of the will is far more convincingly true, and should have far greater potency in the future history of the world than any mere invented hypotheses.

In connection with this belief and hope, I once had a curious and tellable intellectual adventure. I had a dear friend, a most liberal-minded, but most simple-

minded savant, a born-and-bred naturalist—and nothing if not an Evolutionist. He took things intellectual and scientific to heart more than any man I ever knew. A coincidence occurred. He brought under my notice a bit of philosophy embedded in drama which happened just before to have attracted my attention in reading. He came to me one day—he liked my criticisms on anything, because I was not scientific, but brought to bear on his strong scientific feelings (for they really were feelings) the observations of a free though sympathetic outsider—he came to me with a bit of Shakspeare in his purse which had really hurt him and made him doubt whether he could reverence Shakspeare any longer as he had been used to do. My good old friend often said things of this sort—things half laughable, wholly pathetic. For instance, as a clergyman, one of his chief difficulties was having to read in the service the remorseless 109th Psalm. It was of no use saying to him, "If you are going to begin jibbing at the Church Service where will you end?" Nor was it of any avail to appeal to his "historic sense"—was Disraeli the author of that admirable definition? Yet this was the right appeal. The 109th Psalm is not a nice composition to be sung by a mixed congregation to a lively chant. But to a person with a historic sense it represents so large a proportion of what goes on in the government of the world, and goes on with a good conscience, so far as it is matter of volition, that it can easily be interpreted in such a manner as to express devout feelings of a particular class.

But I was speaking of my savant friend's objection

to a passage in the "Winter's Tale." About this there was the coincidence of which I have spoken; for a short time before he had noticed it, and conceived a disgust for it, I had specially noticed it for the first time, and come to the conclusion that it perhaps was the most philosophical piece in Shakspeare, and that it contained in a very striking illustration the full potentiality of Evolution extended into mind. The passage is that in which Polixenes is having a delightful conversation with Perdita about her garden. She says that there are certain flowers which she does not care to have, because she understands that some of their tintings are due to art in the grafting and the rearing rather than to "great creating nature." Polixenes says there may be something of this kind, but why not?

> "Say there be;
> Yet nature is made better by no mean,
> But nature makes that mean: so, over that art
> Which you say adds to nature, is an art
> That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
> A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
> And make conceive a bark of baser kind
> By bud of nobler race: this is an art
> Which does not mend nature—change it rather; but
> The art itself is nature."

That is to say, as I understand it, that the mind which resorts to the expedient is part of nature; and that the expedient itself depends upon the forces of nature. What it was that had so enraged my venerable friend I cannot exactly remember. Probably it was a vague indignation at the suggestion that art

could improve on Evolution. Now it would have been quite useless to say to him that Shakspeare could not be expected to anticipate Darwin and Wallace; but I had a better argument. I insisted that Shakspeare had anticipated Darwin and Wallace. I urged that there was no passage in any pre-nineteenth century poet or philosopher which so completely and grandly comprehended the whole doctrine of Evolution; associating with "great creating nature" the human skill which equally with things physical is the growth of Evolution; and holding out to those who could draw inferences an infinite prospect of mental and spiritual change which will be progress, and progress by mental as well as physical Evolution, as long as the world endures. I shall never forget the bright, beaming countenance with which the kindly, ingenuous savant made it up with Shakspeare and restored to his purse, as to a place of honour, the extract which had been confined there as in a coal-hole of disgrace.

OF THOMAS DRUMMOND.

The author of the Life of Parnell is also the author of the Life of Thomas Drummond. Both are memoirs of men—one Irish and one Scottish—who failed, but deserved to succeed, in achieving political good for Ireland. Mr. Drummond was a pure official of the English Government, but, being a specially enlightened man, developed views strongly in favour of justice to Ireland. If we desire to know what a Briton might aim at for Ireland, even in the time of and under Lord Melbourne, Mr. Barry O'Brien's book about Thomas Drummond will inform us. Even formal works, such

as Chambers's Dictionary of Biography, tell us that in 1835, as Under-Secretary, he was practically the Governor of Ireland, and by his impartiality, energy, and judgment gained the affection of the people. It seems now a truism that Property has its duties as well as its rights. But oh! the disturbance that was caused when Thomas Drummond ventured on this then daring statement. He himself thought it a mere truism. It is an interesting fact that the sentence first fell from his lips in dictating to his like-minded wife. She stopped him, and said that the words would make a ferment. "Oh no," said Drummond, "how could they? They were obviously mere truth." However, the lady was right. They did make a ferment. All Toryism was rampant and blatant. Even Whiggery shook its head. Tories and Lords now do not know that they ever thought otherwise and Whigs think Drummond was expressing only the doctrines they had always propagated. It is interesting to know that Drummond had been private secretary to Lord Althorp, the present Earl Spencer's uncle, a good Whig and a Liberal statesman if ever there was one. The great didactic epigram about Property and its duties was thought so ill of at the time that the Lord Donoughmore of that day suppressed it, till called upon to give it in an official proceeding. The saying has done much good since, and has set up the standard which its author thought existed. But the prejudices which it assailed have obstinately survived. Not long ago a gentleman who is now a nobleman of recent creation—an amiable and well-meaning man—was perfectly scandalised when a Liberal neighbour

whom he knew and respected had two Irish members to stay on a visit. This was before he was raised to the Upper House. After a bit he did not find them so very dreadful, and actually spoke to one of them in the House of Commons, and asked him to come and see the view from his mansion. In Drummond's house Macaulay was a frequent visitor. He was well remembered there in his blue coat and gilt buttons, entering the house talking, and walking about talking all the time he stayed.

OF SIR ANDREW CLARK.

Sir Andrew Clark, the great physician, was in the habit of advising his patients not to drink, and it is certain that he himself was never immoderate in his potations; but on one occasion at dinner he was taking wine rather copiously late, and a patient at the table pointed out to him the inconsistency. "Ah," said Clark, "I've got to sit up to-night writing to twenty patients"—as was his usual habit. "Well, but," said this patient, "surely wine won't help you to do that." "No," said Sir Andrew, "but it will make me not mind whether I do it ill or well, and that's a condition it's very wise to get into with that sort of work."

OF BOOKS FROM A LIBRARY.

Every one has read lately more or less of a certain lady mixed up in some very shady transactions. Librarians have queer experiences sometimes. The chief officer of a world-famous library received one day a telegram from the lady just referred to asking for books on the Raising of Lazarus! He sent her

"Christian Myths," Browning's poem, and one or two other things. The lady asked for some more. He sent her the Bible.

OF AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

People sometimes give way to weak emotions, which they would despise in others and not anticipate in themselves. And sometimes this frailty places them in a humorous light or gives rise to sardonic situations. An able journalist who has been already mentioned as having come to grief for a libel of most righteous intention was a case in point. He ought to have taken his punishment as Mr. Stead took his. But there were three things against this: he was sensitive, his wife was silly, and under the advice of a merely politic and rather conventional solicitor he had offered a defence which fell far short of a heroic justification. The consequence was that when he came out of prison he was by no means so proud of having been there as he ought to have been. One day he was conversing in his office with one of the principal men of his city who had called upon him. While he was so engaged a man came into the outer office and asked to see him. The man, who was an ungainly looking fellow, was told to wait. He did so, twirling his cap round as he stood. He had to wait some time, and presumed, probably, to get a little impatient. Presently the good journalist came out of his room with his important friend, who still continued talking. The ill-conditioned-looking man pressed forward. "Mr. ——," said he. "All right, my man," said the honest journalist, a little consequentially. "Mr. ——," re-

peated the man, pressing forward almost between them. "All right, all right," said the journalist in a tone of vexation. "Mr. ——," persisted the rough-looking fellow, with almost as much indignation. "Mr. ——" (with injured emphasis on the "Mr."). "Mr. ——, I was with yer in the jug." The man was really a gaol-bird from the criminal side of the prison, who had been brought over to keep the first-class misdemeanant's room tidy, and had really been caught making free with the rice-puddings of the distinguished fellow-captive whose acquaintance he now claimed as having been "with him in the jug."

OF THE WHIGS AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The late Lord Houghton told me that Lord Palmerston told him that what made him turn Tory —that is to say, in the time of Canning, of whom he was a prominent pupil—was the manner in which the Whigs treated the Duke of Wellington.

OF SCOTCHMEN AND À PRIORI REASONING.

Buckle attributes the great success of Scottish men of science, &c., to their preference for *à priori* or deductive argument. The following story of similar trend was attributed many years ago to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman: A Scotsman was asserting that all the great poets were of his nation. "Well, but," said one, "how about Shakspeare? You can't say he was a Scotchman." To which the other replied, "His talents would justify the supposeetion."

That Reminds Me——

OF A BOYS' MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

There was once a Youths' Mutual Improvement Society in London, and, although it was disbanded about forty-three years ago, its surviving members have met once a year at a dinner ever since. At one of these dinners it was announced that one of the members had been offered a peerage on his retirement from a distinguished position in the permanent service of the Crown. He had declined it, but there was the fact. Taken along with others in the history of the little society, it tends to prove an extraordinary accumulation of success within a very small area. As one gets long past the time of young manhood—which, speaking at this moment, may mean for many having been a youth in the fifties, and in the time when Cobden, and Thomas Binney, and Fowell Buxton, Elihu Burritt, and the earlier Tennyson were the objects of youthful enthusiasm—before golf, before bicycles, before tennis, before football (in a sense), before Tennyson's "Maud"—one looks back a bit puzzled as to the contrast between young man life then and young man life now. One wonders whether anything of the Mutual Improvement kind goes on now, and with what results. No opinion is offered here, but the facts of the boys' society just mentioned seem to really deserve attention as throwing light on the effect that the self-improving habits of the day had, at least in some instances. Of course, any contrast that may exist between that time and this in the matter does not exist among university men. They indeed have been much athleticised and so far changed,

but their operation in scholarship, mathematics, and the freemasonry of getting each other on in life subsists practically unchanged. The members of the society I am speaking of went out early into clerkships and had literally nothing to assist their studies and their ambition. I keep an open mind, but it seems difficult to believe that in the present time they would have been much more than fair general business men in their business hours and good bicyclists in their leisure. There were thirty members. Remember this, and that not one of their fathers can have been making much more, several much less, than £300 a year. At this moment, three of the thirty are knights, one a K.C.B., one a K.C.M.G., and one of the knights (all made for public services), the K.C.B. has been offered a peerage. One made a fortune before he was forty on the Stock Exchange, having worked his way to the managing partnership of a principal firm. Two have been managers in London of great Colonial banks. One, a county magistrate of Kent, is head of a great London provision firm, quite of the best and most conspicuous, with beautiful-looking emporiums all over London, having begun with his father in a little shop in Barnsbury. Six became ministers of religion. One is a fairly successful musical composer. One made a fortune as a schoolmaster. Two have taken good positions as bibliopoles. I should say that one of the knights has been Prime Minister of his Colony. Only two have conspicuously failed in business, and they are both estimable. Only one made shipwreck of character. This sounds like romance to those who know the lives of poor boys. It is literally true.

That Reminds Me——

Does it or does it not illustrate the special spirit of 1840 to 1855?

OF ONE OF THE WAYS OF ECCENTRIC DOGS.

There are several ways of regarding dogs. The best way is never to be afraid of them, always to notice them, to give them cleanly and carefully dainty little bits, and never to worry or fidget about what they are doing. The last rule, however, has its disadvantages. A man of my acquaintance once dined at the house of a friend who had a shaggy terrier. All dogs are fond of him, and do just as they like with him, and he is kind and conversible with them. But on that occasion he had to be conversible with a great man. Phelps, the actor, had been an idol of his youth. He had never met him. He met him now. Phelps had the reputation of being a reserved curmudgeon, who never came out except in the warmth of his peculiarly happy domestic seclusion in Canonbury Square. He came out that night. After dinner he poured forth abundantly interesting and piquant reminiscences of himself and Douglas Jerrold, his earliest companion, who learnt French with him and shared his young London life; of Macready; of Drury Lane; of Covent Garden; of Bulwer; of Knowles—just the symposium to gratify a man who knew him publicly and had longed all his life to know him privately. Well might the listener listen and listen, and draw the talker on and on. The listener was conscious all the time that the terrier was clinging to one of his legs, but never minded dogs, and did not think anything of it. At "long length" we really

must join the ladies. They did. The worshipper, in whom years had not exorcised the divinities of his youth, met in the drawing-room as he had met in the dining-room the great actor's daughters, whom, in his early theatre days, he had eagerly noted in their father's box at his nobly conducted theatre, Sadlers Wells. It was winter. There was a circle round the fire. He easily sat down. He crossed his legs. When a great roar of laughter arose. From his upper knee descended his trouser in actual icicle-formed ribbons; every bit of it, from the knee down, hung in these irregular strips from the knee downwards. For once a dog had been too much trusted.

CHAPTER XXIII

OF AN EVENING WITH DEAN OAKLEY.

THERE have been few gayer or more interesting talkers than Dean Oakley. The following are things I heard him say at a little dinner party where I was the only layman: Mrs. Hook, the wife of Dean Hook, on one of the curates saying that Bishop Barry made him feel very young—as Littimer made David Copperfield feel, remarked, "Ah! Mr. Barry is a man who has not the art of concealing his superiority."

Those present—all eminent clergymen—agreed that those who objected to long sermons were of the so-called better classes.

There was some talk about Mr. Gladstone and his patronage, and the clerics—all High Churchmen of one sort or another—lamented that he had not promoted enough men of their way of thinking. Berdmore Compton was mentioned as a man eminently fitted for cathedral preferment, who had always been passed over. Dean Oakley said that Mr. Gladstone had intended to give the Deanery of Carlisle when Oakley vacated it to Benjamin Webb, of St. Andrew's, Wells Street, but was prevented as follows: At that very moment Mr. Raikes had been standing for Cambridge University, and Dr. Benson had been his chairman:

notwithstanding which, Mr. Gladstone made him Primate. This threw a number of clerical and university Liberals into a great rage, and an eminent man went down to Hawarden to beard Mr. Gladstone on the subject, and to insist that Benjamin Webb must not have the deanery, and that some one else should. Mr. Gladstone fought a long time with this gentleman, and did not yield except so far as to give up Benjamin Webb, but distinctly refused to nominate any of those whom the Church Liberals had proposed, and stuck thoroughly to his determination not to make political considerations the guide in such an appointment. Shortly afterwards the appointment was given to Mr. Henderson, who was just retiring from his school.

Dean Oakley was very gossipy about Archbishop Thomson. It appears that he was a very early friend of Thomson when Oakley was only eighteen or nineteen, and when Thomson was very desirous to marry Miss Skene, who eventually became his wife. Her father was the celebrated Consul in the East, who, during one phase of the Eastern difficulties, sent a too-honest report home, which got printed in the Blue Books, and which went dead against the Government policy. This arose from the fact that, whereas the other Consuls received with the questions that they were to answer a sketch of the replies which they were to return, this paper was accidentally omitted from the packet sent to Skene. Consequently he gave true answers.

Mrs. Skene had the greatest possible objection to young Thomson, because there were several much more eligible men after her daughter at the time. One

of these was Dean Lake, of Durham. Hence the fact that the Archbishop and Lake were never pleasant to each other. All sorts of plans were adopted to keep Thomson and the young lady apart, and Oakley was constantly fetched in to take charge of her, in order to make up parties and fill carriages when Thomson would have been objectionable. But he was evidently all the time friendly to Thomson and playing Thomson's game. At one great ceremony, when the Rupert Lord Derby was to be installed as Vice-Chancellor at Oxford, Oakley being then an undergraduate at Brasenose, eighteen years old, and Thomson Fellow, I think, of Queen's, Mrs. Skene and her daughter came down and sent to young Oakley an invitation to dinner, and a proposal that he should accept a ticket for a great reception (and escort Miss Skene to it) at night, where he, as an undergraduate, could not possibly have expected to go. He had arranged to go to the boats, and, boylike, refused the dinner party, but accepted the evening ticket. He remembered rushing away from his lodgings, tying his tie as he ran along to the house, and then was very specifically entrusted with Zoe. He took the young lady up the stairs at the Radcliffe, and there at the top stood Thomson glowering. That was the crisis. Thomson peremptorily took the young lady off his arm and carried her away, and within a month his engagement was announced.

Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, so universally beloved and admired, was the despair of his clergy, because of the promiscuous, unprepared, incautious way in which he would preach. There were many who

told how they had secured from the late Bishop of Manchester a good sermon by actually forcing him into a room by himself and giving him a Bible. Under those circumstances he prepared well and preached delightfully. Dean Oakley's account of Bishop Moorhouse was that he made very strict rules, and kept them; would only accept one appointment per day; absolutely refused, to the intense disgust of many, to hold Saturday confirmations. He was described as spending his whole Saturday at home, in a dressing-gown, among his books, and as preparing most elaborately and carefully every sermon that he preached; keeping his MSS. in his pocket, and delivering his sermons memoriter with very great effect. But he rather had Schopenhauer on the brain, and was often over the heads of the people. Even at a confirmation of 500, many of those confirmed below the average of age, before he was well into his confirmation address he was upon his subjective *versus* objective. On that occasion, however, he seemed to feel he had made a mistake, for he went into the pulpit and gave a separate extempore address which was all that could be desired, in a simple manner asking the young confirmees to go for the first time to the table of their Lord on the following Sunday, which was Easter Day.

Bishop Moorhouse once began a temperance meeting by saying that the only thing he never drank was cold water—which Dean Oakley said completely spoilt the meeting for about an hour. On the Wilberforce Memoirs it was suggested whether a man of great powers of sympathetic speaking was not really most

himself as well as at his best in his public utterances ; and whether it did not often happen that the adoption of a cynical tone on quitting the public scene, which might seem to be a resumption of the man himself, was not really quite the reverse ; and that the true man—that is to say, the real man—was the one who expressed himself full of sympathy and high thoughts in the public utterance. One present—himself a good and genial parish priest, plus or including preaching power, and now a bishop—said that it certainly was the case that a parish minister did come out in his true colours when speaking most sympathetically to his people. Dean Oakley said, "And happy is he to have a people to speak to. I have not had that pleasure for years." And then he explained that the congregation at Manchester Cathedral was absolutely casual. There were one or two carriages that came ; but the majority of people hurried away to get trains, and it was the rarest possible thing for the Dean to see at the Cathedral even two or three of the men whom he knew in the week as interested and distinguished in Church matters. This he considered very peculiar to Manchester, being of opinion that in almost every cathedral town the best Church feeling and intelligence gravitate every Sunday at least at one service to the Cathedral.

He gave an account of Cathedral matters at Carlisle, where the Dean had to preach every Sunday afternoon, because the canons wouldn't, not being obliged by the statutes. This practice of the Dean was begun by Tait, and continued by Close and Oakley. But the last named did his best to persuade the Chapter to

introduce evening services on Sundays, and pointed to the crowded condition of the streets most promenaded as showing that there was no fear of parish churches or chapels either being robbed of their congregations. He foretold that his successor would not be content to go on with the constant preaching on the Sunday afternoon, and that evening services, as a consequence, would be introduced. This had happened since, and the services, he understood, were well attended, and a parish church adjoining was better, or certainly not worse, attended than it had been. A canon present said that he had always understood Carlisle was the most godless city in England; to which Dean Oakley drily replied that he perhaps might have been more of that opinion if he had not formed the acquaintance of Manchester. The clergy there never had the feeling of addressing a congregation with whom they had had any past connection, or could hope for any future connection.

The Dean said that he had high family confirmation of the statement that Mr. Disraeli and his Government were about to give up the Public Worship Regulation Bill when Archbishop Tait went off to Sir William Harcourt and got him to declare that if the Government dropped it he would proceed with it; and it was after this that Mr. Disraeli made his celebrated "Mass-in-Masquerade" speech.

I hope there is no offence in the following story of Dean Oakley and the present Primate, who, at the time Oakley told the story was Bishop of London. When he was in trouble about the "Essays and Reviews," and the Archbishop of Canterbury was

doing his best to see him through, he was down to preach at St. Paul's Cathedral; and it was doubtful whether he might not fail to do so, for what reason I don't know; but the Archbishop sent for Oakley, who at that time was a curate of Mr. Kempe, at St. James's, Piccadilly, and told him frankly that he wished him to be prepared to preach at St. Paul's if Temple could not. "I cannot," said the Primate, "ask any man to be ready to do this who is in such an elevated position that he would object to be prevented from preaching if Temple is able to turn up, and, therefore, I request you to do me this favour." Oakley consented, got his sermon ready, presented himself at St. Paul's Cathedral, but there was Temple, quite prepared to preach; and a good job, too, for all the world was present, from Lord Russell downwards. After the service Dean Stanley was talking to Oakley, and it appeared that it was upon his suggestion that the Archbishop had obtained Oakley's promise to preach. The good-natured Dean said, "Now, I must introduce you to Temple, that he may thank you for the kindness you meant to render him if it had been necessary;" and he took the great big fellow (Oakley was about 6ft. 3in., and Stanley was about 5ft. nothing) up to Temple with this kindly purpose. As ill-luck would have it, at that moment a burly clergyman of the shouldering type pushed in, as it were, between them and said, "Oh, Temple, who was it that we were on the point of hearing if you had not come?" to which Temple replied, in his most supercilious manner, "Oh, some curate Kempe had found." The curious *dénouement* of the story was that Stanley was so embarrassed by

this contretemps that he just led Oakley back again, and never made the introduction.

Following upon many stories of the present Archbishop—all know how they abound and how good they are in one way or another—came Dean Oakley's recital of Canon Furse's account of Temple's life when at Balliol, which was highly in his favour. He said Temple was the typical poor scholar; never ashamed of his poverty; never attempting to do anything that was not within his reach, and always exercising in a natural and impressive manner an excellent influence on all about him.

CHAPTER XXIV

OF A MAYOR AND THE PRESS.

IN the year 1864 I was walking along Church Street, Liverpool, and saw Mr. Gladstone. It was some years before I personally knew him. I went into the office, saw my chief, and told him. He was all excitement. "Now is your chance," said he. "Go round to the Town Hall, tell the Mayor that Mr. Gladstone is staying with his brother at Court Hey, and that he must get him to speak and to attend a banquet." This was a strong thing for so young a journalist to do; but Mr. Whitty, who never himself interposed personally in public affairs, would hear no demur. Round I went and found Mayor Mozley —then an opulent banker—nothing loth. He was the only Liberal Mayor Liverpool had had for many years, and for many years more there was not another. All was soon arranged.

One day my chief sent me to the Town Hall again, having received a notification that the Mayor wished to see somebody about the reporting of the banquet. I found him and his very bouncible eldest son considering the matter, and they told me that the demand was so great for places that they had come to the conclusion to admit only a reporter from the *Times* and

one reporter to represent the whole Liverpool daily Press. I said, "Mr. Mayor, you are perhaps scarcely familiar with these things, but I must venture to tell you that that won't do. You perhaps don't know that if a reporter is to report this dinner he must be present at the dinner as any other of your guests." The Mayor looked embarrassed, but bouncible Brandon cut in, "Oh, well, then they can let it alone." I smiled, and, with my best sneer, said, "Perhaps there's one person that might not be satisfied with that." "Who?" "Mr. Gladstone. You may be under the impression, Mr. Brandon Mozley, that Mr. Gladstone is coming here just to talk to a couple of hundred merchants and brokers invited by your father. That is not so. He would not come for that purpose. He will come here to speak to Great Britain and to Europe, and he can only do so through the Press." "Brandon," said the Mayor, "you are a little too impetuous. There is no denying what Mr. Russell says. We must arrange it." And arrange it they did.

It is strange to look back to that year, and to realise how far Mr. Gladstone seemed at that moment from the position which he was to take on the death of Lord Palmerston, eighteen months later; and that was not the leadership, but the second leadership of the Liberal party. Immediately after his Liverpool speeches in 1864 I wrote, not in my own paper, but in a local monthly magazine, an article on Mr. Gladstone, which my old friend John Hollingshead brought under the notice of the editor of the *Daily News*, and it was reprinted entire in that journal.

May I make two little boasts?—the first, I hope, that I have made in these pages—I claim to have anticipated Mr. Gladstone in two ideas: Home Rule for Ireland, and a persuasion that Mr. Gladstone was the best man to make a Liberal leader—at a time when no one had proposed him for that post. One of the sentences about Mr. Gladstone in the article just mentioned, of which I am proud, was this: "When most an optimist he is least contented with the present; when least indulgent to the present he is most full of hope." The article was not all sanguine. It contained a suggestion, fulfilled more than once after Mr. Gladstone's highest place had been secured, that the English people were not likely to approve altogether of a Minister who "would go to war obviously against his will, showing that his participation in it was an act of stern, closely reasoned duty, not animated by the least spark of the popular flame."

One other point I want to mention, being reminded of it by South Africa, of which at that time there was not a thought. What Mr. Gladstone said as to neutrality, his favourite theory—and I dared to gibbet it as trimming—was that it could only be applied in European affairs, for, said he—and how often it has been proved—it is not in human nature to remain impartial in disputes in which our own interests are seriously involved. It must have cost Mr. Gladstone a good deal to say this in 1864; and it afterwards cost him, in another way, still more to induce the British people to take a higher moral line than in 1864 he saw to be possible.

OF A FEAT OF REPORTING.

At Knowsley, the home of the Stanleys, there is in the largest room a curious antique short-legged chair, fixed near the end window in a place of special honour, because it was sat in by the seventh Earl of Derby when, in 1651, he was beheaded at Bolton—Earl James, the eloquent, earnest husband of the celebrated Charlotte de la Trémouille. There is a picture of it in the 1889 Transactions of the Lancashire and Cheshire Historic Society. One would not have thought that the late Earl of Derby would have been a man to have any special feeling about such a thing, but the contrary was proved by an incident, which is also worth relating as showing how thoughtless great people sometimes are about the facilities that should be afforded to members of the Press, and as instancing the resource which agile and alert members of the profession sometimes evince. In 1881, when Mr. Gladstone was staying at Knowsley with the late Earl, and things were in a tangle with Mr. Parnell and the Nationalists, it occurred to the Prime Minister that he would like to make a speech. The speech he made was that in which he used a memorable phrase about marching to rapine. Of course the leading Liberals of Liverpool were only too glad to come and hear him, and a goodly muster of invited persons attended for that purpose. The reporters were most foolishly put in a sort of recess or little apartment away from Mr. Gladstone at the extreme end. He, feeling that he was in a room and need not raise his voice, spoke comparatively softly.

The reporters immediately found they could not catch much, and were in despair, for this speech was a manifesto to the nation and to the world. Everything that could be sat on was occupied—except the historic quaint low chair of the seventh Earl on its reverent daïs, very near which Mr. Gladstone was speaking. Suddenly, noiselessly, and unperceived, one of the reporters (Mr. Connor) glided up the room, sat down on the sacred relic, and, opening his notebook, began to take a verbatim report. Then to see the fidgets of the Earl! How he squeezed his chin and wriggled about! It was a most comical sight. Whether he moved the gentleman away and gave him a chair I cannot remember, but his distress was very noticeable. Little recked the reporter of this. He got the speech, returned to his brethren triumphantly, and they arranged to meet him at the office of his newspaper, where he who alone had the wherewithal dictated the whole speech to them. This report, and this only, was used by the whole Press of the country; and it was one of Mr. Gladstone's most celebrated speeches. There was another sequel, which once again shows how history is made, even among contemporaries. A myth grew up, and was locally circulated, that when the reporters were gravelled, Dr. Charles Beard, the eminent Unitarian divine and Hibbert lecturer, dictated Mr. Gladstone's speech to them from memory!

OF ANOTHER FEAT OF REPORTING.

Within living memory reporters were not always sober, and in their profession, as in others, it was often

found that the cleverest men were in this respect least to be trusted. Before the days when telegraphing was perfected my old chief wanted to get a very special report of a meeting which was to be held, I think, in Dublin. He had on his staff one of the finest reporters in the North of England. He sent this reporter over to Ireland. He was to come back on the Sunday afternoon. He was to write out his notes on the Sunday evening, and Mr. Whitty thought that the *Liverpool Daily Post* would contain an almost exclusive report of the important speech on Monday morning.

This programme was carried out up to the point of the return of the reporter to the office, where he arrived in a most business-like condition and sober as a judge. But when he sat down to his work and attempted to write out, not a line could he make sense of. My poor old chief was in despair. He raved about the office. One of his sons came to his assistance, but it was of no avail. It appeared as if nothing could be done. At last, after about an hour's endeavours, this young man had a brilliant idea, and broached it to his father. He said, "It's quite clear that Simon was tipsy when he took the speech. It's quite clear that he will never be able to write it out. Things cannot be worse than they are. What if I take him out on the spot and make him tipsy again?" At first the suggestion only enraged his father still more. But after a bit he said, "Well, do what you like. As you say, things can't be worse." Away they went. The desired temperament was speedily produced, and when the veteran reporter

came back thick in his voice and apparently by no means clear in his ideas, he wrote out the whole of the speech without the slightest difficulty, and it appeared next morning, to the great delight of all concerned.

CHAPTER XXV

OF MR. GLADSTONE AND THE PARNELL SCANDAL.

IN November, 1890, when the connection between Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea became to be known, and when what is called "The Nonconformist conscience" was believed to be deeply stirred thereon —stirred to such an extent that it must be at once taken into account as a factor in the resettlement of the Liberal-Irish alliance—the *Liverpool Daily Post* alone in the country took the line (in a very careful and elaborate leading article) that it would be wise to let Mr. Parnell down gently and to do all that could be done to prevent the Liberal-Irish cause from being ruined, as it ultimately was. This article was expressly brought under Mr. Gladstone's notice—though that was unnecessary, as he saw the paper every day when at home—and a letter was sent to him with it from one who had accidentally a very special knowledge of facts which, though they could not excuse Mr. Parnell's sin, established that it was far less contemptible in tone than it had been represented, and quite annihilated certain allegations or assumptions which gave it a specially odious character. Also there was sent to Mr. Gladstone an editorial letter from the

Liverpool Weekly Post, the significant title of which was, "Thou Shalt Not be Found Out."

The writer of the letter to Mr. Gladstone had had conversations with him long before in which Mr. Gladstone had with burning emphasis placed conjugal fidelity at the very summit of necessary social virtue, and stamping about vigorously on Hawarden terrace had said, "The battle of the Christian faith will have to be fought around the marriage altar." Speaking of the "Champion" letter, Mr. Gladstone's correspondent at that awkward juncture said, "I am afraid you will think this very worldly, but I humbly feel that it is informed by common sense and common justice, and that it exhibits one facet of the many-sided and delicate question which only you will have authority to deal with, if dealing with it be necessary. There is no doubt that the vast majority of our proper supporters in England are strong for Mr. Parnell's retirement. It is probable, too, that a large proportion of the Irish people and the priests are dreadfully shaken by this business, and may jib. No one knows better than yourself that it wants looking at all round, and correspondence from people of different sorts is to me significant to this effect: that the only way is to find some method of dealing with Mr. Parnell direct and leading him to take the course most conducive to the general interest. As a preliminary it would be well for Mr. Justin M'Carthy to be solemnly and in a leisurely manner questioned. He is a man that does not speak at once, except just according to the line the Irishmen take at the time; but I have heard that in this case the view he himself takes is not that which he

has expressed in his speech in favour of Mr. Parnell retaining the lead. While perfectly loyal to Parnell he has a large knowledge of Irish feeling as far as it can be known, and would be useful in conference. I am painfully conscious that throughout this note and in the print attached there are points which will not meet with your sympathies, but I wish to be privileged to lay before you my exact feelings. The noble letter of Jacob Bright in to-day's *Manchester Guardian* is the best thing that has been said in favour of Parnell remaining."

This was written to Mr. Gladstone on Saturday, the 22nd of November. On Sunday, the 23rd—Sunday, be it observed—an interesting biographical detail—Mr. Gladstone replied as follows: "Many thanks. Not quite so unsympathetic as you suppose. But you will readily understand that my hands are more than full, and that I have no time to explain.—Yours faithfully, W. E. G.—N. 23. 90."

On the following day, the 24th, he wrote to Mr. John Morley saying that "Mr. Parnell's continuance in the leadership would be productive of consequences disastrous in the highest degree to the cause of Ireland; would not only place many hearty and effective friends of the Irish cause in a position of great embarrassment, but would render his (Mr. Gladstone's) retention of the leadership of the Liberal party—based as it had been on the prosecution of the Irish cause—almost a nullity."

This correspondence reminds me too that the relation between Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea was frankly recognised by Liberal officials of Whitehall to

Liverpool Liberal leaders when in November, 1885, Captain O'Shea stood for the Exchange Division, and this fact also, besides those special ones above referred to, was mentioned to Mr. Gladstone in the letter of the 22nd of November, 1890.

OF MR. PARNELL AND HIS TUTOR.

Mr. Barry O'Brien, in his Parnell Biography, enumerates a number of the early educational arrangements of the Irish leader, but there was one which he does not mention that has an interest for some Liverpool people because it has to do with a former highly esteemed chaplain of the Blind Church. At one period of his youth Mr. Parnell was under the care of Mr. Whishaw, and that reverend gentleman told a story in illustration of his pupil's doggedness, which evidently began very early in life. Mr. Whishaw corrected him one day as to the meaning of a Latin word, and had quite a trouble to make him give in. Even when young Parnell did submit he grumbled out that he was quite sure that his own dictionary gave the meaning as he had said it. "Where is that dictionary?" asked the tutor, determined to discipline the youth. And it was not until the dictionary had been required to be fetched, and young Parnell had been proved to be totally wrong, that his stolid rebellion was finally suppressed.

OF MR. PARNELL IN THE HOUSE.

He was just as obstinate as that in the House of Commons, only there he had a way of proving right,

or at least irrefutable. Often was it curious to observe how he was fetched into the House when his colleagues were worrying away with little effect at some point of procedure or argument. He would rise and quietly step into the *mêlée* so precipitately that it seemed certain that he must come to grief. Not so, however. Every back was soon straightened. The Speaker leaned forward. The leader of the House and the leader of the Opposition fixed anxious eyes on him. The bar was speedily occupied with listeners. Perhaps the Attorney-General was quietly sent for. Tension, keen following of the subtle argument, became the order of the day, and till it was over the astute debate—especially astute on Mr. Parnell's part, though he had been so suddenly imported into it—taxed to the utmost the available intellect of every one present.

OF MR. PARNELL AND THE PRISON LAWS.

One of the measures he most actively dealt with, and ultimately greatly modified, was a Prisons Bill. The mood of Britons was to consider this as "like his impudence," as sheer impertinence, or at best as mere vexatious delay. But it is now allowed that his amendments were humane and wise improvements. While the Bill was pending there was a recess, and Mr. Parnell went down to a great Scotch city. He proceeded to the gaol, and might fairly suppose, as a member of Parliament, that he could obtain free access, at any rate so far as to obtain information from the governor. Oh dear, no! Britons are always very great about all the three kingdoms being in one, but

they rarely treat Irish Nationalist M.P.'s as they treat others. Mr. Parnell got scant civility, if he got any. That didn't matter. He went to a Visiting Justice, and the Visiting Justice gave him the *entrée*. Then the governor showed his feelings, but of course Mr. Parnell took no notice, and was quite imperturbable. Presently he began tranquilly and insinuatingly putting things to the governor, with the result that time after time the latter was dexterously cornered, and obliged to admit that the prison laws as they were, and as they were intended to be left, were objectionable on the score of humanity or justice. To do the governor justice he frankly admitted this. He afterwards owned up that he never was more surprised in his life, but that on several points Mr. Parnell had quite convinced him.

OF MR. PARNELL'S BEARING AND DEMEANOUR.

Mr. M'Carthy, in his new book of Reminiscences, has denied that in his relations with his political friends Mr. Parnell was reserved or distant. Anything Justin M'Carthy says is sure to be perfectly truthful as he believes, and it is presumption for any one to pretend to know more of Mr. Parnell than he does. But it must be remembered that Mr. M'Carthy was Mr. Parnell's lieutenant, and that Mr. Parnell would have fewer secrets from him than from any one; also that Mr. Parnell would necessarily admire a colleague of whom it may be said, without hesitation, that he (Mr. M'Carthy) has—and has so conspicuously that no one acquainted with him is ignorant of it — the most encyclopædic information of any man engaged in

public affairs; also he is of a sunny disposition, and never suspects and scarcely notices slights. I mention the subject because of a thing that was said to myself. It was on the day when the great Pigott forgery appeared in the *Times*, clearly and startlingly casting upon Mr. Parnell the imputation of complicity in assassination. The whole country was aghast. Even members of Parliament who had nothing to do with Irish affairs went down to the House that day—the hour for beginning was then half-past four—with a sort of feeling of an internal trouble. As I went in and passed upstairs, close on 4.30, I met Mr. Dillon coming down. I said to him, "Has Mr. Parnell come?" Mr. Dillon said "No." "Is he coming?" said I. "I don't know," he replied. "And," he added, "I'll tell you something that will surprise you. If Mr. Parnell comes, and when he comes, not one of us, his Irish colleagues and followers, will mention to him what has appeared in this morning's *Times*.

OF MR. PARNELL'S QUIET MANNER.

I was once sitting in the Speaker's Gallery of the House of Commons listening to a debate, when Mr. Parnell rose to speak. After he had spoken for a little time in his usual vein, a gentleman sitting next me asked me who it was that was addressing the House. I said "Mr. Parnell." "Who, sir?" he said. I repeated that it was Mr. Parnell. The gentleman turned round upon me quite irascibly, and said, "I beg, sir, that you won't play practical jokes on me." I said, "There's no joke in it. You asked me a ques-

tion, and I gave you the answer; that's Mr. Parnell." "I repeat, sir," he said, "that I won't be made a fool of." "Perhaps not," said I, "but that's Mr. Parnell, and if you don't think so, ask the messenger," pointing to the official in evening dress and a gold chain, who was near by to keep order. He appealed accordingly, got my information confirmed, and then turned to me and made a most gentlemanly apology. What he had expected Mr. Parnell to be like I don't know, but he said that he could not have believed that he would speak as Mr. Parnell was speaking.

THE END.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE CONCEPTION OF GLADSTONIAN HOME RULE.

The following note, referred to on page 56, gives additional information in reference to the Liberal crisis of 1885–6.

I have given this account of Home Rule occurrences in 1885 and 1886 from my recollection, assisted by notes. But it is quite possible that the incipient differences between Mr. Gladstone and the pro-Irish members of his Cabinet were pretty clearly pronounced, in absolute privacy of course, as early as the end of September, 1885; and, indeed, I have in my possession exact dates which justify this supposition. If what I have narrated may be called the birth of Gladstonian Home Rule, the dates I am about to mention may be said to register the conception of Gladstonian Home Rule. They give reason to believe that Mr. Chamberlain received from Mr. Gladstone about the 22nd September, 1885, the first distinct hint of Gladstonian Home Rule as contrasted with the Parnell-Chamberlain scheme of March to May, 1885. This hint was repeated and enlarged about the 26th September. About the 28th September, Mr. Chamberlain informed Mr. Gladstone that his conclusion was adverse to Mr. Gladstone's intentions. Within a fortnight, in several communications, Mr. Chamberlain told his most intimate ally of this new position of affairs. About the 26th October, Mr. Chamberlain made a special communication to his chief. In November came the General Election. On the 5th December was the meeting, at Highbury, of Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. John Morley, to which I have referred, the precise occasion of which is supposed to have been Mr. Gladstone's presentation of his Home Rule scheme to the Queen, and her Majesty having shown it to Lord Salisbury.

INDEX.

Aberdeen, Lord, 105–6, 108
"A.K.H.B.," 138
Althorp, Lord, 116, 295
American Bureau of Justice, 224
„ Clubs, 190
„ Courts, 200
„ Drinking Habits, 228
„ Extreme Toleration, 223
„ Journey, 182–229
„ Lawyers, 226
„ Ministers of Religion, 228
„ Oratory, 262–3
„ Penitentiary Farm, 214
„ Philosophy in Politics, 218
„ Sanitary District, 197–200
„ Words and Phrases, 216–218, 262
Anderson, Mary, 119
Aristophanes, 104
Armenia, 61, 119
Athletes as Walkers, 110

Bacon, Vice-Chancellor, 172
Bagehot, Walter, 16, 96
Baird, Abingdon, 177
Balfour, A. J., 61, 285, 291
Barry, Bishop, 303
Beaconsfield, Lord, 13, 16, 28, 77, 81, 107, 108, 152, 248–61, 267, 284, 292, 308
Beaconsfield Memoirs, 254
Beard, Charles, 147, 315
Beecher, Henry Ward, 49
Belgravia, 248
Benson, Archbishop, 303–4
Bernal, Mr., 19
Berry, Sir Graham, 283
Bethell, Richard, 167–9
Bickersteth, Bishop, 114
Bimetallism, 30
Binney, Thomas, 159, 275, 299
Birrell, C. M., 153
Bismarck, 264
Black, William, 66–7
Boers, The, 6, 7
Books (Mr. Gladstone's), 114, 116
Boston, 201
Boucicault, Dion, 46, 267
Boulanger, 112
Bowen, Lord, 18
Boyd, Dr. A. K. H., 138
Bradlaugh, Charles, 230
Brain, Equivalency of the, 267
Brand, Mr., 255
Bridges, Dr., 161
Bright, Jacob, 77, 321
Bright, Mr., 9, 26, 68, 75–85, 89, 90, 156, 254–7
Bright, Mrs. John, 83
Bristow, Mr., 196
Brock, Mr., 159
Brodrick, Mr., 62
Brough, Lionel, 270
Brown, Hugh Stowell, 138, 148, 153, 158–61
Browning, Robert, 67, 123
Buckle, of the *Times*, 107

Buckstone, 45, 46, 169
Burritt, Elihu, 299
Bushell, Christopher, 71
Buxton, Fowell, 299

CABINET, Arrangement of, 121
Cabinet Secrets, 60, 325
Cabinet, (1841–46), 72
„ (1885), 93–5
Caine, Hall, 185
Caird, Mrs. Mona, 104
Cambridge, Duke of, 62
Campbell, Mr., 283
Campbell-Bannerman, Sir H., 59, 298
Cannon, Mr., 177
Canterbury, Archbishop of, 145
Cardwell, Mr., 72, 136
Carey, William, 148–50
Carlisle Cathedral, 307
Carlyle, Thomas, 67, 289–90
„ Mrs. Thomas, 289–90
Carpenter, Bishop Boyd, 98, 111
Chalmers Society, 86
Chamberlain, Mr., 15, 18, 53–9, 93–4, 284, 325
Chamberlain, Richard, 56–9
Channell, Sergeant, 170
Chartism, 89–90
Childers, Mr., 28–30, 93, 253, 260
Churchill, Lord Randolph, 230–5, 284–5
Church Patronage, 113, 303
Clarendon, Lord, 25–29
Clarke, Sir Andrew, 296
Clayton, George, 152
Cleménceau, 112
Cleveland, President, 195
Closure, The, 18
Coal, 289
Cobden, Mr., 86–91, 299
Cock-crowing in Parliament, 29
Coercion, 100, 233, 284
Coleridge, Mr., 258
Collings, Jesse, 59
Colonial Jingoes, 263
Company Promoting, 240–2
Compton, Berdmore, 303
Comte de Paris, 112
Congreve, Richard, 161
Connor, Joseph, 315
Corbett, J., 188–94
Cordite Vote, 61
Cottesloe, Lord, 21
Cowper, Henry, 125
Cranbourne, Lord, 253
Creighton, Bishop Mandell, 128–9
Cresswell, Justice, 170
Crimean War, 268
Croker the Boss, 195
Crompton, Justice, 164–5
Cromwell, 115
Cross, Lord, 13
"Crown and Anchor," 89
Cumming, Dr., 112
Cuyler, Dr., 129

DAILY NEWS, 312
Dale, Dr., 79, 80
Dalhousie, Lord, 72, 282, 290
Davies, Bancroft, 183, 186
D'Aumale, Duc, 112
Delane, Mr., 186
De Maintenon, Madame, 104
De Paris, Comte, 112
Derby, The late Lord, 20, 253–4, 278–90, 314
Derby, Lord ("The Rupert of Debate"), 72, 249–61, 305
Devonshire, Duke of, 12, 14, 28, 177, 180, 285, 288
Dickens, Charles, 268–9, 272
Dilke, Ashton, 19
Dilke, Sir Charles, 18, 19, 53, 54, 55, 56, 93, 325
Dillon, John, 324
Dilwyn, Mr., 249
Dinner Party, An instructive, 262–4
Disestablishment (England), 100
„ (Scotland), 99

Index

Dixon, George, 58
Dogs, Eccentric, 301
Döllinger, Dr., 104
Donoughmore, Lord, 295
Drummond, Henry, 69
Drummond, Thomas, 294–6
"D. T.," 67
Dunckley, Henry, 68

EARLE, Ralph, 255
Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, 150
Education Question, 155–6
Edwards, Collector Price, 183
Egyptian Army, 20
Eliot, George, 107
Elizabeth, Queen, 105
Elocution in Oratory, 267–70
Elocutionists, Bright and Gladstone as, 80–2
Errington, Sir George, 60
Essays and Reviews, 308
Evangelicals, 114
Evolution, 291–4
Exeter Hall, 154–7

FACIAL Expression (Mr. Gladstone's), 125
Fawcett, Henry, 48
Feast of Purim, 158
Felton, John, 105
Field, Eugene, 182
Field, Marshal, 184–5
"Finding Salvation," 59
Fire (Liverpool Landing-Stage), 242–6
Flint, Mr., 196
Ford, Onslow, 63–5
Foreign Office, 24
Fortescue, Chichester, 25, 156
Forster, W. E., 53, 107, 109, 110
Forwood, Sir Arthur, 29
Fox, W. J., 282
Fraser, 305–6
Frederic, Harold, 8; his little daughter, 9
Free Trade, 81, 87, 89
French Royalist Party, 112
Frere, Sir Bartle, 9
Furse, Canon, 310

GEORGE III. and Roman Catholic Question, 29
German Pronunciation, 262
Gibson, Milner, 89, 90
Gladstone, Herbert, 55, 109
Gladstone, Mr., 9, 12, 21, 29, 52, 54–8, 61, 72–3, 77, 80–2, 85, 92–126, 253, 279, 285–8, 303–4, 311–315, 318–21
Gladstone, Mrs., 108, 122
Goodness for its own sake, 163
Goschen, G. J., 28–30
Graham, Sir James, 71–4
Grant, General, 273
Granville, Lord, 156
Graves, S. R., 249–51
Greatest day, The, 123
Great Man on a great Man, 1
Greek Church, 144–5
Greek Piety, 68
Grey, Earl, 59
Grey, Sir George, 70, 108, 258
Grimthorpe, Lord, 124

HALIFAX, Lord, 70, 256
Hall, Dr. Newman, 70, 129
Hamilton, Lord George, 29
"Hamlet," 234–5
Harcourt, Sir William, 13, 126, 308
Harrison, Frederic, 67, 132, 161
Harrison, Greer, 191
Harrow, 22
Hartington, Lord, 12, 14, 28, 177–180, 285, 288
Hatch, Judge, 196
Hawarden, 101–14, 116–18, 119
"Hawarden Kite," 95
Hawkins, Justice, 169
Healy, Tim, 9
Heathcote, Sir Wm., 256

Henderson, Mr., 304
Henley, Mr. 250, 256, 258
Herbert, George, 76
Herbert, Sir Robert, 279
Hervey, Lord Arthur, 114
Hicks-Beach, Sir M., 231, 285
Highbury Meeting, 54
Hodgkinson, Mr. Grosvenor, 260
Hollingshead, John, 312
Homer, 106
Home Rule (Ireland) 54–60, 77, 93–96, 106, 120, 264, 279–80, 287, 313, 325
Hook, Dean, 103
„ Mrs. 303
Houghton, Lord, 121, 162, 298
Household Suffrage, 248–261
House of Lords, 126
Hull, Mr., 161
Hume, Joseph, 89–90
Hutton, Dr., 99

IDDESLEIGH, Lord, 107, 231, 233
Indian Public Servants, 290
Inglis, 21,
Ireland, Lord Lieutenant, 179
Irish Church, 29, 51, 121, 145
Irish Members, Lord Randolph Churchill and, 232-3
Irish Priests, 104
Irish Tenants, 280-81
Irish Union, The, 286
Irving, Henry, 120, 234–5

JACKSON (Stonewall), 211
James, Edwin, 164–8
Jephson, Dr., 123
Jerrold, Douglas, 301
Jewett, Mr., 177
Jockey Club, 176–80
Joy, Dr., 271
Judge's Lapse, A., 172

KANE, Dr., 120
Kean, Edmund, 267
Kelly, John, 153
Kimberley, Lord, 10, 93, 254
Kitson, Sir James, 57

LACAITA, Sir James, 105
La Flèche, 179
Lake, Dean, 305
Laureateship, 124
Lawson, Sir E., 286
Lecky, Mr., 125
Lee, General, 211
Lee, Thomas, 281
Lewis, Sir G. Cornewall, 98
Liberal Leadership in 1880, 12
Liberal Preaching in the Church, 142-4
Library, Books from a, 296
Liddon, Canon, 98, 99
Lightfoot, Bishop, 145
Lincoln, Abraham, 220
Lincoln, Lord, 72
Liverpool Cathedral, 113
Liverpool Landing Stage, 242–6
Liverpool Mercury, 84
Long Life, 123
Longstreet, 211
Louillard, Mr., 205
Lowell, Russell, 77
Lowe, Robert, 250-1, 256
Lund, T. W. M., 159–60
Lyttelton, Lord, 108
Lytton, The Second Lord, 24

M'CARTHY, Justin, 319, 322
Macaulay, Lord, 296
MacColl, Canon Malcolm, 97–9
M'Conkey, Rev. Mr., 276–7
Machell, Capt., 177
M'Neile, Hugh, 69, 133–8, 150
Maeterlink, 163
Malins, Vice-Chancellor, 172
Manchester Cathedral, 307
Manchester Examiner, 68, 84
Manchester Guardian, 321
Mannering, Edward, 151

Index

Manning, Cardinal, 108, 269
Marriage, Sacredness of, 104, 319
Martin, Samuel, 153–4, 159
Mathematics, 274
Mathew, Justice, 169
Maynooth, 150
Melvill, 152
Miall, Edward, 82–3
Mill, John Stuart, 289
„ Mrs., 289
Milman, Henry Hart, 153
Miss Bretherton, 102
Moorhouse, Bishop, 306
Morley, Arnold, 117
Morley, John, 54–6, 103, 126, 132, 320, 325
Morning Star, 84–5
Mozley, Mayor, 311–12
"Mr. Jersey," 180
Mundella, A. J., 59
Mutual Improvement Society, A Youth's, 299

NAPLES Prison Letters, 105
Neapolitan Prisons, 118
Negroes, 207–14
Newcastle, Duke of, 108
Newmarket, 175–81
Newport, 201–6
New York Landing Places, 187–8
Noel, Baptist, 114, 152
Nonconformists, Old, 150
North Carolina, 207–14
Northcote, Sir Stafford, 107, 231, 233
Northumberland, Duke of, 69
Novikoff, Madame, 112
Nunthorpe, 180

OAKLEY, Dean, 303
O'Connell, Daniel, 23
O'Brien, Barry, 294, 321
O'Brien, Bronterre, 90
O'Brien, William, 287
Official Toil, 20
"O. K.," 112
Olney Baptist Church, 148–50
Osborn, Bernal, 19, 249, 252, 283
"O'Shea, Mrs., 320
"O. W. W.," 112

PALMER, Sir Roundell, 10, 51–4, 93, 248
Palmerston, Lord, 105–6, 153, 285, 298
Parker, Dr., 157
Parnell, Mr., 23, 53, 100, 107, 115, 233, 294, 314, 318–25
Parsons, James, 152
Peel, General, 253
Peel, Lady, 108
Peel, Sir Robert, 16, 71, 89, 106, 108, 150, 152, 287
Peel, Sir Robert (the younger), 269
Peel, Speaker, 96
Permanent Official, A great, 262–4
Phelps, 301
Physical Courage, 22
Pinkerton's Men, 221–2
Playgoers, 267
Pollock, Judge, 281
Pope, The 104
Press, A Mayor and the, 311
Primogeniture, 76
Prison Laws, 322–3
Prison Acquaintances, 297
Protection, 288
Psalm 109th, 294
Public Worship Regulation Bill, 308
Pugilism, 188–94

QUEEN, The, 11, 51, 101, 105, 118, 280

RAIKES, Mr., 303
Ramsay, Lord, 23
Ranching, 263
Rathbone, William, 42
Reed, Dr., 155

Reeves, Sims, 271
" " Mrs., 272
Reporting feats, 314–17
Resisting Temptation, 240–2
Rhodes, Cecil, 4–8
Ripon, Lord, 21
Ritchie, Mr., 284
Robert Elsmere, 68, 109
Rockefeller, Mr., 196
Roebuck, Mr., 252, 268
Rogers, Mr., 196
Rogers, Prebendary William, 130–2
Rosebery, Lord, 61, 126, 131–2, 264
Ruskin, Mr., 290
Russell, Earl, 255
Russell of Killowen, Lord, 164–6
Russell, Lord John, 29, 108, 150, 154-7, 183, 186
Russia, 119
"Rutland Arms," Newmarket, 178
Ryland, jun., Rev. Mr., 148

SALISBURY, Lord, 233, 264
Sanderson, Sir T., 279
Schnadhorst, Mr., 57, 59
Schreiner, Mr., 5
Scotch Men of Science, 298
Scotch Tenants, 290
Scott, Sir Walter, 69, 107
Sefton, The late Lord, 278
Selborne, Lord, 10, 51–4, 93, 248
Shakespeare 104, 106, 234, 292–4, 298
Shaw-Lefevre, 93
Sheepshanks, Bishop, 144–6
Shelley Monument, 63–65
Shimmin, Hugh, 274-6
Shopkeeping, A career in, 236
Short, Bishop Vowler, 141
Sicily, 111
Simpson, William, 246-7
Sixpound Bill, 248, 250–52
Skene, Miss, 304–5
Slave Trade, 133–8
Smith, W. H., 285
Sothern, Edward Askew, 31–50
Spain, 27, 110
Speaker's Eye, The, 19
Spencer, Earl, 53
Spirit of the Age, 25
Spiritualism, 42–45
Spurgeon, Charles, 103
Stanhope, Banks, 249
Stanley, Dean, 129–32, 145, 309
State Management, 78
Stead, W. T., 104, 297
Stephen, Sir James, 154
Stuttering, 33
Sultan, 61
Sumner, Archbishop, 140
Sunday Observance, 76
Sunlight Soapworks, 117
Superstition, 264–6
Sykes, Sir Tatton and Lady, 179

TAIT, Archbishop, 308
Tammany, 195, 220
Tattersall, Mr., 179
Taxation, 92
Taylor, Colonel, 249
Taylor, Sir Henry, 106
"Tea-room," Liberals, 249, 253, 259
Temple, Archbishop, 308–10
"Ten Minutes" Bill, 248, 250–2
Tennyson, 299
Thackeray, 272
Thesiger, Sir F., 108, 170
Thirteen, The number, 264–6
Thompson, George, 89, 91
Thomson, Archbishop, 304
Tillery, 210–11
Times, 106–7, 324
Toole, J. L., 272
Toynbee, 110
Treasury Department, Spirit of the, 21
Trench, Archbishop, 145
Trevelyan, Sir George, 93

Index

Unitarians, Spirituality among, 162
Unauthorised Programme, 58

Vaccination, 123
Vanderbilts, 202, 205
Vaughan, Bernard, 139, 268
Verbal Recollection, 173
Villiers, Charles Pelham, 27
Villiers, George, 27
Villiers, Montagu, 114
Vincent, Howard, 112

Waddington, M., 112
Wales, Prince and Princess of, 118
Warburton, Mr. (of Cheshire), 122
Ward, Jim (Pugilist), 46–47
Ward, Mrs. Humphry, 68, 102, 109
Ward, Professor, 291
Watkin, Sir Edward, 119
Watson, Spence, 57
Watson, William, 124
Waugh, Mr., 177
Webb, Benjamin, 303–4
Webster, Mr. (actor), 273
Welldon, Dr., 22
Wellington, Duke of, 298
Wesley, John, 157
Westbury, Lord, 167–9
Whishaw, Mr., 161, 321
Whittington Club, 88
Whitty, Michael James, 311, 316
Wilberforce Memoirs, 306–7
Wilberforce, William, 23, 133
Wilkins, Sergeant, 173
Williams, Marshal, 197
Williams, Powell, 58
Windsor, 100
"Winter's Tale," 295
Wirral Railway, 118, 119
"W. M.", 112
Wolff, Sir Drummond, 230
Wood, Sir Charles, 70, 256
World's Fair, 184

The Gresham Press,
UNWIN BROTHERS,
WOKING AND LONDON.

SIX-SHILLING NOVELS

In uniform green cloth, large crown 8vo., gilt tops, **6s.**

Effie Hetherington. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. Second Edition.
An Outcast of the Islands. By JOSEPH CONRAD. Second Edition.
Almayer's Folly. By JOSEPH CONRAD. Second Edition.
The Ebbing of the Tide. By LOUIS BECKE. Second Edition.
A First Fleet Family. By LOUIS BECKE and WALTER JEFFERY
Paddy's Woman, and Other Stories. By HUMPHREY JAMES.
Clara Hopgood. By MARK RUTHERFORD. Second Edition.
The Tales of John Oliver Hobbes. Portrait of the Author. Second Edition.
The Stickit Minister. By S. R. CROCKETT. Eleventh Edition.
The Lilac Sunbonnet. By S. R. CROCKETT. Sixth Edition.
The Raiders. By S. R. CROCKETT. Eighth Edition.
The Grey Man. By S. R. CROCKETT.
In a Man's Mind. By J. R. WATSON.
A Daughter of the Fen. By J. T. BEALBY. Second Edition.
The Herb-Moon. By JOHN OLIVER HOBBES. Third Edition.
Nancy Noon. By BENJAMIN SWIFT. Second Edition. With New Preface.
Mr. Magnus. By F. REGINALD STATHAM. Second Edition.
Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland. By OLIVE SCHREINER Frontispiece.
Pacific Tales. By LOUIS BECKE. With Frontispiece Portrait of the Author. Second Edition.
Mrs. Keith's Crime. By Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD. Sixth Edition. With Portrait of Mrs. Keith by the Hon. JOHN COLLIER, and a New Preface by the Author.
Hugh Wynne. By Dr. S. WEIR MITCHELL. With Frontispiece Illustration.
The Tormentor. By BENJAMIN SWIFT, Author of "Nancy Noon."
Prisoners of Conscience. By AMELIA E. BARR, Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife." With 12 Illustrations.
The Gods, some Mortals and Lord Wickenham. New Edition. By JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.
The Outlaws of the Marches. By Lord ERNEST HAMILTON. Fully illustrated.
The School for Saints: Part of the History of the Right Honourable Robert Orange, M.P. By JOHN OLIVER HOBBES, Author of "Sinner's Comedy," "Some Emotions and a Moral," "The Herb Moon," &c.
The People of Clopton. By GEORGE BARTRAM.

THE MERMAID SERIES

The Best Plays of the Old Dramatists.
Literal Reproductions of the Old Text.

Post 8vo., each Volume containing about 500 pages, and an etched Frontispiece, cloth, **3s. 6d.** *each.*

1. **The Best Plays of Christopher Marlowe.** Edited by HAVELOCK ELLIS, and containing a General Introduction to the Series by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.
2. **The Best Plays of Thomas Otway.** Introduction by the Hon. RODEN NOEL.
3. **The Best Plays of John Ford.**—Edited by HAVELOCK ELLIS.

4 and 5. **The Best Plays of Thomas Massinger.** Essay and Notes by ARTHUR SYMONS.

6. **The Best Plays of Thomas Heywood.** Edited by A. W. VERITY. Introduction by J. A. SYMONDS.
7. **The Complete Plays of William Wycherley.** Edited by W. C. WARD.
8. **Nero,** and other Plays. Edited by H. P. HORNE, ARTHUR SYMONS, A. W. VERITY, and H. ELLIS.

9 and 10. **The Best Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher.** Introduction by J. ST. LOE STRACHEY.

11. **The Complete Plays of William Congreve.** Edited by ALEX. C. EWALD.
12. **The Best Plays of Webster and Tourneur.** Introduction by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

13 and 14. **The Best Plays of Thomas Middleton.** Introduction by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

15. **The Best Plays of James Shirley.** Introduction by EDMUND GOSSE.
16. **The Best Plays of Thomas Dekker.** Notes by ERNEST RHYS.

17, 19, and 20. **The Best Plays of Ben Jonson.** Vol. I. edited, with Introduction and Notes, by BRINSLEY NICHOLSON and C. H. HERFORD.

18. **The Complete Plays of Richard Steele.** Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by G. A. AITKEN.
21. **The Best Plays of George Chapman.** Edited by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, Instructor of English Literature at Yale College.
22. **The Select Plays of Sir John Vanbrugh.** Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by A. E. H. SWAEN.

PRESS OPINIONS.

"Even the professed scholar with a good library at his command will find some texts here not otherwise easily accessible; while the humbler student of slender resources, who knows the bitterness of not being able to possess himself of the treasure stored in expensive folios or quartos long out of print, will assuredly rise up and thank Mr. Unwin."—*St. James's Gazette.*

"Resumed under good auspices."—*Saturday Review.*

"The issue is as good as it could be."—*British Weekly.*

"At once scholarly and interesting."—*Leeds Mercury.*

T. FISHER UNWIN, Publisher,

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS

A SERIES OF POPULAR HISTORIES.

Each Volume is furnished with Maps, Illustrations, and Index. Large Crown 8vo., fancy cloth, gold lettered, or Library Edition, dark cloth, burnished red top, **5s.** *each.—Or may be had in half Persian, cloth sides, gilt tops; Price on Application.*

1. **Rome.** By ARTHUR GILMAN, M.A.
2. **The Jews.** By Professor J. K. HOSMER.
3. **Germany.** By the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.
4. **Carthage.** By Professor ALFRED J. CHURCH.
5. **Alexander's Empire.** By Prof. J. P. MAHAFFY.
6. **The Moors in Spain.** By STANLEY LANE-POOLE.
7. **Ancient Egypt.** By Prof. GEORGE RAWLINSON.
8. **Hungary.** By Prof. ARMINIUS VAMBERY.
9. **The Saracens.** By ARTHUR GILMAN, M.A.
10. **Ireland.** By the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS.
11. **Chaldea.** By ZENAIDE A. RAGOZIN.
12. **The Goths.** By HENRY BRADLEY.
13. **Assyria.** By ZENAIDE A. RAGOZIN.
14. **Turkey.** By STANLEY LANE-POOLE.
15. **Holland.** By Professor J. E. THOROLD ROGERS.
16. **Mediæval France.** By GUSTAVE MASSON.
17. **Persia.** By S. G. W. BENJAMIN.
18. **Phœnicia.** By Prof. GEORGE RAWLINSON.
19. **Media.** By ZENAIDE A. RAGOZIN.
20. **The Hansa Towns.** By HELEN ZIMMERN.
21. **Early Britain.** By Professor ALFRED J. CHURCH.
22. **The Barbary Corsairs.** By STANLEY LANE-POOLE.
23. **Russia.** By W. R. MORFILL.
24. **The Jews under the Roman Empire.** By W. D. MORRISON.
25. **Scotland.** By JOHN MACKINTOSH, LL.D.
26. **Switzerland.** By R. STEAD and LINA HUG.
27. **Mexico.** By SUSAN HALE.
28. **Portugal.** By H. MORSE STEPHENS.
29. **The Normans.** By SARAH ORNE JEWETT.
30. **The Byzantine Empire.** By C. W. C. OMAN, M.A.
31. **Sicily: Phœnician, Greek and Roman.** By the late E. A. FREEMAN.
32. **The Tuscan and Genoa Republics.** By BELLA DUFFY.
33. **Poland.** By W. R. MORFILL.
34. **Parthia.** By Prof. GEORGE RAWLINSON.
35. **The Australian Commonwealth.** By GREVILLE TREGARTHEN.
36. **Spain.** By H. E. WATTS.
37. **Japan.** By DAVID MURRAY, Ph.D.
38. **South Africa.** By GEORGE M. THEAL.
39. **Venice.** By the Hon. ALETHEA WIEL.
40. **The Crusades:** The Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem. By T. A. ARCHER and CHARLES L. KINGSFORD.
41. **Vedic India.** By ZENAIDE A. RAGOZIN.
42. **The West Indies and the Spanish Main.** By JAMES RODWAY, F.L.S.
43. **Bohemia.** By C. E. MAURICE.
44. **The Balkans.** By W. MILLER.
45. **Canada.** By Dr. BOURINOT.
46. **British India.** By R. W. FRAZER, LL.B.
47. **Modern France:** By ANDRÉ LE BON.

The Franks. By LEWIS SERGEANT, B.A.

49. **Austria.** By SIDNEY WHITMAN.
50. **Modern England before the Reform Bill.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P.
51. **China.** By Professor DOUGLAS.

11, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

*

T. FISHER UNWIN, Publisher,

THE CHILDREN'S STUDY

• • •

Long 8vo., cloth, gilt top, with photogravure frontispiece, price **2/6** *each.*

Scotland. By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

Ireland. Edited by BARRY O'BRIEN.

England. By FRANCES E. COOKE.

Germany. By KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER, Author of "Fairy Tales from Brentano," &c.

Old Tales from Greece. By ALICE ZIMMERN.

France. By MARY ROWSELL.

Spain. By LEONARD WILLIAMS.

Rome. By MARY FORD.

Canada. By J. R. McILWRAITH.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON "SCOTLAND."

"For children of the right age this is an excellent little history."—*Daily News.*

"Enough of fault-finding with a writer who has otherwise performed his task in a perfectly charming manner."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"The best book for the rising Caledonian that has appeared for many a day."

"Simple, picturesque, and well-proportioned."—*Glasgow Herald.* [*Scotsman.*

"A charming book full of life and colour."—*Speaker.*

"As a stimulator of the imagination and intelligence, it is a long way ahead of many books in use in some schools."—*Sketch.*

"The book is attractively produced. Mrs. Oliphant has performed her difficult task well."—*Educational Times.*

"A work which may claim its place upon the shelves of the young people's library, where it may prove of not a little service also to their elders."—*School Board Chronicle.*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON "IRELAND."

"Many who are children no longer will be glad of this compact but able introduction to the story of Ireland's woes. The form of the volume is particularly attractive." *British Weekly.*

"We heartily congratulate Mr. Barry O'Brien upon this interesting little volume. The style is intensely interesting."—*Schoolmaster.*

"It is well that the youth of England, who have entered into a serious inheritance and who will soon be the voters of England, should have some conception of the country with whom they are so closely bound up, and for whose past their fathers are so heavily responsible. We do not know of any work so fitting for imparting to them this knowledge as the present, which, therefore, we heartily commend to all teachers as the best text-book of Irish history for the young."—*Daily Chronicle.*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON "ENGLAND."

"Terse, vivid, well-informed."—*Speaker.*

"Pleasantly written, and well within the capacity of a young child. . . . We anticipate with pleasure the appearance of the succeeding volumes of 'The Children's Study.'"—*School Guardian.*

"Admirably done . . . . always easy of understanding."—*Scotsman.*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON "GERMANY."

"We have seldom seen a small history so well balanced, and consequently so adequate as an introduction to the subject."—*Educational Times.*

"Painstaking and well written."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"Clear as accurate. It is just the sort of book to give to a youngster who has to study Teutonic history."—*Black and White.*

"An interesting historical series."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

11, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C. ac

T. FISHER UNWIN, Publisher,

WORKS BY MARTIN A. S. HUME

F.R.H.S., Editor of the "Calendar of Spanish State Papers of Elizabeth" (Public Record Office).

THE COURTSHIPS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

With Portraits

Fourth Edition. Large crown 8vo., cloth, **6s.**

"It is undeniably an important addition to the history of the Elizabethan period, and it will rank as the foremost authority on the most interesting aspect of the character of the Tudor Queen."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"A clear and very interesting account. An excellent book."—*Times.*

"A connected and consistent, though assuredly a most extraordinary, story. . . . A fascinating picture."—*Standard.*

"A delightful book."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE YEAR AFTER THE ARMADA

AND OTHER HISTORICAL STUDIES

Second Edition. Illustrated. Demy 8vo., cloth gilt, **12s.**

"A most valuable and conscientiously written historical work."—*Spectator.*

"The whole book is extremely interesting, and at once instructive and amusing."
Speaker.

"Deserves a wide circulation, and we trust that a proper reward will follow close upon its merits."—*Literary World.*

"Major Hume has thrown the most curious and valuable light on the Armada period. Full of delightful sketches of men and things."—W. L. COURTNEY in *The Daily Telegraph.*

"A work which adds many a fresh page to English, and one may say to European history. . . . From first to last the volume is excellent reading, while the entertaining style in which the matter is presented and the undeniable authority of the writer . . . render the book of special interest and permanent value."—*The Morning Post.*

"Quite as good as a novel—and a good deal better, too. The book is so bright and vivid that readers with the common dislike of history may venture on its pages unafraid."—ANDREW LANG in *Cosmopolis.*

SIR WALTER RALEGH

Being Vol. I. of the series entitled "Builders of Greater Britain," each vol. with photogravure frontispiece and map.

Large crown 8vo., cloth, **5s.** *each.*

"There is not a dull page in it, and, with his skilful telling of it, the story of Raleigh's life and of his times reads like a romance."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

11, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

SOME WORKS BY REV. E. J. HARDY

"The Murray of Matrimony, the Baedeker of Bliss."

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED

Popular Edition, gilt edges, cloth, bevelled boards, **3s. 6d.**
Presentation Edition, white vellum, cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges, in box, **7s. 6d.**

"An entertaining volume. . . . The new guide to matrimonial felicity."—*Standard.*
"This charming volume. . . . Wit and wisdom abound in its pages; as for the good stories, they are almost too plentiful."—*Spectator.*

Uniform in style and prices with the foregoing.

THE FIVE TALENTS OF WOMAN

A Book for Girls and Young Women

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE

A Book for Everyone

Square imperial 16*mo., cloth,* **3s. 6d.**—*Presentation Edition, bevelled boards, gilt edges, in box,* **7s. 6d.**

"Calculated to teach the art of happiness and contentment as well as mere exhortation can teach it."—*Times.*
"Pleasant as well as profitable reading."—*Literary World.*
"A host of social subjects are treated in a way at once wise and witty, and in a manner as delightful to read as they are pleasantly 'improving.'"—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE SUNNY DAYS OF YOUTH

A Book for Boys and Young Men

Square Imperial 16*mo., cloth,* **3s. 6d.**—*Presentation Edition, elegantly bound, bevelled boards. gilt edges,* **7s. 6d.**

"It is an excellent book for a serious-minded boy."—*Scotsman.*
"The pleasantest reading possible . . . this useful little book."—*Educational Review.*
"As well written as it is unquestionably well-intentioned."—*Leeds Mercury.*

FAINT YET PURSUING

Square Imperial 16*mo. Popular Edition. Crown* 8*vo., cloth,* **3s. 6d.**

"Will meet with an extensive recognition."—*Morning Post.*
"Short and sensible . . . they form fresh and breezy reading."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"MANNERS MAKYTH MAN"

Presentation Edition, imperial 16*mo., cloth, bevelled boards, in box,* **7s. 6d.**; *cloth,* **6s.** *Popular Edition, small square* 8*vo., cloth,* **3s. 6d.**

"Good-natured, wholesome, and straightforward."—*Saturday Review.*
"A really delightful volume, well adapted for family reading."—*Christian World.*

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF SOME FAMOUS MEN

Imperial 16*mo., cloth,* 3s. 6d.

WITHDRAWN

Manhattanville Library

CT 22999
788
.R86 Russell, Sir Edward
.A3
1899 That reminds me.

CT 22999
788
.R86 Russell, Sir Edward
.A3
1899 That reminds me.